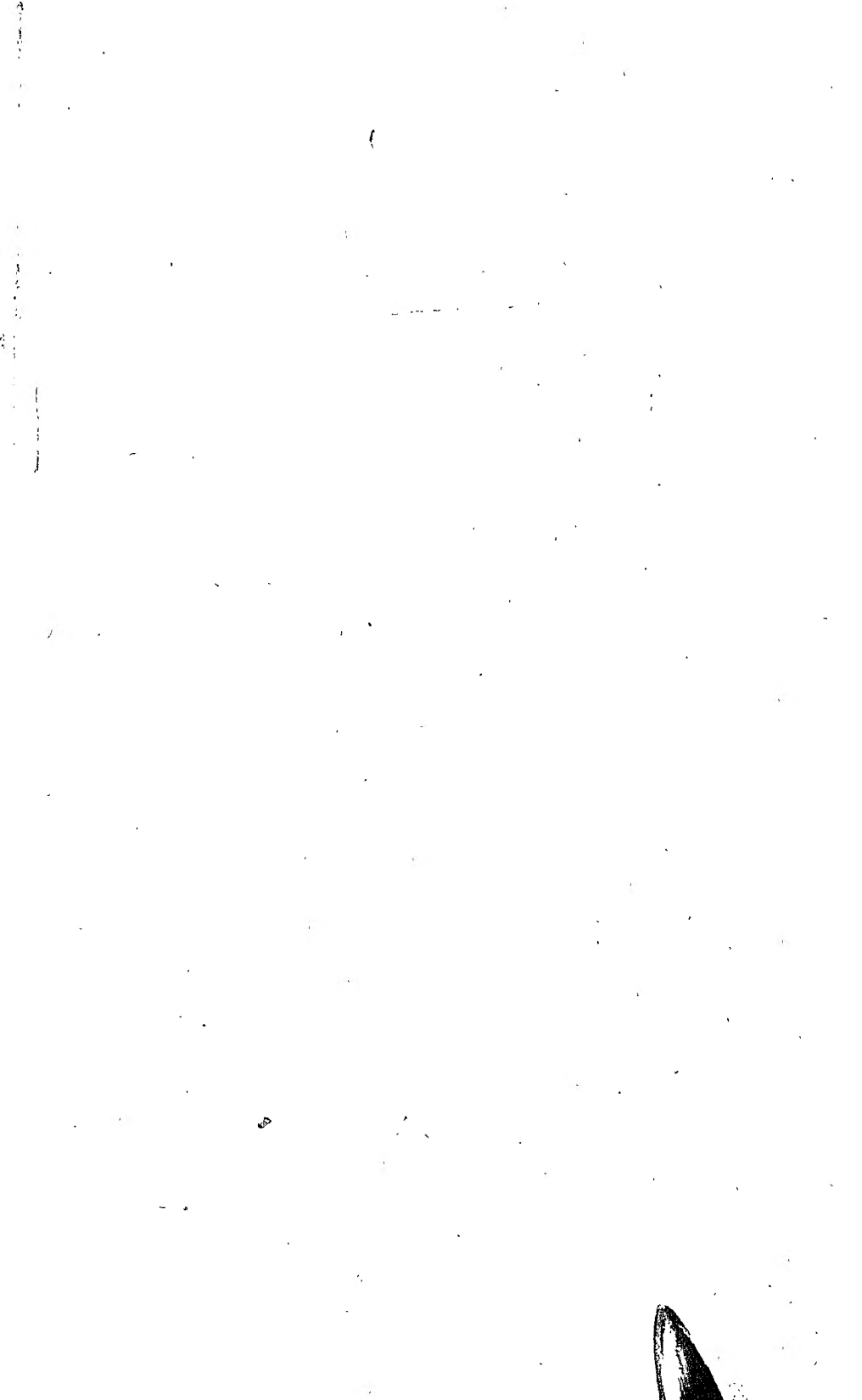




ROYAL CANADIAN  
ED POLICE

*By the same Author:*

THE CLEARING.  
YUKON PATROL.







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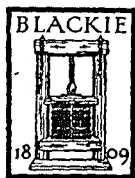
BRIGADIER S. T. WOOD  
Commissioner of Royal Canadian Mounted Police

1406

# THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

BY

L. CHARLES DOUTHWAITE



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TO  
D. M. D.

WHOSE INTEREST IN THE FORCE IS AS  
INTIMATELY PERSONAL AS MY OWN,

AND TO

THE ONE IN WHOM THAT INTEREST IS  
CENTRED



2

## PREFACE

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Coupled, perhaps, with the real romance of its environment, it is the penalty of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, as it was of the North-West and Royal North-West Mounted Police before them, to have had more sheer nonsense written concerning its achievements than is the case of any other uniformed Force in existence. Popular fiction apart, in too many alleged records of its activities its members are represented as superhuman and infallible—claims to which the Force would be the last to subscribe.

What, however, may justly be said of its record of sixty-five years' service is that always its members have been incorruptible; unswayed by popular clamour; unswerving in work for the public weal; tenacious to breaking-point in bringing the wrong-doer to justice; the sure shield of the weak and oppressed; arbitrators, administrators, diplomats; unbeatable trail-breakers into the untrodden regions; torch-bearers of order and justice to peoples hitherto beyond the law.

Convinced, then, that a bare record of events as actually they transpired is the highest tribute that can be paid to a Force for whom I have such whole-hearted admiration, I have tried in these pages neither to elaborate the facts as they occurred, nor to cast unduly high lights on the results that were achieved.



## CONTENTS

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CHAP.	Page
I. THE TRAIL IS BLAZED - - - - -	1
II. THE GROUND IS CLEARED - - - - -	5
III. A FORCE IN BEING - - - - -	16
IV. THE FIRST PATROL - - - - -	27
V. THE SECOND PATROL - - - - -	35
VI. THE FORMATIVE YEARS - - - - -	41
VII. THE PLACATION OF SITTING BULL - - - - -	51
VIII. SIGNING THE TREATIES - - - - -	60
IX. THE FIRST CASUALTY - - - - -	70
X. "PEACHES" DAVIS SEES IT THROUGH - - - - -	75
XI. TROUBLE WITH CHIEF BEARDY - - - - -	84
XII. HORSE THIEVES - - - - -	88
XIII. THE COMING OF STEEL - - - - -	91
XIV. THE RIEL REBELLION - - - - -	100
XV. THE RIEL REBELLION ( <i>Cont.</i> ) - - - - -	111
XVI. RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF ORDER - - - - -	123
XVII. DEATH OF SERGEANT WILDE - - - - -	127
XVIII. THE YUKON GOLD RUSH - - - - -	134
XIX. THE YUKON GOLD RUSH ( <i>Cont.</i> ) - - - - -	147
XX. THE O'BRIEN MURDERS - - - - -	153
XXI. AN AMAZING PLOT. BILL MINER, TRAIN ROBBER - - - - -	166
XXII. A CANADIAN JACK SHEPPARD - - - - -	171
XXIII. THE CASE OF OSCAR KOENIG - - - - -	179
XXIV. DEATH ON THE TRAIL - - - - -	188
XXV. THE GREAT WAR—AND AFTER - - - - -	196



## CONTENTS

CHAP.		Page
XXVI.	ARCTIC PATROLS - - - -	204
XXVII.	THE SEARCH FOR DR. KRUEGER - -	213
XXVIII.	TO THE ARCTIC AND BACK - - -	218
XXIX.	ARCTIC SERVICE - - - -	228
XXX.	THE CASE OF THE "MAD TRAPPER" -	233
XXXI.	INDUSTRIAL UNREST - - - -	244
XXXII.	ON DETACHMENT - - - -	249
XXXIII.	FIGHTING THE DRUG AND ILLICIT LIQUOR TRAFFIC - - - -	255
XXXIV.	SEA AND AIR - - - -	264
XXXV.	DOGS AND DOG TEAMS - - - -	272
XXXVI.	ENLISTMENT AND TRAINING - - -	279

FOLDER MAP - - - - facing page 1

# LIST OF PLATES

	Facing page
BRIGADIER S. T. WOOD, COMMISSIONER OF ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE - - - - -	<i>Frontis.</i>
INDIANS AT FORT CALGARY, NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES, 1875 - - - - -	44
N.W. MOUNTED POLICE CAMP, FORT WALSH, 1878 -	68
A SQUADRON OF THE N.W. MOUNTED POLICE IN REVIEW ORDER (ABOUT 1886) - - - - -	124
N.W. MOUNTED POLICE, TOWN STATION, REGINA, 1895 -	132
"B" DIVISION, N.W. MOUNTED POLICE, DAWSON, YUKON TERRITORY, 1898 - - - - -	140
CONSTABLES OF THE R.C.M.P. OUTSIDE A PROSPECTOR'S CABIN, MAYO, Y.T. - - - - -	148
SQUADRON OF ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE ON PARADE - - - - -	200
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE R.C.M.P. AT LAKE HARBOUR, BAFFIN ISLAND - - - - -	208
R.C.M. POLICE M.S. "ST. ROCH" - - - - -	220
R.C.M.P. CONSTABLE, WINTER PATROL, YUKON TERRITORY	228
AN AERIAL VIEW OF FORT SMITH - - - - -	236
R.C.M.P. MAIN OFFICE BUILDINGS, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN	244
CONSTABLE, ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE - -	252
DOG TEAM OUT FOR AN EXERCISE RUN - - -	276
INSPECTOR, ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE - -	280

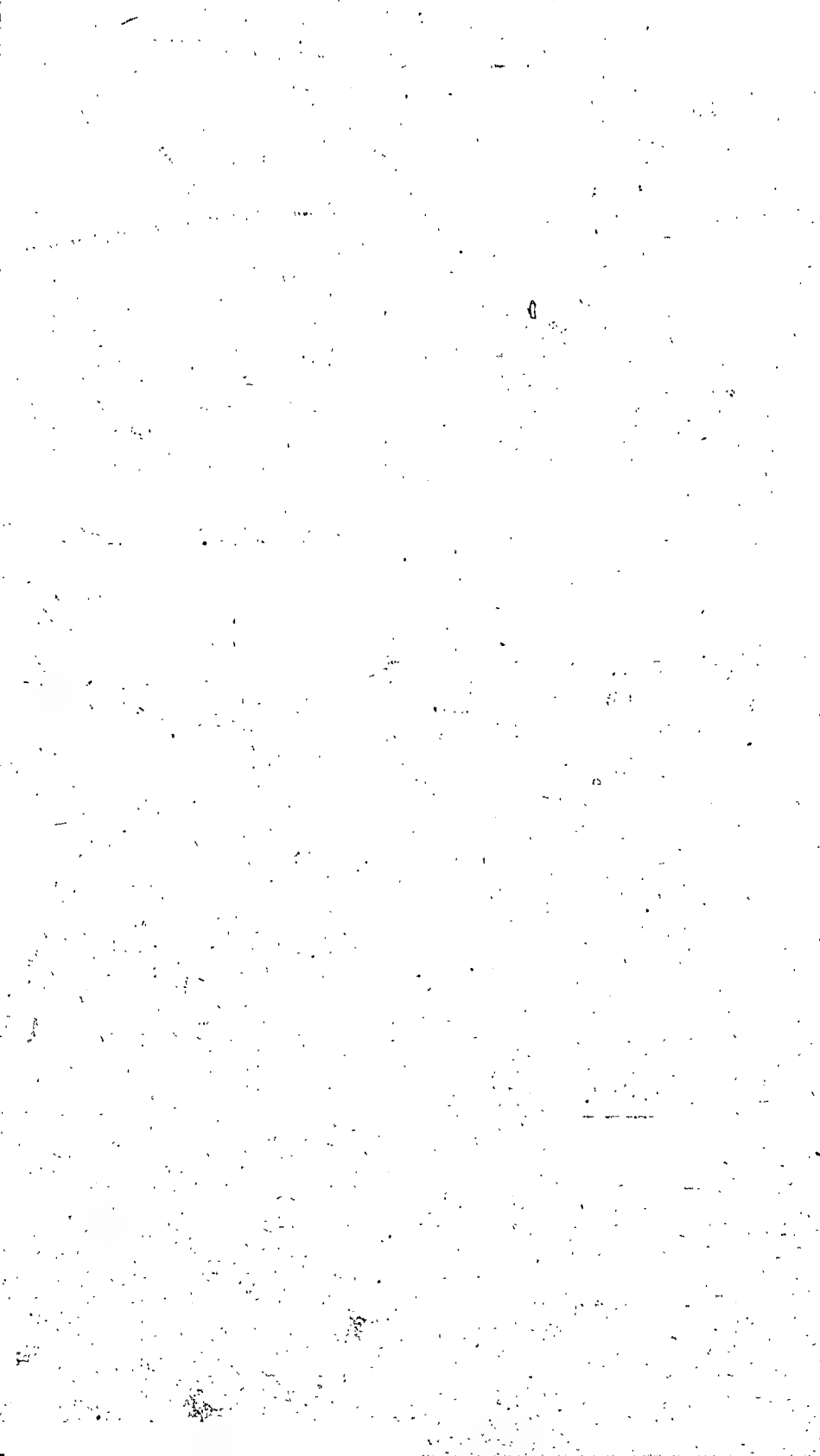


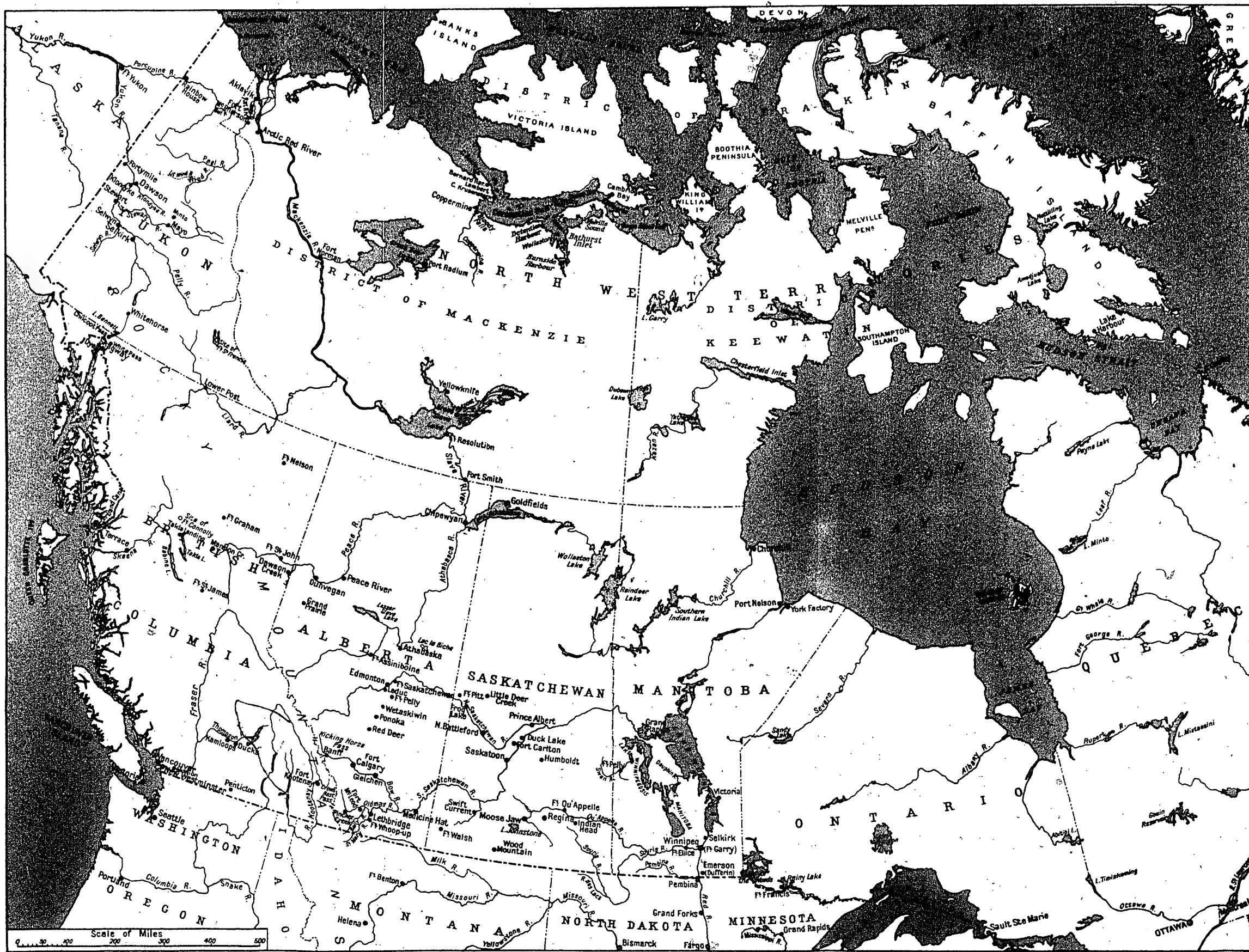
### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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COMMISSIONERS OF THE FORCE FROM  
1873 TO THE PRESENT DAY

- 1873-1876. Colonel George Arthur French.  
1876-1879. Colonel F. McLeod.  
1879-1886. Colonel A. G. Irvine.  
1886-1902. Lawrence W. Herchmer.  
1902-1923. Major-General A. Bowen Perry.  
1923-1931. Major-General Cortlandt Starnes.  
1931-1937. Major-General Sir J. H. MacBrien, K.C.B.,  
C.M.G., D.S.O.  
1937- . Brigadier S. T. Wood.









## CHAPTER I

### The Trail is Blazed

**F**EW more comprehensive concessions can ever have been granted to private enterprise than those contained in the Charter that was presented by Charles II to "Our Deare and Entirely Beloved Cousin Prince Rupert" on 2nd May, 1670.

By the terms of those five archaically worded parchments, The Company of Adventurers of England Trading Into Hudsons Bay were granted not only the rights of "... sole Trade and Commerce . . . over all those seas, streights and bays, rivers, lakes, creeks and sounds, in whatever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance of the streights commonly called Hudsons Streights<sup>1</sup> . . .", that to-day embrace the northern parts of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, the whole of Manitoba, the greater part of Saskatchewan, the southern part of Alberta, and the greater portion of the North-West Territories—but were empowered to send "shippes of war, men, or ammunicion into their Plantacions, Fortes, Factoryes or Places of Trade", and to establish "Castles, Fortificacions, Fortes and Garisons", for the enforcement of their monopoly.

In other words, to maintain order in an estimated area of more than 1,400,000 square miles.

Except for the half-century or so, when an unaccountably impotent Company allowed the greater proportion of its trade to be stolen by those swashbuckling "Wolves of the North", the *voyageurs* of the rival "North-

<sup>1</sup> In the Charter granted to the Company in 1670 "Hudsons" is spelt without an apostrophe. It was not the usual practice in the seventeenth century to insert an apostrophe when the possessive was used.

Westers"—during which time they had rather more than they could do to protect even themselves—and with whom they amalgamated in 1821, this acted fairly well while the country was peopled only by roving bands of Indians.

It was to be said for the Company, moreover, that the tribes seem to have been treated with commendable fairness; with the British genius for the placation of native races, indeed, factors, traders and "Commissioned Gentlemen" alike appear to have won not only a certain respect from the Indian, but even a measure of affection.

What sporadic raids there had been on the Posts ceased entirely in the early years of the nineteenth century. Admiral Sir George Black, a member of two of the Franklin expeditions, who visited several of the Company's posts in the early 1820's, reported that he:

"Saw nothing but the utmost kindness to the Indians and fairness in dealing", and went on to suggest that on more occasions than one the tribe would have starved but for the personal self-sacrifice of the Hudson's Bay officers.

With the arrival of white settlers in the Territory, however, the system was not so satisfactory. The men who flowed over the American border were not of the type to be influenced by moral suasion, and with the Company maintaining neither troops nor police to enforce a decent standard, complaints from the more law-abiding settlers were both free and frequent. The Company, they maintained, were giving nothing in return for their privileges.

For example, on 5th February, 1857, giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons who had been appointed "to consider the state of those British possessions in North America which are under the administrations of the Hudson's Bay Company, or over which they possess a licence to trade", one James Cooper, a sea captain retired to British Columbia from the Company's service, complained that until there was a properly constituted court there could be no real protection from Indian raids.

Another and similar complaint was launched by W. H. Draper, Chief Justice of Upper Canada, who represented the Canadian Government at the inquiry.

Here, however, ambiguity obtrudes. In the same breath as he expressed the view that the interests of a trading company were "not compatible with the settlement of a province", and demanded that both the Red River district and any future settlements should be administered by the Colonial Office, he was satisfied that the Indian territories should remain under the old order. It might be questioned, incidentally, if this council of moderation may not have been in the nature of an application of the thin end of the wedge, or to save a not unduly affluent Government the expense of administering so much fresh territory.

More than anyone, however, it was Edward Ellice who blazed the trail for the new order. For many years a "Wintering Partner" of the "Free Traders", he had been one of the signatories of the "Deed of Co-partnership" between the North-West and Hudson's Bay Companies thirty years before. He was of the opinion that, while the Company should carry on meantime, it was essential that eventually the Government should take over the Territories, and "*maintain a good police*".

The report of the Committee, on the other hand, was an uncompromising recommendation that in view of the "just and reasonable wishes of Canada", she should be authorized to take over whatever part of the country she was ready to administer.

Thus, and though nothing was done for the time being, it was obvious that the North-West Territories could not be allowed to continue as an independent entity outside the state.

As the Canadian Government wrote to Downing Street in 1864, "It is not to be entertained that half a continent should continue to be shut off from the world on the strength of a parchment title, however good".

The beginning of the end came three years later—with the passing of the North British American Act, whereby

the North-West Territories were included in the new Dominion of Canada.

With their position even more invidious than before; the Company sparred for terms with the Colonial Office. These were agreed at last, and in the November of 1869 a deed was signed whereby for a cash payment of £300,000, the unconditional grant of some seven million acres of land, the guarantee of normal taxation, and the right to uninterrupted trading, the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay surrendered the Charter that had made her responsible for the upholding of law and order in the North-West Territories of Canada.

## CHAPTER II

### The Ground is Cleared

**T**HERE, for some time, the matter rested, and no police were sent into the newly acquired possessions. Thus, at a period when new and dangerous elements were contributing to disorder, and immediately across the United States border the long-drawn-out trouble with the Indians was working to a climax, the Territory remained a no-man's-land where the Queen's writ had ceased to run.

The fault in America was not all on the side of the tribes, whose treatment by the Indian Agents had always been unsympathetic, uniformly unfair, and not infrequently venal.

Time and time again one tribe or another would be placed on reservation with a guarantee of permanency. Sooner or later, from one cause or another, what should have been sanctuary would be coveted by the whites, the tribe incited to violence by some carefully-thought-out act of injustice, and reprisals urged as an excuse for what was not far from extermination. Small wonder, then, that the Indian had come to regard the white man as his natural enemy.

Nor is it surprising that, with a realization of the better treatment accorded to his Canadian brother, so many of the tribes sought refuge across the border as to present an urgent problem to the Dominion authorities.

As the late Reverend R. C. MacBeth, author of *The Romance of Western Canada*, wrote many years later:

"In my boyhood, I saw Sioux Indians, who had come over the line, dancing their war-dances and giving their war-hoops, with the fresh scalps of their victims dangling at their belts. It was not a pleasant sight,"

Nor were the Indians the only source of trouble. To the "bad men" of Montana and North Dakota the absence of any kind of supervision in the Territories brought the chance of a lifetime. A plague of nineteenth-century prototypes of the modern gangster swarmed over the border like locusts.

Whatever the faults of the Hudson's Bay Company, at least they had rigidly suppressed the whisky traffic; in the Deed of Covenant signed with the North-West Company in 1821 there was a special clause "for the gradual diminishing and ultimately preventing the sale and distribution of spirituous liquors to Indians".

That same year, moreover, the allowance was reduced from a previous average of 25,000 gallons to 5000, and by 1860 the sale was forbidden altogether.

This, however, did nothing to stifle the urge on the part of the consumers; the "bad men" were there to supply the ever-insistent demand, and there was no authority to suppress well-recognized centres of distribution.

Reports of disorder became so serious that Donald A. Smith, who was Acting-Governor of the newly acquired territory pending the arrival of Sir Adams George Archibald, approached Captain W. F. (afterwards Sir William) Butler, of the 60th Regiment, stationed at Fort Garry, to proceed to the area and report on the state of affairs there, and "to state your views on what may be necessary to be done in the interests of peace and order."

Butler being unable to accept, the commission was offered to Redvers Buller,<sup>1</sup> but this time merely to distribute a proclamation to the effect that the territory had been taken over by the Government, but Buller was unable to obtain leave from his regiment. The newly arrived Sir Adams Archibald, however, renewed his predecessor's offer to Butler, who by now was in a position to accept. To the original orders to report on conditions, he was given a

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards General Sir Redvers Buller, Commander of the British Forces in the earlier part of the South African War. Died 1908.

supply of medicine for the smallpox that was devastating the West, and empowered to appoint Justices of the Peace where he considered necessary.

Taking the recognized trading route, Captain Butler did his work well and thoroughly. Travelling on horseback and by dog-team from Fort Garry, he went by Forts Ellice, Carlton and Pitt, and ended the tour at Edmonton.

His report was as constructive as it was uncompromising:

"As matters at present rest," he wrote, "the region of the Saskatchewan is without law, order, or security for life or property; robbery and murder for years have gone unpunished; Indian massacres are unchecked even in the close vicinity of the Hudson's Bay Company posts, and all civil and legal institutions are entirely unknown.

"With a view to bringing the regions of the Saskatchewan into a state of order and security . . . I would recommend the following course for consideration:

"1. The appointment of a civil magistrate. . . . This official would be required to make semi-annual tours through the Saskatchewan for the purpose of holding courts, he would be assisted in the discharge of his judicial functions by the civil magistrates of the Hudson's Bay Company who have been nominated, and by others yet to be appointed from amongst the most influential and respected persons of the French and English half-breed population.

"2. The organization of a well-equipped force of from 100 to 150 men, one-third to be mounted, specially recruited and engaged for service in the Saskatchewan; enlisted for this on three years' service; and at the expiration of that period to become military settlers, receiving grants of land but still remaining as a reserve force should their services be required.

"The first pressing necessity is the establishment, as speedily as possible, of some civil authority which will give a distinct and tangible idea of government to the native and half-breed population now so totally devoid of the knowledge of what law and civil government pertain to.

. . . Without some material force to render obligatory the ordinances of such an authority matters would, I believe, become even worse than they are at present, where the wrongdoer does not appear to violate any law, because there is no law to violate."

As well as breadth of vision, the last paragraph of the report shows an ability to record impressions that later found outlet in *The Great Lone Land*, the book he wrote of his experiences on the journey, and in his *Biography of General Gordon*.

"Such, sirs," he concludes, "are the views that I have formed about the whole question of the existing state of affairs in the Saskatchewan country. They result from the thought and experience of many long days of travel through a large portion of the region to which they have reference. If I were asked from what point of view I have looked upon this question, I would answer—From that point which sees a vast country lying, as it were, silently awaiting the approach of the immense wave of human life which rolls unceasingly from Europe and America. Far off as lie the regions of the Saskatchewan from the Atlantic seaboard on which that wave is thrown, remote as are the fertile glades which fringe the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, still that wave of human life is destined to reach those beautiful solitudes, and to convert the wild luxuriance of their now useless vegetation into all the requirements of civilized existence. And if it be a matter of desire that across this immense continent, resting on the two greatest oceans of the world, a powerful nation should arise, with the strength and manhood which race and climate and tradition would assign to it—a nation that would look with no evil eye upon the old Motherland from whence it sprung; a nation which, having no bitter memories to recall, would have no idle prejudices to perpetuate—then surely it is worthy of all toil of hand and brain, on the part of those who to-day rule, that this great link in the chain of such a future nationality should no longer remain undeveloped, a prey to the



conflict of savage races, at once the garden and the wilderness of the central continent."

The result of this report was the dispatch, in 1872, of Colonel Robertson-Smith, Adjutant-General of the Canadian Militia, to advise as to the constitution of the proposed force. His recommendation was that "mounted riflemen" should be distributed at various strategic points throughout the West.

In the light of later tradition, one of the most interesting points in the colonel's report is that which deals with the question of uniform, and explains why the now world-famous scarlet was chosen.

"During my inspection of the North-West," Colonel Robertson-Smith wrote, "I ascertained that some prejudice existed amongst the Indians against the colour of the uniforms worn by the men of the Rifles, for many of the Indians said, 'Our old brothers who formerly lived there (meaning H.M.'s 6th Regiment at Fort Garry) wore red coats', adding, 'we know that the soldiers of our great mother wear red coats and are our friends'."

From which it would appear that it is not only in modern times that our soldiers have acted as peacemakers. As Colonel Robertson-Smith added in his report:

"Whatever feeling may be entertained towards policemen, animosity is rarely ever felt towards disciplined soldiers, wearing Her Majesty's uniform, in any part of the British Empire."

In passing, it was the good fortune of the Force to whose foundation that report contributed, to transform any feeling adverse to the police into one of whole-hearted respect.

Not many years later there was a particularly striking proof of how closely the tribes had come to identify the scarlet tunic with fair dealing.

Details of North-West Mounted Police were patrolling the United States border. A party of Indians was crossing at the time, and to the consternation of the police—whose

relations with the tribe hitherto had been all that could be desired—they unslung their rifles and took up the war position.

Suddenly the explanation dawned on the N.C.O. in charge of the details. Halting his men, he trotted to meet the Indians alone—and as he advanced, unbuttoned the dark-coloured cavalry cloak he was wearing against a cold spell, to expose the scarlet tunic beneath.

Instantly the tribe reslung their rifles, moved to their old formation, and came forward with grunts of apology, and the explanation that they had mistaken the cloaks for the uniform of United States cavalry.

Even in face of these two recommendations, there was a delay before any action was taken. Time and time again—notably by Alexander Mackenzie, who later became Premier—the question was submitted to the House, only to be shelved or postponed. Dr. (afterwards Sir) John Shultz, who was especially concerned about Indian discontent, and another member, who was equally perturbed with the drink peddlars, were insistent that the North-West should be adequately policed.

When, eventually, however, the Government was induced to get down to business, it was not from pressure from within, but from without.

The *Alabama* affair was still active in American minds, and relations between Great Britain and the United States were strained. Astonishing as the suggestion appears to-day, if, actually, there was not the danger, at least there was the threat of American annexation of the territory concerned.

In spite of the London Convention of 1818—whereby the United States acquired California, Oregon, Michigan and Louisiana—having fixed the 49th parallel as the boundary line, there was hot dispute as to territorial rights. As to how closely the protagonists were related to Chicago's Mayor Thompson of later years, whose declared intention was "to bust King George on the snoot", is uncertain, but the question of annexation was a frequent subject of

lobbying in each of the American Assemblies. Actually, on 2nd July, 1866, a Bill was presented to the House at Washington by General Banks to provide for "The admission of the 'States' of Canada East and West, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, together with the 'reorganization' of Saskatchewan, Selkirk and Columbia in the confederacy of the United States".

Then came a report from an agent of the Treasury Department, who was an authority on the potentialities of the North-West:

"West of the Great Lakes, from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, there are only three isolated points where civilized society is established, namely the Selkirk Settlement at Red River, a few miners from Montana at the source of the Saskatchewan, and the colony of British Columbia, including Vancouver's and Queen Charlotte's Islands. Over this immense area, large enough to make five States equal in all respects to Minnesota, the European population does not exceed 30,000—nine-tenths of whom desire annexation to the United States. The press and people of British Columbia make public demonstration in favour of the American connexion."

As might be expected, the suggestion was received with more enthusiasm by the American press than by the newspapers in Canada. While the *Utica Telegraph* informed a listening world that "the door is open, and a gentle rap will let them in"; the *Detroit Post* that "it is the best anti-Fenian measure that could be devised"; and the *Troy Whig* was insistent that "it is possibly intended to serve as the handle of a basket into which fruit, while fully ripe, may drop"; the *Toronto Globe* suggested merely that "Mr. Taylor might try his hand on a plan of the annexation of the moon".

Sir Edwin Watkin, at least, had no hesitation in attributing "this insulting document" to the direct "consequence of vacillation and delay in the vigorous government of the Hudson's Bay Territory".

A further and equally disquieting incident was a memorandum that was read to the President and Congress of the State of Minnesota on 6th March, 1868:

"We regret to be informed of a purpose to transform the territories between Minnesota and Alaska to the Dominion of Canada, by an order-in-council at London, without a vote to the people of Selkirk and the settlers upon the sources of the Saskatchewan River, who largely consist of emigrants from the United States; and we would respectfully urge that the President and Congress of the United States shall represent to the Government of Great Britain that such action will be an unwarrantable interference with the principle of self-government, and cannot be regarded with indifference by the people of the United States."

Apparently a conviction that the annexation would be welcomed by the annexed was the main plank in the platform of propaganda. According to a resolution he introduced into the Senate in the same year, Senator Ramsay, of Minnesota, at least, "believed that the people of the Selkirk Settlement and British Columbia preferred admission to the American Union . . .". He "felt that such an arrangement might not only result in a desirable extension of our institutions in North-West America, but would go far to remove all grounds of offence and antagonism of interests between the communities planted in the valley of the St. Lawrence".

History shows that a country suffering under misrule is a country ripe for the plucking by a more disciplined people. Whatever danger there was, it was felt, would continue—probably, indeed, increase—for just so long as the Territories remained in their then chaotic state. Conversely, once the United States could be shown that Canada was master in her own house, the danger would recede.

It was on 3rd May, 1873, that Sir John A. Macdonald, the Prime Minister, announced that a Bill was in preparation to authorize the Governor-in-Council to raise a force of not more than 300 men.

The Act was introduced to the House on 20th May and passed into law three days later. With United States cavalry immediately across the border, however, it was laid down that on no account must the new force smack of the military; even the ranks of officers and non-commissioned officers must be essentially of the police.

Even after the Act had come into force, it was some four months before steps were taken to bring it into effect. The delay was due less to vacillation than to the question of expense; at that time the yearly cost to America of her wars with the Indians was more than Canada's total annual revenue.

It was an episode on the frontier that forced the hand of the Government at last.

One of the most notorious of the whisky distributing centres was at the appropriately designated Fort Whoop-Up in the Cypress Hills of Southern Saskatchewan. The site was within convenient distance of Fort Benton which, the centre of the fur trade, was usually crowded with a mixed assembly of Crow, Cree, Blackfeet and Piegan Indians, who, having disposed of their catch, were eager and commendably indiscriminating customers.

That they bought whisky from them, however, did not lessen Indian hate for the sellers. Not only were these white men, but Americans at that. Even though the tribe concerned were their own hereditary enemies, in a dispute between red and white, the Indian would side with the red man every time.

What actually happened has always been more or less obscure; few of the contemporary reports were disinterested, and all of them conflicting. The most probable of the many stories in circulation is that, under a man named Hammond, a small party of Americans on their way to Benton with a pack of pelts were robbed of their horses by a band of Indians in the night. Whereupon the whites made their way to Benton on foot, borrowed other horses and, armed with a couple of heavy-calibre Smith and Wesson

revolvers and a rifle apiece, set out on the trail of the robbers.

Some two hundred miles away was a small trading post outside of which were forty lodges of the North Assiniboiné tribe. And though actually these were not the thieves, they made no bones about showing with whom lay their sympathies. Trade guns cocked and bows strung, they came out of their tepees with the announcement that the Cree horse thieves had left their camp the day before, but that if the pursuers were spoiling for a fight, they need not look any farther.

The Americans retired circumspectly to the trading post. There some half-dozen white traders confirmed that the Crees had passed through the day before, complete with the stolen horses, since when the Assiniboines had been amusing themselves by taking pot-shots at the post.

There was, then, it was decided over copious lashings of whisky, only one thing to be done. The Assiniboines must be punished.

The sixteen or seventeen white men attacked at dawn and, with the advantage of more modern weapons, massacred the Indians almost to a man, losing only one of their own party, who was shot through the heart by an already wounded Indian whom he chased into the scrub. The head of the Indian chief was cut off, the women outraged, and bonfires made of the lodges. The number of the tribe reported as killed varied from as low as twenty to as high as two hundred.

Another version of the affair is that, having reached the Indian camp, Hammond sent Farwell, the storekeeper, to the Assiniboines to demand the return of the horses. The Indians disarmed Farwell and turned him loose to the accompaniment of obscene gestures to the whites. Whereupon, waiting only until Farwell rejoined them, the Americans opened fire, and the massacre began.

A third story that, however improbable, may not have been without its influence on the Canadian authorities, was

that those responsible were two troops of American cavalry who crossed the border after raided horses.

Whatever the details, it was incontrovertible that a wholesale killing of Indians had taken place, and the shock to the public conscience reverberated throughout all Canada. In what sort of state, it was demanded, was a territory where such an outrage was possible?

And that, at long last, was what the authorities were determined to find out. By an Order-in-Council, dated 30th August, 1873, authorization was given to open recruiting for the new police, of which Colonel Osborn Smith, commandant of the militia at Fort Garry, was given the temporary appointment of Commissioner.

Thus was created the Force concerning whom more has been written in praise than of any similar body of men in existence.

## CHAPTER III

### A Force in Being

**S**UPERFICIALLY, at least, there was nothing especially outstanding in those first recruits. In comparison with to-day the qualifications necessary for enlistment were modest.

"No person shall be appointed to the police force," the announcement ran, "unless he be of sound constitution, able to ride, active and able-bodied, and between the ages of eighteen and forty years, nor unless he be able to read and write either the English or the French language."

As instancing the apparent ordinariness of those first pioneers of the new order, there is still in existence the record and birthplace of 245 of the first 300 men enlisted. Of these 167 were Canadian born, 63 were from Great Britain, with a Channel Islander, a Jamaican, 7 Americans, 4 Frenchmen, a German, and a Bohemian to lend the necessary variety.

To give a chance to any of the men who might regret their bargain, and to weed out unsuitable candidates, it had been decided to defer the formal swearing-in until the Force reached winter quarters. Once settled in, however, all but these few rejects were required to attest that:

"We, whose names are herewith subscribed, declare that we have taken the Oath of Allegiance to the Sovereign, and we do hereby severally, voluntarily, agree to and with the Commissioner of Police to serve in the Mounted Police Force established for service in the North-West Territories, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament of Canada, 36, Victoria, Chapter 35; that such service shall be for



three years and that we will not leave the Force or withdraw from our duties unless dismissed or discharged therefrom, nor, after the expiration of the said three years, until we shall have given six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner. That during such service we will, well and faithfully, diligently and impartially, execute and perform such duties as may from time to time be imposed on us by law, and will well and truly perform all lawful orders and instructions given to, or imposed on us—that we will take care of and protect all articles of public property which shall from time to time be entrusted to us—and make good all deficiencies and damages occurring to such property while in our possession or care, except through fair wear and tear or unavoidable accident.”

These are the occupations of three troops, each of 50 men—150 in all:

Clerks	..	..	..	..	46
Tradesmen	..	..	..	..	39
Soldiers	..	..	..	..	9
Farmers	..	..	..	..	9
Telegraphists	..	..	..	..	4
Sailors	..	..	..	..	2

Included in the remainder were gardeners, lumberjacks, professors, planters, surveyors, university students and a bar-tender.

Under the general supervision of Colonel McLeod, recruiting opened in September; at Brockville under Inspector Winder: in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces under Sub-Inspector Brisebois: with Chief Constable Griesbach (believed to be the first man to take the oath) in charge of Kingston and district.

As soon as a sufficient number were sworn in, the recruits were sent to Collingwood, Ontario, where they were supplied with uniform, equipment and stores, and embarked on lake boats for Prince Arthur Landing, on the westerly part of Lake Superior; from thence, on what was known as the

Dawson Route, for the old Hudson's Bay Fort at Lower Fort Garry, in Manitoba.

Though not comparable with those that later were to be endured by their comrades of D, E and F Troops, a first-hand account, written only a year or two ago by one who took part in it, gives a vivid impression of the hardships of that long trek to the Canadian Middle West.

"We took the train to Toronto and met 150 other policemen and ninety infantry going up to Fort Garry for replacements. From there we went by train to Collingwood and embarked on what the sailors said was the roughest trip they ever saw on Lake Superior (they needed an alibi for being so sick and some of them had sailed the oceans). Every man on board was seasick except Colonel McLeod and myself, and the rougher it is the better I like it to this day.

"We reached Fort William, and our Hudson's Bay Company guides came and we started the march to Fort Garry. Our first lake was Lake Shebandowin, which we crossed in big scows, and then portaged about two miles to another lake. As I recall it we crossed ten or more lakes in the same way, some short portages, some longer, till we came to Rainy Lake, where a steamboat took us to Fort Francis.

"The pork was spoiled and the hardtack musty, but we did have one good feed. The officers had several boxes of beef for their personal use. One dark night we reached a portage, and in unloading the scow by some 'accident' those boxes of beef were broken. Bivouac fires that night gave off a delightful aroma of roasting beefsteaks.

"Like a lot of half-drowned rats, we finally reached Fort Francis, a Hudson's Bay Company post, and here we got a chance to dry out. The boat that was to take us to the North-West angle of the Lake of the Woods did not come for three days and it turned cold.

"At last our boat arrived and we crossed the Lake of the Woods.

"The next morning most of our boots were frozen and we could not get them on, and it was a great sight to see the feet tied up in underclothes, shirts, &c., to start the march to Fort Garry, ninety miles ahead. The mud was frozen enough to let you through and the ice cut your legs, but after a few miles we met some bobsleds that had been sent to meet us from Point de Chien. It was snowing and cold, but those sleds were a great relief and we drove into St. Boniface about eight o'clock that night, a hungry, wet, shivering crowd, but glad to be at our journey's end.

"We were quartered in a big shed with straw thrown round the walls for bedding and a huge carron stove that took in a cordwood stick and was over three feet square; it was red-hot all night. One side of us burned while the other froze, for it was forty below zero and had been all day.

"In the morning the Honourable James McKay walked across and brought some half-breeds with cowhides and long ropes. We loaded our duffle on these hides and took our places about ten feet apart on the ropes and hauled it across.

"When we got up to the fort there was a fine hot breakfast waiting us.

"Here we left the ninety soldiers and we were loaded into bobsleds and driven twenty miles to the lower fort, where B Troop was housed in a new building the Hudson's Bay Company had built for a store.

"It was warm and comfortable, with two floors, and I was given stripes and put in charge of the upper floor. A Troop had got there before us and was housed across the other side of the fort grounds near the guard-house, which they seemed to need. They had Sergeant-Major Griesbach, Q.M. Sergeant Neale, and that fine fellow, Sam Steele,<sup>1</sup> that I liked better than anyone in the Force.

"We had two large stables built and Walsh was adjutant and bossed them and trained the tenderfoots to ride. The

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Major-General Sir Samuel B. Steele.

hippodrome was made of brush and many a fellow got a fall in there. Bobby Belcher was a splendid rider, and when Walsh found out that I was a first-class rider he put us two to breaking the wild cayuses that had been brought off the ranges.

"Stable guard was a cold job that winter with the thermometer rarely above forty below, but we took our blankets, gathered all the saddle blankets into a pile of hay and, unless some tenderfoot had left a halter half-tied, we could sleep all night after the officer came around, and they were usually in a big hurry to rush back to their stoves.

"The penitentiary joined north side of the fort, and how those poor fellows on the inside would beg for tobacco. Some of them were soldiers from the first and second battalions. They were in for desertion, and had a lot to do keeping many from signing the army regulations in the spring—most of them had all they wanted of military discipline.

"We were only called out once for police duty during the winter, and five of us were picked to go. I only remember the name of one, Ernest, and I am not sure whether Crozier or Brisebois went with us.

"We had a train of dogs on a toboggan to carry our bedding and grub, and were some miles down the river before we knew really what errand we were on.

"Two men were reported selling whisky to Indians, and we were in a dugout along the west shore of Lake Winnipeg on a small island.

"We made camp that night near the mouth of the river by digging a hole in a huge drift that had been caught in the tall reeds. Chopping with an axe and shovelling with our snowshoes, we soon had a hole large enough for ourselves and the dogs. We made a hole in the roof to let the smoke out and gathered a great pile of reeds. There was no wood in sight. A small fire in the centre kept that hole warm and cooked our supper. A blanket hung over the entrance, and the dogs and ourselves curled up round the

sides with one detailed to keep up the fire. We took turns at this about every hour and tried to sleep.

"The next night we made the timber where the present Icelandic settlement is, and built the largest camp fire I ever saw. It surely was cold. Lots of dry logs that had been blown down were piled twenty feet long and six feet high and it was kept up all night, for though we did not know it till we got home, the thermometer never was above forty-five below all the time we were out. We had learned that these men had the new model 16-shot Winchester rifles, while we had single-shot carbines and none of us expected to go back alive. Each of us wrote instructions what to do with our little belongings to send to our friends.

"Daylight saw us starting for the outlaw camp after a meal of toast, bacon and good hot tea.

"The day before we had passed the old Norwegian who was fishing through the ice, and there is no doubt he went hot-foot to tell the traders the police were after them, for when we got to their cabin there were two kegs of whisky but no men—our birds had flown though they could have easily killed us all from their hut.

"Some of the boys wanted to sample the whisky, but we had been warned that whisky at fifty-five below was sure death, so it was all spilled on the ground and we set fire to the hut.

"We got back that night to our snow igloo, and the next day we made the fort, reported, and Colonel McLeod ordered two men to try to overtake the fugitives, but they made Pembina and safety, for we had no extradition treaty then. Armed forces from a British colony were not yet welcome on the American side. They would not allow us to land on that side as we were passing the locks in the Sioux Canal, but that feeling has long since passed.

"As I remember, the officers who went over the Dawson route were Colonel McLeod, Jack Breden, Brisebois, Shirt-cliff, Crozier. . . . French came just before I left, and my cousin Colonel Pickard was his great friend in the Royal

Horse Artillery. I think they were both in the Maori War together, where Colonel Pickard got his V.C. I recall Captain Winder and Captain Young of the British Army too."

The temporary commandant of what was the officially designated North-West Mounted Police was superseded by Lieutenant-Colonel French. Appointed Commissioner on 16th October, 1873, he did not take over his command until the same date in December.

Born at Roscommon in 1841, after terms both at Sandhurst and Woolwich, George Arthur French was commissioned to the Royal Artillery in 1860. After serving in the Maori War he was seconded to the Canadian Militia after the withdrawal of British troops from Canada in 1871, and with the rank of captain was for some time both Inspector of Warlike Stores, and Commander of the School of Gunnery at Kingston, Ontario.

While the weight of administrative work prevented him from reaching as great a height in Canadian police history as was attained by Colonel McLeod, and others who succeeded him, the Force were fortunate in their first leader. French knew exactly what was necessary for a newly formed force working in Western Canadian conditions, and made himself extremely unpleasant to those concerned until he got what he wanted. While his best friends could not have described him as tactful, his enemies made no attempt to do so.

Apart from the necessity for replacing a quantity of supplies and equipment that had been frozen in on the journey to Fort Garry, it needed only a few days at his new command to convince him of the inadequacy of his present Force for the work they would be called upon to perform. And as he had no intention of jeopardizing his men by attempting the impossible, he returned forthwith to Ottawa to lay his views before the authorities. He would move, he told them, when he had an adequate number of men, and not a day before.

As a result, permission was given to bring the Force up to the authorized strength of 300. Recruiting for the new troops, D, E and F, was opened in Toronto in the spring of 1874, and by the beginning of June the men were ready to move off.

If, actually, there had been anything but talk behind the threat of American aggression, it was not without irony that the Force which was destined to remove any possibility of the execution of that threat should have applied for, and received, permission to use the United States railways to reach its jumping-off point.

The marching-out state of the three troops who entrained at Toronto on 6th June, 1874, to travel via Detroit, Chicago, and St. Paul to Fargo, North Dakota, showed a strength of 5 staff, 2 inspectors, 9 sub-inspectors, 181 constables and 210 horses, together with a further 34 collected at Detroit. Horses were fed and watered in Chicago and St. Paul, where mowing-machines, farm implements, and a twelve months' supply of tobacco and various provisions were bought. Cattle that could be used to draw the wagons until required, and so had been chosen for food instead of cured meats, were collected at Sarnia, together with various tools and supplies.

Harness from England was waiting at Fargo, where the troops disentrained on 12th June, and as each set was in its component parts, and there were the wagons to be assembled and loaded, the civilian population of the town expected the visitors to be with them for at least a week. Actually the greater proportion of the column was away within twenty-four hours.

The work began at four on the morning of 13th June, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day D Troop was on the march, with E following a couple of hours later. F Troop, who were left behind to clear up the camp, did not pull out until the next day.

As might have been expected, the march to the Canadian side was far from easy going. Hardy and willing as the

men were, they had yet to learn how to make and strike camp. The horses, too, needed training. Thus, according to Colonel James Walker of Calgary who took part in the first patrol:

"... most of them objected to have the harness on, others refused to draw the wagons, others would start kicking, and some fiery teams with inexperienced drivers would start across the prairie with loaded wagons and would have to be rounded up by men on horseback. The circus was on every morning during the one hundred and sixty miles march."

However, Fort Dufferin<sup>1</sup> on the Manitoba side was reached on 19th June—an excellent performance in the circumstances. Here A, B and C Troops, who had moved down from Lower Fort Garry under the command of Assistant Commissioner McLeod in May, had assembled to await them.

That first night of mobilization was to provide both a testing and a foretaste of what was to come. The camp was in the form of a hollow square, three sides consisting of the canvas-covered wagons, with the horses facing inwards, the tents closing the fourth side. The six-hour storm that developed was the worst within living experience.

It may be imagined what a wind strong enough to overturn several of the wagons did to the wagon coverings; in conjunction with hurricane, hail and thunder, the effect of those flying, whirling, squares of canvas on some three hundred half-trained horses.

Stampeding simultaneously, the maddened animals went through those tents like swords through paper; quite a number of the men were injured.

It took a force of sixty men under Sub-Inspector Walker<sup>2</sup> to recover the horses.

"I had not undressed when this happened," he wrote in describing some of his experiences many years later, "and ran out of the tent to see what the trouble was, and

<sup>1</sup> Now the town of Emerson.    <sup>2</sup> Afterwards Colonel James Walker of Calgary.



was able to catch a horse going past and put my saddle on it, and went with them into the storm. The night was pitch dark except during the flashes of lightning. Fortunately there were no wire fences in those days. The horses took the trail and I followed their tracks by the lightning flashes until daylight. When I got to the Pembina river the round poles that covered the bridge had got shifted and some of the horses had fallen through. It took me some time in the dark to repair the bridge and get my horse over. After daylight dawned I began to find stray horses feeding along the road, and to make sure that I had got ahead of all the horses I rode into Grand Forks, some sixty miles from our camp. I then turned and started driving the horses back to camp, and afterwards was met by a sergeant and party who had left camp at daylight to assist me. We arrived back at camp with the horses about eleven o'clock that night—just twenty-four hours after they had left. During that time I had caught up and ridden five different horses, and had been wet through and dried out three different times, and had ridden one hundred and twenty miles by trail besides rounding up horses all the way."

The revolvers that had been ordered from England were late in arriving, and the equipment that was frozen in on the way to Lower Fort Garry the year before did not reach the column until the beginning of July.

In that time Colonel French took stock of his command. By every available sign his men were of the highest grade, but the real test had yet to come. Hardships would have to be faced; hunger and thirst; they would have to march and sleep in soaked uniforms for days on end; in winter the temperature would be anything down to fifty below zero.

If there was any man who did not fancy the prospects, therefore, now was the time to say so. Apart from the few who, accepting this warning, took an honourable discharge, *there were thirty-one desertions.*

But everything was ready at last, and with additional oxen acquired in Dufferin for transport purposes, the long column moved off on 8th July.

"First came 'A' Division with their splendid dark bays and thirteen wagons," Colonel French wrote later. "Then 'B' with their dark horses, next 'C' with their greys, then 'E' with their black horses, the rear being brought up with 'F' with their bright bays, then a motley string of ox-carts, ox-wagons, cattle for slaughter, cows, calves, &c., mowing machines, &c."

Thus began the First Patrol.

## CHAPTER IV

### The First Patrol

**A** PART from a detour of the Pembina Mountains, for the first ten days the route lay parallel to, but—to avoid the possibility of a clash with marauding Indians—about forty miles north of the United States border.

On the sixth day they were joined by Peter La Vallee and five other Cree half-breeds, who had been detailed by Governor Archibald to act in the capacity of intermediaries between the new Force and the tribes. So much was the work to the liking of that sixty-six-year-old fighter of Sioux, that when his services became unnecessary as a guide he was delighted to be engaged as interpreter. In the early years the Force owed not a little to the devotion and special knowledge of this type of half-breed supernumerary.

The first crossing of Souris River was reached on 18th July, and here the force remained three days for rest. They camped on the 23rd at Reviere des Lacs, and from there headed to the point on Souris River where Short Creek flows in from the south.

Actually, the loss of time while awaiting supplies at Dufferin had thrown the programme badly out of schedule; so, also, did the unexpectedly slow pace of a column that, with its tail of ploughs, mowing-machines, cattle, and the two-pounder guns, stretched the greater part of three miles.

The pasturage proved unsuitable for the horses. Willing as was the spirit of all, the flesh of some of the men was weak. Illness developed and so did straggling. Wisely, then, at Old Wives Lake, Colonel French decided to rest his men again and allow time for those who had fallen out to rejoin the column.

It was at La Roche Percée, some 260 miles from Dufferin, that circumstances forced a drastic change of plans that already had suffered considerable modification. Originally, the orders had been for the whole column to make straight for the Rockies, and after dealing adequately with the turbulent element at Fort Whoop-Up, leave a small garrison to keep order. The column was then to march north to Edmonton, Alberta, where half its strength would remain, while the rest turned east to establish permanent headquarters at Fort Ellice, near Winnipeg.

Reports that had reached Colonel French as to the conditions prevailing in the Fort Whoop-Up district, however, made it only too plain that, to be of any effect, a far larger force would be necessary there than was the first intention, and he had received consent from Ottawa to the change.

But now, with so many sick men and horses on his hands, if the journey was to be completed before the worst of the winter set in, still further adjustment would be necessary. All the sick men and horses, with as many supplies and live-stock as could be spared, should go direct to Edmonton by the better-known trails that ran north-west from Fort Ellice.

Superintendent William Jarvis was given command of the party; Inspector Severe Gagnon was second in command, with Staff-Sergeant Sam Steele and Sergeant Tom Labelle as senior non-commissioned officers. After a badly needed rest for men, horses and cattle—a time that was occupied in making the necessary allocation of stores and equipment—the Second Patrol, that besides those already mentioned consisted of 20 constables, 60 horses, 13 half-breed ox-drivers, 57 ox-carts, 26 wagons, 63 oxen, 52 cows and 45 calves, set off on 1st August.

Meantime, on 29th July, the main body had left Short Creek, on the Souris River, for Wood End Depot, and here they stayed to cook three days' rations and collect kindling for a similar period.

Pulling out from there on the 31st they, pressed north-west between Long River and the Côteau of the Missouri, reaching Old Wives Lake<sup>1</sup> on 8th August.

A further halt was made here; more men had fallen sick and the horses were in poor condition through overwork and lack of nourishing fodder. A "cripple camp" was established, and Sergeant Sutherland and two constables were left with the five invalids, more than two dozen unfit horses, and half that number of wagons.

One of the greatest disadvantages under which Colonel French laboured at this time was that the farther west they penetrated the less La Vallée knew of the country, and an American named Moreau, who was enlisted as guide, proved unreliable. The only map in existence was the one made by Palliser and Hector some years before, and while this was correct so far as concerned the points known personally to those explorers, the remainder had either been filled in from hearsay or was left blank altogether.

Hence, during the delay at Old Wives Lake, Inspector Walker, who had taken a course in military sketching and road survey at the School of Gunnery under Colonel French, was detailed to make a chart of the line of march—work that was performed through measuring distance with an odometer on one of the wagon wheels, with a prismatic compass to take the bearings.

It was during this work that Walker encountered a half-breed named Morrow who had ponies for sale, and as it had been necessary to use so many of the police saddle horses for the wagons, twenty of Morrow's stock were bought as replacements.

"We were now in the buffalo country," writes Colonel Walker. "Though we did not see many of them there was little grass left, and the closer we got to the herd of buffalo the less grass we found. Our trail took us north of the Cypress Hills and passed the Sweet Grass Hills until we came to Mild River, where it was decided we should halt for a time.

<sup>1</sup> Now Lake Johnston.

"The weather was getting cold and frosty and the horses were dying for want of grass. One cold snowy morning we left thirty. I never saw pasture fields with less grass than there was on the prairie the last hundred and fifty miles we travelled. Most of us had quit riding and the horses were turned into the transport wagons. Two private horses of mine were used for gun horses.

"Colonel French and I rode on to the west butte of the Sweet Grass Hills. This rises about eight hundred feet above the prairies and in every direction were large herds of buffalo feeding and moving about. I asked Colonel French to estimate the number of buffalo in sight. After looking around for some time he said there were a million or more and I agreed with him.<sup>1</sup>

"While we were in camp on Mild River, Colonel French and Colonel McLeod went to Fort Benton, Montana, and contracted for a quantity of oats and provisions to be sent out to our camp."

A fortunate purchase, this, with "prairie fires burning over large portions of the country, the only feed green and frozen grass round the small lakes".

The South Saskatchewan—close to where now is the town of Medicine Hat, Alberta—was reached on 6th September, Three Buttes on the 9th, and the next day the junction of Belly and Bow Rivers. And though reputedly the headquarters of the whisky pedlars of the district, all they discovered there were three roofless huts.

As it was reported that the year before at this time it had snowed for three days, and the weather was becoming colder, each officer and man sacrificed one of his blankets to the horses.

On the 11th September, while an attempt was made to find a ford, Colonel French dispatched Sub-Inspector Welch to the west to locate the notorious Fort Whoop-Up, and, under the guidance of La Vallee, a party under Sub-

<sup>1</sup> An exaggerated estimate. More expert opinion gives the number composing the biggest herds as in the neighbourhood of 80,000.

Inspector Denny was sent north along the Bow River.

Two days later Welch returned without having discovered Whoop-Up, and Denny the day after, with the report of having encountered a party of Assiniboine Indians, probably the first introduction to the tribes of their new protectors.

Colonel French's chief preoccupation, however, was with the forage, and acting on a report of good pasturage at Three Buttes, he decided to move there, making camp eventually at a coulée about 60 miles from the United States border.

On 21st September, as it was necessary to get into touch with Ottawa, accompanied by McLeod, French marched D and E Troops as far as the Boundary Commission road, and there turned over the command to Inspector Carvell with orders to proceed east to Wild Horse Lake.

At Fort Benton, to where he went on with Colonel McLeod, and received official permission to carry out his plans, French bought a quantity of horses and necessary winter supplies, and engaged the invaluable Jerry Potts—of whom more will be heard later—as guide and interpreter.

French rejoined D and E Troops at Wild Horse Lake on 29th September, and with a detour to Wood Mountain to buy hay and arrange for the wintering of his weakest horses, returned to Cripple Camp at Swan Lake.

McLeod, meantime, had returned to take over the command of B, C and F Troops at West Butte. From here, under the guidance of Jerry Potts, his first job was to locate Fort Whoop-Up that, as far as could be gathered, was situated at the joining of the Belly and St. Mary's Rivers; only, when he reached there, to find that the "bad men" had retired expediently across the border, and that of this notorious plague spot nothing was left but a few burnt-out shacks.

Thus, even before the establishment of a single Post—while, indeed, the first enlisted men were still in process of

taking station—the newly established police had proved their utility.

Leaving Assistant Commissioner McLeod with A, B, C and F Troops to establish his permanent post, Colonel French started east with the remainder of his forces. Originally he had intended to join Superintendent Jarvis at Edmonton, but the approach of winter rendered this impracticable. The Dominion Board of Works had built what were intended as permanent headquarters about ten miles north of Fort Pelly, at the meeting of the Swan and Snake Rivers in south-east Saskatchewan, and it was for here the columns set off.

According to Colonel Walker, the march to Fort Pelly from Cripple Camp, through the present-day towns of Moose Jaw and Regina, and on to the south-western headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Qu'Appelle, where fresh horses were obtained, was "uneventful".

"We called at Old Wives Lake and picked up the men and horses we had left at Cripple Camp.

"Prairie fires were burning over large portions of the country. Most of us were walking when we reached the fort, as the horses were required for transport purposes."

But by no means were all their troubles over at Swan River—"Livingstone", the fort was named officially. Instead of the stout, fully equipped and suitably sited barracks French had been led to expect, some of the promised buildings were not even begun—and those that were completed stood on the crest of a bare, rock-bestrewn and snake-infested hill, with what pasture there might otherwise have been burnt black to the ground.

All other disadvantages apart, there was not room enough for the 150 men of headquarters staff and D and E Troops. Nor were there supplies enough to last through the winter.

French held a council with his three senior officers, with the result that, leaving D Troop under Inspector Carvell to winter at these lugubrious premises, he took the remainder



of his force to Winnipeg, arriving there on 4th November, and from there telegraphed a report—of which more will be heard later—to Ottawa.

The more immediate result of that communication was the receipt of orders to winter in the buildings of the International Boundary Commission at Dufferin—the precise place from where they had started—and that they reached in the bitter cold of late November.

“We were a healthy but ragged lot on arriving,” writes the indomitably cheerful Walker. “I had worn the soles off two pairs of boots and had worn out a dozen pairs of moccasins.”

But, however vitriolic Colonel French may have been with his superiors, that he had the true soldier's regard and appreciation for his men is proved from his report of the proceedings of that first few months.

“Day after day on the march,” he wrote, “night after night on piquet or guard, and working under pressure during four months from daylight until dark, and too frequently after dark, with little rest, not even on the day sacred to rest, the Force ever pushed onward, delighted when occasionally a pure spring was met with; there was still no complaint when salt water or the refuse of a mud-hole was the only liquid which, when passed through a filter, was still the colour of ink. The pack-horses and oxen falling and dying for want of food never disheartened or stopped them; but pushing on, on foot, with dogged determination, they carried through the service required of them under difficulties which can only be appreciated by those who witnessed them. When time was so valuable there could be no halting on account of the weather.

“The greatest heat of a July sun or the cold of November in this Northern latitude made no difference; ever onward had to be the watchword, and an almost uninterrupted march was maintained from the time the Force left Dufferin with the thermometer  $95^{\circ}$  to  $100^{\circ}$  in the shade, until the balance of the Force returned there in November, the

thermometer marking 20° to 30° below zero, *having marched 1959 miles.*"

Thus this collection of clerks and farm hands, with no tradition of discipline when they joined up, and only a smattering when they started, with extempore equipment; some part of the time, at least, inadequately fed; short of drinking water; unsuitably horsed and insufficiently foraged; over scrub-covered and boulder-strewn hills and pastureless prairie; through swamp and muskeg and "impossible" trails; in heat and cold; rain, thunder and blizzard, accomplished the longest march in history by a column carrying its own supplies.

And in that hardship and adherence to duty laid the foundation of a Force that, by its morale, tenacity and courage, rather than by strength of numbers, ever since has so gloriously fulfilled its motto to "Maintain the Right".

## CHAPTER V

### The Second Patrol

IT will be remembered that, on 1st August, Superintendent Jarvis and Inspector Gagnon, with most of the farm stock and what supplies could be spared, had left the main body for Edmonton on what later became known as the Second Patrol. It was a march that was in every way comparable in hardship with that endured by Colonel French.

The chief trouble lay in the quality of the transport.

"They have taken all our best horses," Inspector Gagnon complained in the diary he kept of the march. And of the replacements: "Nearly all are sick, or cast-offs of the other troops. One would laugh to see these poor skin-and-bone carcasses and the heavy loads they have."

Another trouble was the difficulty experienced by only twenty men in herding sixty horses and no less than 160 cows, calves, and oxen. Even the officers were pressed into service—concerning which the ebullient Gagnon's only comment is that it was "amusing".

Bad weather was encountered from the start—heavy rainstorms, accompanied by thunder and lightning, so that the going, at the best never very good over that rough country, was rendered heavier still. What with that, constant forays after strayed cattle, and the threat of Indians—a party of Sioux travelled parallel to the column over a great part of the route, thus necessitating double guards—none of the party were able to obtain adequate sleep.

On 6th August, with 900 miles still to cover, a day's rest was called for recuperation and to enable stragglers to catch up. This did all concerned so much good that only

one wagon was left behind when they pulled out at half-past four the next morning—to run straight into a swarm of grasshoppers “as thick as snow”, according to Gagnon.

Only eighteen miles were covered that day, and when camp was made it was necessary to send out men to round up belated wagons. Even then two of their none-too-adequate horses had to be left behind.

The next day, even though oxen were used to draw the wagons, another halt had to be called to rest the horses. Five that were stuck in a creek had to be manhandled out again.

Three days later the column reached the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Ellice—that also was the camping ground of a mixed company of Cree, Salteaux and Sioux Indians, who swarmed about the new arrivals like flies.

“Some of the women,” writes the indefatigable—and probably impressionable—Gagnon, “are almost pretty; all the girls have their cheeks painted with the same colour.”

Here the column remained for several days for rest and to overhaul equipment. Sent back along the trail to retrieve a couple of horses, a constable reported that both were dead. Another died in the camp itself, and several others had to be rescued from a swamp. A couple of pairs of dogs were purchased, but these were poor compensation for the fifty per cent. of the horses, and four cows, that had to be left behind when the column pulled out on 18th August.

Camp was made at the Qu'Appelle River, Saskatchewan, near “a magic sanctuary or holy sweating purgatory of the savages”, according to Gagnon. “It consisted of eight wigwams made from branches, twisted into arches, a square hole, very well finished, cut in the centre and laid with stones on all sides, with a piece of wood one foot long from which the back had been removed. In front of this hole was a branch three or four feet long, folded in two and attached by both ends to a bunch of hay, the whole surmounted by a small blue pavilion. The hut of the chief was larger and adorned with stripes of different colours

under a yellow pavilion about a yard long, with red bands."

These first few days of the resumed journey were a welcome contrast to what had gone before; although the slow-moving ox-carts were outdistanced, the going was fairly good and game was plentiful. Four days from Fort Ellice, for example, the force breakfasted from hot bread, butter, woodcock, prairie chicken, veal steak, bacon and tea—not surprisingly "with a good appetite".

But this was only an oasis in the prevailing hardship. With most of the lakes salt, apart from what could be gathered from rain, there was a shortage of drinking water. Owing to the rough going, several bottles in the not-too-well equipped medicine chest were broken. In straying, the cattle developed an infuriating habit of returning to the last camp, and much ill-to-be-spared time was wasted in collecting them.

With the nights becoming colder, for two days there was a thick fog, with heavy rain, so that it was necessary to halt to rest the horses, one of which died.

On 8th September, when the column reached the Saskatchewan River in the worst thunder and hailstorm of the march, it took the whole day to induce the cattle to cross.

It rained all the next day as well, and the weather turned colder. A pair of oxen strayed, and some of the carts were missing.

On 11th September, Fort Carlton was reached in half a gale of wind, with the weather bitter and the horses suffering badly under the nightly frosts. Here a strike broke out among the half-breeds, who refused to continue the march, so that it took the combined persuasions of Jarvis, Gagnon and Steele to induce a change of heart. One advantage of the three days' delay, however, was that here the horses were fed prodigally on wheat, and a further supply was sent fifty miles ahead in the hope of keeping them alive to the end of the march.

These things arranged, and with the beginning of a trail

to Edmonton that had been worn by the North-Westerns a hundred years before, the spirits of the party revived.

But there were still 300 miles to go, and the animals at the limit of endurance; already many of the remaining horses were in a dying condition.

The hope of a better trail was not realized; beginning with chilling rain and progressing through a half-gale to snowstorms, the next two days were among the severest of the march. Two days out from the fort a horse had to be shot. The next day one of the oxen was destroyed, and another abandoned. The day after, another horse and an ox were missing. All the time one horse after another had to be manhandled to its feet and coaxed to renewed effort.

During a storm in the first few days of October the column took the wrong trail, but men from Fort Pitt put them on the right way on the day following.

It was hilly country now, and another horse was lost, and an ox abandoned. The trail was bad, the creeks and hills difficult, and the time that should have been spent in rest was occupied in making corduroy roads over mudholes for the passage of the carts. Fortunately, however, this was in the brief period of Indian summer, with the weather more favourable.

On 8th October, with still 100 miles to go, it was necessary to halt to enable the exhausted cattle to gather strength for the trail. The daily distance covered had fallen off badly, with each night the ox-carts later into camp. Still another ox dropped dead during the halt.

19th October, however, saw the column at Victoria. Here, with three more oxen abandoned on the day before, it was arranged to leave the farm cattle and nearly a dozen freight oxen for the winter.

The weather turned stormy again, to be followed—surprisingly at that time of the year—by a succession of dry, sunny days. Nevertheless, the ox-carts were later than ever pulling into camp, and even then only with the help of man-power added to that of the exhausted animals.

To add to the difficulties of the situation, the banks of the Sturgeon River proved to be too high for the wagons to negotiate, and the nearest ford was a mile downstream, and here the water was so cold that it killed one of the horses. In addition, two others had to be abandoned, five left behind, and men detailed to look after them.

By 28th October, when Horse Hill was reached, winter had definitely set in. With horses so stiffened by cold they could scarcely move over the iron-bound trail, and requiring to be lifted to their feet with every few yards, that last twenty-five miles was nightmare.

But at midnight of that same day the first wagons pulled into Edmonton, and within half an hour a supply of barley was on the way to the remainder of the column. It was another four days before the last of the transport reported.

"In conclusion," the superintendent reported, "I may state that on looking back over our journey, I wonder how we ever accomplished it with weak horses, little or no pasture, and for the last five hundred miles with no grain, and the latter part over roads impossible until we made them—that is to say, I kept a party of men in advance with axes, and when practicable felled trees and made corduroy over mud-holes, sometimes 100 yards long, also made a number of bridges and repaired all the old ones. We must have laid down several miles of corduroy between Fort Pitt and here. Streams which last year when I crossed them were mere rivulets are now rivers difficult to ford. And had it not been for the perfect conduct of the men and real hard work, much of the property must have been destroyed."

Even as it was, only four of the ten ox-wagons that left Carlton arrived at Edmonton.

In the few short months of its existence, already the men who were to set the standard of future endeavour were beginning to stand out from the general excellence of their fellows.

Of these, perhaps, the greatest was McLeod; soldier,

diplomatist, tactician, administrator, the future of the Force owes as much to his example as in those formative years it was indebted to his inspiration.

Jarvis was another; no man who was not the born leader that future events went still further to prove him could have schooled that creaking, ill-equipped, sparsely foddered column over more than 900 miles of "roads impossible until we made them".

Staff-Sergeant Steele, "undeviating in his efforts to assist me", who had "done the manual labour of at least two men", as Jarvis reported, was still another who later was further to prove himself.

Thus the end of that first summer found the Force well and strategically distributed for the patrol of some 3,000,000 miles of territory: part under Colonel McLeod in the foothill country of South Alberta; part under Inspector Carvell at Swan Lake in Southern Saskatchewan; Jarvis was at Edmonton; the remainder under Colonel French at Dufferin, where the other senior officers were Inspector Walker and Inspector John French, brother of the Commissioner, and who was to lose his life in the Riel Rebellion ten years later.

On 4th November they were joined by Sub-Inspector Francis J. Dickens, third son and fifth child of the novelist, who later was to do such good work in the Riel Rebellion. Born on 15th January, 1844, he was invalided out of the army after nine years' service, and, a change of climate being necessary, came to Canada and was gazetted into the North-West Mounted Police in 1875.



## CHAPTER VI

### The Formative Years

**T**HUS the ground was cleared for the establishment of law and order in an area that hitherto had refused to recognize their existence; in a country peopled chiefly by wandering bands of mutually antagonistic Indians, refugees from American justice, whisky pedlars and "bad men" generally.

A constable on patrol in the early days called in at Slide-Out, one of the whisky distributing centres, and there encountered an American "trader".

"Who are you, stranger?" the latter demanded, eyeing the smart uniform curiously.

"One of the new Mounted Police," the constable answered quietly.

The American frowned thoughtfully.

"What are you doin' in this neck-of-the-woods, anyway?" he demanded.

"Policing the country, of course," the other replied shortly, and the trader looked at him in astonishment.

"We don't need no police here!" he protested. "We're our *own* police."

"How do you mean—your own police?" inquired the constable.

"Well," the American explained, "if a feller gets real awkward, we just put him where he don't do no more harm. . . . Take Nat Jones, f'instance—a real hellion, Nat, no doin' anything with him—until we sent him to sleep suddenlike and he didn't wake up no more. Then there was Pat Dolan, of Freeze-Out; worse even than Nat Jones *he* was—until we put six feet of earth atop of him."

With that as an example of the spirit prevailing, it will be appreciated what conditions this raw, inexperienced Force was up against.

"Ordinarily speaking," wrote the Honourable Frank Oliver, of Edmonton, formerly of the North-West Legislative Assembly, and Minister of the Interior, "no more wildly impossible undertaking was ever staged than the establishment of Canadian authority and Canadian law through the Canadian prairies by a handful of Mounted Police. . . . The population consisted chiefly of warring tribes of Indians, of whom the Blackfeet Confederacy was the most important, the most warlike, and the most intractable. Next to the Indians in numbers were scattered settlements of half-breeds who lived by the chase; no less warlike although more tractable than the Indian. Then a few white and half-breed traders and missionaries; and last and best, the commencement of white settlements. . . . An imaginary line separated Canada from the United States for a distance of 800 miles. South of that line strategic points were garrisoned by thousands of United States soldiers; an almost continuous condition of Indian warfare prevailed, and the white population in large measure ran free of the restraints of established authority. There had been an overflow of 'bad men' from Montana into what is now Southern Alberta and South-Western Saskatchewan, who repeated in Canada the exploits by which they had made Montana infamous. In large measure, world opinion took it for granted that lawlessness must accompany pioneer conditions. Canada's Mounted Police was the challenge to that idea. . . ."

The winter of 1874-5 was spent chiefly in preparation for the spring campaign. The contractors had done good work at Fort Pelly, so that D Troop and Headquarters Staff were able to move there from Emerson in the early months, while A Troop took over the permanent quarters they had built for themselves at Fort Saskatchewan, twenty miles north. Meantime, Colonel McLeod's men were in-

stalled at the fort of that name at the foot of the Rockies, from where, in May, Superintendent Walsh left with E Troop to form a new Post—named after himself—in the Cypress Hills of Southern Saskatchewan, and F Troop, under Inspector Brisebois, to open the detachment at Bow River, later to be renamed Fort Calgary.

As the various contingents settled down, a chain of one- and two-men small detachments were established between Fort Ellice and the Swan River—Beautiful Plains, Palestine, and Shoal Lake among others—for more easy communication with Winnipeg, and as stages for the Police Mail Service it was one of their first activities to establish.

Once the actual police work began, of the most urgent objectives the first was to suppress the whisky traffic that—mainly among the Indians, whose numbers it was helping materially to extinguish, and hardly less so with the more undesirable of the whites—was the chief contributory cause of disorder.

Old established and efficiently organized as the trade had become, it was work of exceptional difficulty. Work, it is pleasant to write, in which the Police were assisted loyally by the more responsible of the white settlers, who needed nothing so much as a law-abiding community where they could carry on with their work in peace under the protection of the law.

Backed by unlimited capital, and earning enormous profits, the traffic was centralized at the various fortified trading-posts that, under cover of the euphemistic title of "general stores", had become established at such places as Whoop-Up, Stand-off, Slide-Out, and other "forts" of similar felicitous nomenclature.

The destruction of these was undertaken at once, without fear or favour. Those of the proprietors who had not succeeded in escaping across the border were prosecuted relentlessly. Further, to the surprise and annoyance of those who had enjoyed such prolonged and unchecked immunity, punishment was both prompt and drastic.

Sentenced to a term of imprisonment for this offence, an infuriated Montanan shouted:

"Soon's I get out I'll make the telegraph wires to Washington fairly hum!"

"In that case, I'd better double the sentence," responded Colonel McLeod amiably—and did so.

The second of those two objectives was to overcome the prejudice of the Indians against the white man in general, and to bring them to realize that far from wishing either to browbeat or exploit the tribes, the Police had come as their friend and protector. To this end every officer and man co-operated.

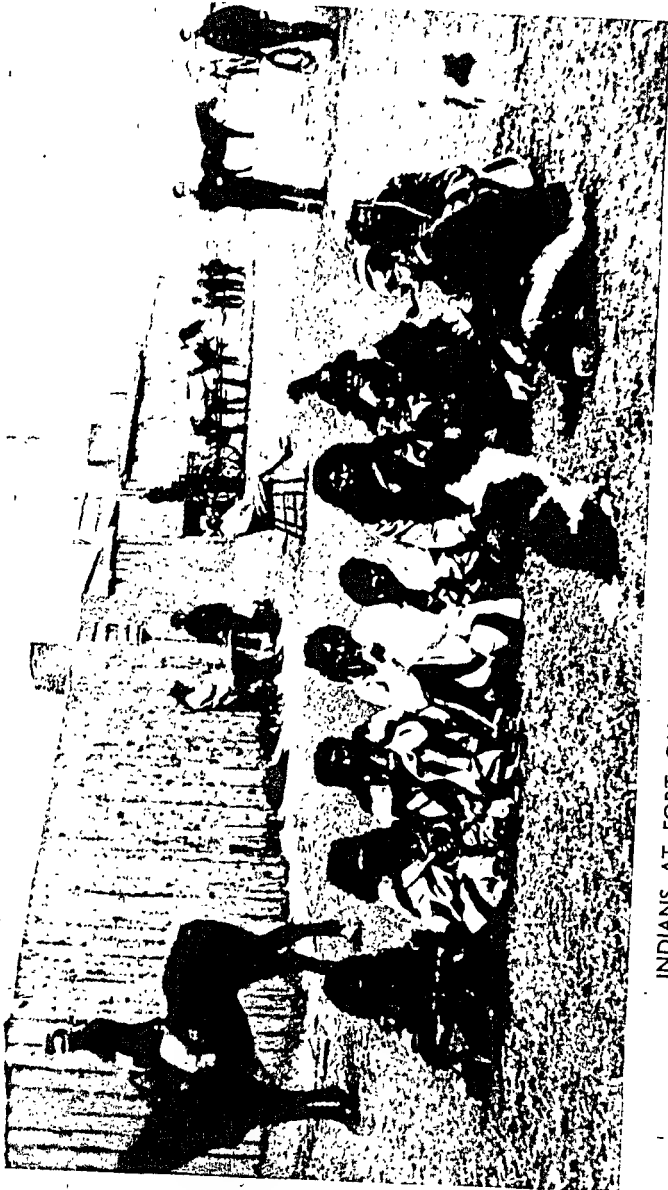
It was difficult and, indeed, dangerous work, and with an initial spell of bad luck to counterbalance the effort. Furthermore, instead of the venerated scarlet, the Force made the mistake of patrolling—which were the only times when the Indians saw them—in undress tunics, that were blue. Hence these newcomers were not the "brothers" of the Red-coats who, under Colonel Wolseley, had been sent by the Great White Mother to protect them years before. Yet even in face of that warning it was not until 1880 that the scarlet was adopted universally.

A further reason for Indian hostility was that the arrival of the Force happened to coincide almost immediately with a bad outbreak of smallpox among the tribes. To the Indians, there was a direct relation between the one event and the other. As Ok-e-mow, Chief of the Bloods, protested:

"White man he come. Bring bad medicine from evil spirits. We starve. Before white man come, buffalo were as many on the plains as there are leaves on the trees. Now our children weep for food and our fathers die."

In vain it was pointed out that the tribes had been lent agricultural implements and experts to teach how these should be used. That, the Chief pointed out, would entail work, and work was only for squaws, not warriors.

So, while doing their best over the food question, the Police fought, and in due time conquered, the smallpox.



INDIANS AT FORT CALGARY, NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES, 1875



With that, and the relentless suppression of the whisky traffic, gradually it began to dawn on the suspicion-ridden tribes that these Red-coats were of a different calibre from the "bad men" who were the Indians' natural enemy. Astonishingly, as well, and however apparently casually given, a policeman's word was kept to the letter and in the spirit.

Most surprising of all, the Police played no favourites. Law-breaking by a white was punished in precisely the same fashion as law-breaking among the tribes; a white man who stole from or assaulted an Indian was dealt with in exactly similar fashion as the Indian who stole from or assaulted a white.

The bare justice of it apart, perhaps the astutest move made in that first year was to go after those responsible for the massacre at Cypress Hills the year before; above all other Police activities, it brought home to the Indians that the new Force was a bulwark against aggression by the "bad men". Already the Police knew the identity of the killers; it did not take them long to discover where some, at least, of them were located. Retired discreetly across the American border, they had taken refuge in the town of Helena, Montana.

It was not until the next year, 1875, that Commissioner McLeod, who had succeeded Colonel French in that office a little time before, applied for extradition warrants against J. Devereaux, John Harker, J. W. Hardwick, J. Evans and Trevanian Hale, on a charge of having murdered a number of Assiniboine Indians at Cypress Mountains, Saskatchewan, in May, 1873.

The hearing, before United States Commissioner W. E. Cullen, and attended on behalf of the Canadian Government by Colonel Sanders and a counsel named Page, with the defence in the hands of no less than six American lawyers, was sheer farce.

Farwell, the "storekeeper", for instance, who was one of the most notorious whisky runners in Canada, denied

vigorously that he had ever had anything to do with the traffic. And though ostensibly a witness for the prosecution, his evidence was directed only against those whose names were not mentioned in the indictment, or who had died since the massacre.

Antoine Gramea Amei, a New Mexican known as "Clubfoot" Tony (the whole proceedings were symptomatic of gangsterdom half a century later), admitted that all the accused but Devereaux were present at the massacre. Yes, he had seen Little Soldier, the Assiniboine Chief, fall dead, but had no idea who killed him—certainly the white man who was near the place at the time was not one of the accused. There were some wounded Indian women in a hut—among whom was his own squaw—but he could not say who had wounded them. He thought the blood on the dead body of a child he saw came from a wounded horse. He did not know who began the fight. And so on, and so on. Quite obviously the Mexican was not risking what would happen to him later if he spoke the truth.

The evidence of a third witness, named Duncan, leaned heavily to the side of the defence as well. He said emphatically that it was the Indians who started the trouble—most of them were drunk, anyway. And far from being armed only with bows and arrows, as had been stated, they had shotguns, flintlocks, and more than two dozen breech-loaders.

In the face of the evidence, Commissioner Cullen's summing-up was not unfair. Not unreasonably, he pointed out that it was necessary for an extradition hearing to be conducted with a similar regard for facts as obtained at a criminal trial. In this case, as no proof of guilt had been brought forward, the prisoners would be discharged.

Whereupon, and though there could have been no doubt as to the guilt of these accused in the minds of any reasonable man, Helena proceeded to light bonfires in the streets and to make whoopee generally. "By midnight the side-walks were so thickly strewn with drunken celebrators



that passage through them was difficult." Especially, as one of their own countrymen—Ed. Grace, "well known by the people of Helena and Prickly Pear Valley"—had been killed in the foray, it would have been intolerable if five white men had been forced to the indignity of trial in a foreign country for anything they might have done to such unconsidered trash as Indians.

One result of the trial was even more farcical than the trial itself. Incredibly, Colonel McLeod was arrested on a charge of false imprisonment—only, of course, to be released at once; even in the Montana of that day such a charge could not be sustained.

However disappointed at having spent \$20,000 with such lack of apparent success, the Police were not wholly dissatisfied; at least they had given a practical demonstration that with the arm of the North-West Police as long as its memory was tenacious, no longer would might be permitted to overrule right on the Canadian side of the border.

Further, and in spite of the set-back, by no means were they finished with the Cypress Hills affair.

The year 1874 closed on a note of tranquillity such as the North-West had not known in generations. The whisky traffic had ceased. After endless repression the Indian walked "with head erect".

"A more peaceful community than ours," Colonel McLeod wrote at the end of that first year, "it would be impossible to find . . . theft is unknown; we do not even lock our doors at night."

The year 1875 passed in consolidating the position.

It was in this year, as well, that the first public tribute to the value of the new Force was paid. Dispatched on a tour to inspect and report on the conditions that prevailed in the North-West, Major-General E. Selby-Smith, who commanded the Canadian Militia, wrote that:

"Too much value cannot be attached to the North-West Police; too much attention cannot be paid to their efficiency;" and concerning the Commissioner:

"His services to this Dominion have been invaluable; his whole desire is concentrated in serving well the Government which employs him, in developing a powerful and useful police, and so far he has been in my experience of it, very successful."

The year following, 1876, saw more stirring times. With a since traditional persistency in tracing the wrong-doer, Colonel McLeod was still camping on the trail of those who remained untried for their participation in the Cypress Hills massacre.

Eventually, three more men were arrested, named, respectively, Hughes, Bell and Vogel—this time on the Canadian side of the border, so that they came up for trial in Winnipeg.

The hearing was protracted, but with still no definite proof of guilt forthcoming, resulted in the acquittal of all three prisoners. Nevertheless, the Indians were suitably impressed, and to McLeod this was all that mattered.

It was in this year, as well, that the friction between Colonel French and the powers that were came to a head.

Authority had not been too pleased when, at the beginning, the newly appointed Commissioner returned so precipitately from Lower Fort Garry to demand a hundred per cent. increase in the Force. It was less happy still when, refusing to accept accommodation in the half-completed and ill-equipped buildings at Swan River, he had marched his command to winter in Dufferin.

"In conclusion," he wrote at the end of his somewhat vitriolically worded report in justification of that act of semi-insubordination, "I beg to add that it is with much reluctance that I have brought myself to write this letter, as I feel that I may again lay myself open to being charged with not acting heartily in concurrence with the policy of the Government regarding these buildings. I prefer taking the risk of doing so, however, rather than a still larger number of the Force which I have the honour to command (besides women and children) should have to undergo the

exposure and hardships which there is little doubt Inspector Carvell's Division suffered during the past winter."

While from the standpoint of the health and well-being of his men he was entirely right, his action did not lessen his unpopularity. The culmination of the trouble between the forthright and—it is to be feared—somewhat peppery Irishman was due to another and less avoidable cause.

Though, as has been shown, he had taken his command to the by then habitable post at Swan River in the spring of 1874, the principal work of the Force lay at Fort McLeod in the foothills of the Rockies, about a thousand miles away, and that was the headquarters of the Southern District. Hence, with time so often the essence of the contract, it was inevitable that important decisions should be reached, not only without consultation with the Commissioner, but of which he remained in ignorance for some time after they had been put into effect. More often than not, indeed, French did not know even where quite large details of the Force under his command were stationed, or upon what duties they were employed.

This was as unfortunate as it was inevitable. As there was no direct communication between H.Q. and the Southern District, all orders and correspondence from Fort McLeod had to be transmitted through Benton, Montana, to Ottawa, and vice versa, and only after considerable delay were copies of the orders forwarded to Swan River.

As a consequence, in July, 1875, Colonel French resigned from what, not without justification, he regarded as an intolerable position, receiving the K.C.M.G. from the Imperial Government for his services.

In spite of an uncertain temper, and a characteristically Irish disposition to be "agin the Government", the value of those services to the Force he contributed so largely to create and to mould were inestimable.

The strictest of disciplinarians—apart from his own to civilian authority—he was able to inculcate all the best of that quality into men whose need of it was all that was

wanting to make them the invaluable servants of the Crown they so rapidly became. Asking nothing of his men but what he could, and did, perform himself, and always with a keen and sympathetic eye to their welfare, unfaltering, enduring, unconquerable, it was the first Commissioner who set for the Force the standard of high endeavour upon which was founded a reputation second to none throughout the world.

Succeeded in the Commissionership by Colonel McLeod, Colonel French returned to England, and from thence was sent successively to Queensland, India and Australia. Promoted major-general in May, 1900, he retired from the service with the K.C.M.G. in 1902. He died in 1921.

## CHAPTER VII

### The Placation of Sitting Bull

**I**T was in 1876 that the long-established unrest among the American Indians reached a stage that threatened serious repercussions on the Canadian side. Encroaching on hundreds of miles of country that from time immemorial had been sacred to the Indian, the opening of the Union Pacific Railway was the chief contributory cause.

The upshot of this and other grievances was the battle of Little Big Horn, that resulted in the annihilation of the gallant but too-impetuous General Custer and his column by the Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull. Whereupon, to avoid the inevitable reprisals, and followed at irregular intervals by Chiefs The-Man-Who-Crawls, Black Moon, White Eagle, and Little Knife, Sitting Bull made a strategic retreat into Canada.

It was a serious situation for the Police; in view of the shock to American pride at the disaster, it would have been painfully easy for serious international complications to follow in the train of this more or less peaceful invasion.

It would have been more easy still for it to have caused serious trouble at home. To Canadian Indians, the invasion of their reserves and hunting-grounds by several thousand truculent and victory-flushed braves from America was a shade less welcome than would have been a cloud of locusts. By this, extermination having proceeded unchecked, buffalo were becoming increasingly scarce on the plains, and stocks at the trading posts were running short. The tribes were afraid, as well, that these fierce newcomers would crowd them from their reservations.

It was a situation that called for prompt and unequi-


vocal handling. Above all, it was essential that the Canadian side should not be used as an Indian base for warlike excursions into United States territory.

A strong man, scrupulously just in his dealings with the tribes, and essentially sympathetic of just grievances, it was Commissioner McLeod whose contribution to easing the situation was the most valuable. Only men of the heart, brain and courage of McLeod and Walsh could have won the respect of the turbulent, undisciplined and, in general, mutually contending forces with whom they were called upon to cope and, with that tribute, have brought so large a measure of peace to a land that, before the Police came, had been heading more closely to anarchy with every passing year.

More than once it was touch and go; there were occasions when an incautious word or action would have set the spark to the powder, and the North-West alight. Had it not been for Walsh, indeed, explosion would have come in 1876, when it occurred to the 2000 families of half-breeds and the 3000 families of Indians, who came within the jurisdiction of Fort Walsh, that what they termed "Police Law" was not to their advantage, and, after a meeting in "grand convention", sent fifty of their leading men to the Fort to say so. White man's law might be all very well for white men, they pointed out, but as interfering with age-old habits and customs, it was an intolerable oppression to a nomadic people. And as, speaking for themselves, they would have no more of it, they felt it only fair to advertise their decision in advance.

The situation was all the more serious in that the delegation was neither defiant nor truculent; in that event it could have been dealt with fairly easily. But these men were respectful—even apologetic; they were also calmly determined.

Walsh made no mistake; he knew his men because he had spent so much of his life in studying them. So far from threatening, he pleaded ("I am not ashamed to say



'pleaded', he wrote in describing the interview) so that they might understand exactly the laws to which they took exception; read them the Statutes that referred to the North-West Territories; reminded them of the security for life and property the new administration had brought; of the present era of justice and fair dealing as opposed to the old régime of exploitation.

The delegates were courteous, appreciative even, but apparently unconvinced; at the end of three days they retired with the intimation that, so far as they were concerned, white man's law had ceased to operate.

"I went to my quarters thoroughly discouraged and wishing for the assistance of someone with more power of language and more skilled in diplomacy," Walsh wrote later in a spirit of true humility. "I felt the fault was mine and that I failed for want of ability to convince them. . . . I had for these people a feeling that led me to desire to conquer with words rather than with arms. . . ."

However discouraged, Walsh was not beaten; if all the work and hardships and danger of the past three years was not to be jettisoned, a way out must be found.

He went over the names of those half-hundred delegates, each one of whom he knew personally, his character and proclivities. Eventually he selected five, and sent for them to come and see him.

When they arrived, at midnight, Walsh approached the subject, not from the Police point of view, but from that of the tribes. As reasonable men, he argued, they must realize the impossibility of allowing any section of the community to make its own laws; that to be of any benefit, law must be universal, applicable to Indian, half-breed and white alike.

He allowed this to sink in, and then gravely, solemnly, and for the first time uttered his warning.

The new law—that was a good law and a just one—was there to stay, and would be upheld at all costs. As the Government wished for nothing but to be the friend of

Indian and half-breed alike, it would not be the fault of the Government if force became necessary. Let the malcontents, then, think very carefully before they took the final and irrevocable step.

The five men left; they would consult with their fellows, and announce the result later. During the day they returned with the intimation that from thenceforward the law would be obeyed.

"From that day until I left there," wrote Walsh, "the half-breeds were my firm allies, and on two occasions when my force was small, and I had to be a little more than firm with the Indians, they rendered me assistance."

"James Morrow Walsh, as I remember him," wrote that ex-member of the Force, the late George Forbes Guernsey, of Penticton, B.C., shortly before his death in 1937, "was a man of about five feet nine inches, well built, with dark hair and imperial. He affected rather a bizarre style of uniform, a straight peaked cap like an infantry officer's of the period, but with a heavy gold band, or else a wide-brimmed light fawn sombrero, a cavalry patrol jacket, Bedford cord breeches, and U.S. cavalry boots with the fronts reaching above the knee . . . a man of undoubted pluck, he loved to advertise, and nothing pleased him more than to be alluded to in the American newspapers as 'Sitting-Bull's Boss'."

Actually Walsh's handling of that more than usually formidable chief was masterly.

Under the protection of the Great White Mother, and pending arrangements for his peaceful repatriation, Sitting Bull might remain on Canadian soil for just so long as he behaved himself, accepted personal responsibility that his braves exercised a similar restraint, kept within the exact spirit and letter of the law, and refrained from using any supplies he drew from the authorities to make trouble across the border.

Nor, fortunately, was it long before the hands of the Police were strengthened. The United States Government



having pronounced an amnesty in favour of Sitting Bull and his army, there was no reason why the chief and his followers should remain in Canada.

The first attempt at repatriation, that took place on 2nd June, 1877, resulted in Sitting Bull's uncompromising refusal to leave. He had been followed over the border by three Americans, one of whom was a scout of General Miles, whom he regarded as one of his bitterest enemies. Actually, Sitting Bull kept the party under guard until the arrival of the Mounted Police.

As moral support to their head were chiefs Pretty Bear, Bear's Cap, The Eagle Sitting Down, and Spotted Eagle; also a hundred or so braves, women and children. The Police were represented by Assistant-Commissioner Irvine, Inspector Walsh, and Sub-Inspectors Clark and Allen.

Voiced in no uncertain fashion by Sitting Bull, the Indians' standpoint was simple. They had no trust in the "Long Knives" (American soldiers); they were safe where they were, and so were taking no chances of returning to United States territory.

"The thing you tell me," Sitting Bull replied contemptuously to promises made by one of the American delegation, "is nothing—tell me to-day what you told me yesterday. . . . Why should I go back? To have my arms and horses stolen? What have you to give me? You have no land! Once I was rich, but the Americans stole all I had in the Black Hills. I shall stay with the children of the White Mother."

That, then, was that; a position from which Sitting Bull refused to move. Apart from conversations between the Canadian and the United States authorities, no further attempt was made until September, when General Terry was sent from America to make the necessary arrangements.

As events transpired, the time selected proved unfortunate. Only the day before the meeting, more than a hundred men of the Nez Perce tribe, most of them wounded,

had limped into Sitting Bull's camp from an encounter with United States soldiers, and this went badly to increase the original hostility. Actually, it was all Inspector Walsh could do to persuade Sitting Bull and his following to leave camp for the meeting-place; even at that the superintendent had to go and fetch him.

As was to be expected, the interview, at which, on behalf of the United States, General Terry, General Lawrence, Colonel Corbin and Colonel Smith put forward the offer of reservations in return for the surrender of arms and ammunition, resulted in failure.

To the disappointment of the Police, Sitting Bull made it embarrassingly clear that he would have nothing to do with General Terry or any other American. His attitude was that with General Miles encamped with a strong force only just across the border, it was clear that any offer made was only a dodge to entice General Custer's conqueror into United States territory, so that drastic reprisal for that victory might be exacted.

Further, apparently to demonstrate his opinion of the opposition, Sitting Bull offered the greatest insult an Indian could proffer to a white by bringing his squaw with him. True, her only contribution to the discussion was a loud-mouthed complaint that she was not allowed time "even to breed"; but the intention was there. Sitting Bull also refused to shake hands, or to answer a single question that was put to him.

Freshly victorious from a big-scale battle with the whites, with none of the respect for the Mounted Police that a couple of years' experience had inculcated into their Canadian brothers, Sitting Bull and his men were an intolerable nuisance in the days that followed.

Horse stealing, for example, that had been so sternly discouraged among the Canadian Indians that it had ceased altogether, was one of the invaders' major industries. Consequently, when the word was passed among the Sioux that some dozen or so Police mounts had been turned out to

grass, and with only one man in charge, it was regarded joyfully as a favourable opportunity for the replenishment of live-stock. A party was detailed for the raid, and with the solitary constable in charge of the Police horses obedient to the rule that in no circumstances must a Mounted Policeman use his revolver without first having been fired on, the dozen or so marauders rode off with the spoil.

Among other details at the Post was "Buffalo" Allen, a comparatively newly joined Cockney, so nicknamed after he had killed a buffalo with nothing more lethal than a clasp-knife.

Joining the Force a little time before, he had been sent with other recruits to the town of Bismarck, North Dakota, to join Major Walsh, who was there to buy stores. And one of the first sights witnessed by Allen and his afterwards inseparable friend, "Peaches" Davis—of whom more hereafter—was a gun duel between two Blackhill miners, Jug Handle Pete and Flapping Bill, as a result of which "little sport" the local "Boot Hill" received a couple of fresh occupants.

It was intended that the party should travel by boat to Fort Benton, and from there to Fort McLeod. Half-way, however, the *Peninan* having struck a sandbank, Major Walsh decided to go across country to the Fort of his own name.

Avoiding a fight with Chief Slippery Arm and his band of Crows by the skin of their teeth *en route*, the party reached Fort Walsh only just in time to stop a raid on the Post by a band of Crees under Chief Big Bear.

On the present occasion, Allen was sent out with ten other details to recover the stolen horses. Shortly before they reached the Indian camp, a party of braves rode out to meet them.

"Stay right here," Allen ordered his men, "and don't make any move unless absolutely necessary."

"What are you going to do?" he was asked.

"Talk to 'em," replied Allen, and went forward alone.

So, also, did a figure who detached himself from the advancing Sioux, in whom Allen recognized Sitting Bull himself.

Within distance, each drew rein.

"Why have you allowed your young men to steal our horses?" Allen asked quietly at last.

Sitting Bull shrugged indifferently.

"Why should I interfere?" he demanded casually.

"Because of the good treatment you have had from the Police," the constable pointed out. "In any event, I've been sent to recover those horses, and that's what I intend doing."

Sitting Bull edged closer.

"How?" he inquired levelly, and this time it was Allen's turn to shrug.

"It's up to you," he said carelessly. "Either I take them now, or a party will ride out and fetch them." He cast a reminiscent eye over the chief's mount. "Even if you yourself were riding one of our horses, still I would take it," he added.

"The horse I am riding is one of yours," Sitting Bull pointed out equably.

Looking surprised, and as if to make a closer inspection, Allen edged closer—and the next moment the mighty Sitting Bull was sailing through the air, to come to ground quite a number of yards away.

When he scrambled to his feet, Allen, leading the retrieved horse by the bridle, was returning at a hand gallop towards his squad, who immediately closed about him, and with Sitting Bull kept carefully in the line of fire, the Indians dared not shoot. However, a yelling herd followed right up to the Fort gates that, as soon as the Police had passed through, were closed against the marauders.

Assured that the inevitable result must be a raid in force, Walsh made preparations to defend the Fort to the last. He went so far, even, as to suggest that farewell letters should be written and buried beneath a post, upon which

was printed: "Our last messages are under here." Then, as if the men had turned in as usual, he ordered Lights Out to be sounded and put into effect.

It was a move that both puzzled and disconcerted the opposition. What strong medicine had these Police, the raiders asked themselves, that they could so ignore the mighty Sitting Bull? On the whole, perhaps, it might be better to postpone the attack.

The next morning brought a further change of heart. An Indian emissary arrived at the Fort with the intimation that Sitting Bull was ready to smoke the pipe of peace, and that the young men were bringing back the stolen horses, and would ask pardon for having taken them.

## CHAPTER VIII

### Signing the Treaties

IT was Colonel McLeod's policy to regularize, by the negotiation of formal treaties, the relations between the Police and those of the Blackfeet, Piegan, Sarcee, Blood and Stonies, who were known as the Confederacy of Tribes.

It was in 1877 that, to the accompaniment of as much ceremonial in the matter of scarlet uniforms, gold facings, glittering sword scabbards, and jingling spurs as could be assembled, one of the more important of these was signed in the presence of Lieutenant-Governor Laird, Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

Chief Crowfoot, of the Blackfeet, was the leading figure; what he advised, the other chiefs would carry out, and while a burning patriot of his own race, he held no antagonism towards a régime he had come to regard, not only as inevitable, but as a shield to his people against the "bad men" who had gone before. Tall and lithe, keen-eyed, with the black lines on his deerskin jacket, each to denote a victory in war, he was an impressive and dignified figure.

In the proposed treaty, and in return for various concessions—of which more later—the Indians "relinquished, surrendered and transferred Indian rights, title and interests, to Her Majesty the Queen, her heirs and successors, and for the use of the Government of the Dominion of Canada . . . for as long as the sun shines and the rivers run", of the country between Fort McLeod, of the Bow River south of the American border and north of the Red Deer River.

Wisely, the place selected for the meeting was the Blackfeet's favourite camping-ground at Blackfoot Crossing—"The Ridge under the Water"—a natural clearing

of cottonwood, willow, buffalo berry and wild rose that was bounded on the north by the Bow River. Yet, despite this setting, and an escort of no less than eight brightly burnished and whitely pipe-clayed Mounted Police, and the band that blared out "The Maple Leaf for Ever", Crow-foot refused to be impressed; declined even to accept a single present until he had heard and discussed the terms of the treaty. Eventually, after five days of negotiation, Governor Laird spoke through L'Hereux, the interpreter.

"The Great Spirit has made all things—the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the forest, and the swift running rivers. It is by the Great Spirit that the Queen rules over this country. The Great Spirit has made the white man and the red man brothers, and we should take each other by the hand. The Great White Mother (the Queen) loves all her children, white man and red man alike. She wishes to do them good. The bad white man and the bad Indian she alone does not love, and them she punishes for their wickedness.

"Many years ago our Great Mother made a treaty with the Indians far away by the great waters of the east. Last year a treaty was made by the Crees along the Saskatchewan, and now we are come to ask you to make a treaty. In a few years the buffalo will probably all be destroyed, and for this reason the Queen wishes to help you to live in the future in some way. She wishes you to allow her white children to come and live on your land and raise cattle. Should you agree to do this she will help you to raise cattle and grain and thus give you the means of living when the buffalo are no more.

"She will pay you and your children money every year, which you can spend as you please. If you sign the treaty, every man, woman and child will get twelve dollars each. The money will be paid to the head of each family for himself, women and children, and every year forever, you, your women and children, will get five dollars each. This year chiefs and councillors will be paid a larger sum than

this. The chiefs also will get a suit of clothes, a silver medal, a flag, and every third year will get another suit. A reserve of land will be set apart for yourselves and your cattle upon which none others will be permitted to encroach. For every five persons one square mile of this reserve will be allotted on which to live and cut the trees and brush for firewood purposes. The Queen's officers will permit no white man or half-breed to build or cut the timber on your reserves. If required, roads will be cut through them. Cattle will be given you and potatoes the same as grown at Fort McLeod. The commissioners would strongly advise you to take cattle, as you understand cattle better than you do farming, for some time to come, at least as long as you roam from place to place.

"Ammunition will be issued to you each year, and as soon as you sign the treaty, two thousand dollars worth will be distributed amongst the tribes. As soon as you settle, teachers will be sent you to instruct your children to read books like this one" (he pointed to the Bible) "which is impossible so long as you continue to move about in lodges.

"You may wish to talk it over in council and in your lodges. Go, therefore, to them, and I hope you will be able to give me an answer to-morrow."

It was, however, three more days before the Council held its final meeting. Then, gravely, Crowfoot got to his feet.

"While I speak," he said slowly, "be kind and patient. I have to speak for my people, who are many, and rely upon me to follow that course which in future will tend to their good. The plains are large and wide. We are the children of the plains. It is our home, and always the buffalo has been our food. I hope you look upon the Blackfeet, Bloods and Sarcees as your children, and that you will be lenient and charitable to them. They all expect me to speak for them now, and I trust the Great Spirit will put into their breasts to be good people; into the minds of men, women and children, and their generations in the



future. The advice given to me and my people has proved to be good. If the Police had not come to the country, where would we all be now? Bad men and whisky were killing us so fast that very few of us would have been left to-day. The Police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the snows of winter. I wish them all good, and trust that our hearts will increase in goodness from this time forward.

"I see Colonel McLeod of the Mounted Police here. I take them by the hand. When Colonel McLeod and his men came they told us certain things. He has kept his word, not one promise has been broken. Bad men were destroying my people with drink and with swindling, but Colonel McLeod punished them, and they stopped. I will sign the treaty."

The reward of two years' straight dealing was the unanimity with which the other signatures were obtained, Chiefs Bull's Head, Eagle Head, Old Sun and Rainy Chief all speaking in a strain similar to that of Crowfoot. One, getting to his feet, went round the circle at a cringing shuffle. Then, suddenly springing to the upright, he made a second circuit at a proud, almost swaggering, gait.

"Before the Mounted Police came," he said, "the Indian walked bent; now he walks with head erect. I, too, will sign."

It was from what he observed of the attitude of the tribes to the Mounted Police that Governor Laird wrote:

"I would urge that the officers of the Mounted Police be entrusted to make the annual payments to the Indians under this treaty. The chiefs themselves request this, and I said I believed the Government would gladly consent to this arrangement. The Indians have confidence in the Police, and it might be some time before they would acquire the same respect for strangers."

Unfortunately it was in connexion with the payment of treaty money that complications arose, especially with the Piegans. Immediately over the American border to the

south was a reserve of the same tribe—with whom the Canadian Piegans were in close and friendly association—who saw no reason why, with so much easy money floating about, they should be left in the cold. So, with the amiable co-operation of their Canadian brothers, it was easy for a number of the American tribe to slip over the border and share in the distribution.

It was a good game while it lasted, but in 1882 the Mounted Police decided that it was a little too expensive to be allowed to continue. The climax came when Captain Dickens of the Mounted Police, twelve troopers, and J. J. McHughes of the Indian Agency arrived with the periodical dole. It was revealed by the ubiquitous Jerry Potts, who was acting as interpreter, that no less than a couple of hundred American Piegans were there to join the queue.

McHughes called a council of the chief and headman.

"Before I pay out a dollar," he said, "I must have a parade of the Southern Piegans who are here. I will give them food and tobacco, then they must go home."

The result was a point-blank refusal from the interlopers to move, and an equally definite refusal on the part of the Canadian tribe to persuade them to do so.

McHughes's counter to this was that until the strangers were on their way, not only would no treaty money be paid, but no provisions issued either.

The tribe protested, threatened—and capitulated. The Americans lined up, were given the promised food and tobacco, and moved off. As treaty money for each chief was \$25, each headman \$15, and every man, woman and child \$5, the saving to the Canadian Government was something like \$1200.

In passing, it may be mentioned that, owing to the dexterity with which the Montana "bad men" could substitute a one-dollar bill for the five- or ten-dollar ones they had taken from the Indian "just to have a look at", a rule was passed that treaty payments must be made in one-dollar bills only.

Unfortunately, other treaties of this kind were not negotiated so successfully as the one with the Confederacy. Treaty Number Six, for instance, had been signed a little before by the Cree and Duck Lake Indians. We have the authority of Inspector Walker—then commanding the newly opened Post at Battleford, Saskatchewan—for what later transpired.

"In addition to my police duties," he writes, "I was appointed 'acting Indian Agent of Treaty Six'. During the Fall I established Police detachments at Fort Pitt, Duck Lake, Carlton and Prince Albert, and was able in this way to keep in touch with all parts of the district.

"When I was making the treaty payments in 1877 the Duck Lake Indians claimed they had made a separate treaty, and were promised better terms than the Cree Indians. I tried to convince them that they had not done so, and gave them just what was promised by the treaty, but they were not satisfied.

"Next year, when I was leaving Battleford to make the treaty payments, Lieutenant-Governor Laird, thinking that he could convince the Indians that they were getting all they were entitled to, went with me to Duck Lake when I was making the payments. We were received by the chief and Indians in a large council tent. After Governor Laird explained the treaty to them, one of the headmen told him they did not believe him, and the Lieutenant-Governor lost his temper and left the council tent, saying 'I will not listen to such talk'. Some of the Indians got between him and the tent opening, and I shoved them aside and the Lieutenant-Governor left for Carlton where he was staying. I then told the Indians that they had insulted the Queen's representative, and should be punished, but I was still ready to give them everything the treaty they had signed promised. A few of the old people came and received the treaty money, but the chief and his headman and most of his followers refused. I told them they would receive no rations, and that I had arranged to make the payments in

Prince Albert the next day, and would pay them when they informed me they were willing to take what the treaty promised.

"I issued a very liberal supply of rations and presents to those who had taken the treaty money, but gave nothing to the others and returned to Carlton where I was staying. That night I was called out of bed about midnight, as Governor Laird wanted to see me. Going to his room, he handed me a letter he had just received from Mr. Hughes, Stobart's agent at Duck Lake, stating that the Indians had gone into his store and demanded the Indian supplies and were going to take them. He had then persuaded them to wait until morning, and he would write a letter to Lieutenant-Governor Laird. This letter was to the effect that if the Indian supplies were not given by sunrise next morning they were going to take them.

"I told the Lieutenant-Governor not to lose any sleep over the letter, as I would be in Duck Lake before sunrise, and I was satisfied that I could settle the matter. I only had a sergeant and two troopers with me, and warned them to be ready at daybreak to proceed to Duck Lake, and we went back to bed. In the morning we arrived at Mr. Hughes's store in good time, and found him and his staff up and expecting trouble. We had not long to wait, as the Indians had started from their camp about a mile away, half-naked and all togged up in war paint, about one hundred of them, armed and mounted. They came up the road singing war songs, riding round in circles, and lying on the sides of their horses, shooting under the horses' necks. The stores were inside of the stockade, and Mr. Hughes wanted to shut the gates, but I asked him not to, as I wanted all the Indians inside.

"When they all were inside of the stockade I came out of the office with my three fully armed men, each with revolvers and rifles. I then posted these men on three sides of the store where the Indian supplies were. I took the Indian interpreter with me to the chief, and told him he

had sent a very bad letter to the Queen's representative. He had said his Indians were going to take the Indians' supplies out of the store unless they were given to them before sunrise. I told him I was there to see that they did not take them, and that my men had orders to put bullets through the first man who attempted to go into the room, and they would do as they were told. The chief wilted at once, said they would do nothing wrong, that they were good Indians and would do as I advised them. I had taken the treaty money with me, and paid the Indians there and then, giving them their presents and rations to return to their camp, and thus ended what might have been the Duck Lake rebellion some years before it really happened.

"The most disruptive element of the Duck Lake district was the half-breed, Gabriel Dumont."

We shall hear more of Dumont.

In only one direction was the Force not wholly successful, a comparative failure that was due to a shortage of personnel, the huge area to be policed, and the inability to be in more than one place at a time.

Despite those huge herds observed by Colonel French and Colonel McLeod on the western trail in 1874, the buffalo were being killed at a rate that could mean only eventual extermination. Uncounted thousands were slaughtered merely for their tongues. In one year alone, American traders shipped 50,000 buffalo robes out of Canada. Although they themselves were among the chief offenders, this was one of the few remaining causes of Indian unrest, actually one that led Governor Morris, of Manitoba, to lend his whole-hearted support to the formation of the new Force in 1873.

"A very serious view of the matter, apart from the demoralization of the Indians," he reported, "is the precipitation of the great difficulties we will have to encounter with the Crees and Blackfeet when the buffalo are extinct, an event which, at the present rate of extermination, may be looked for in five or six years."

As near as possible that estimate was correct. In 1878, 31,000 buffalo robes were exported; in 1879, 1500. The next year the number fell to 500; the year following to 300. So far as can be traced, the last buffalo shot in Canada was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present town of Irvine, Southern Saskatchewan, in 1882.

Under Sitting Bull, the Indian immigrants continued to be a nuisance. As a result of prolonged autumn drought the pasturage had been burnt up, so that the spring of 1880 was a time of unusual hardship; so much so that the tribes were reduced to eating the carcasses of horses that had died from scurvy, a necessity that, not surprisingly, was followed by an epidemic.

But, as Superintendent Walsh was continually pointing out, the American offer remained open, and over the border there was food in plenty.

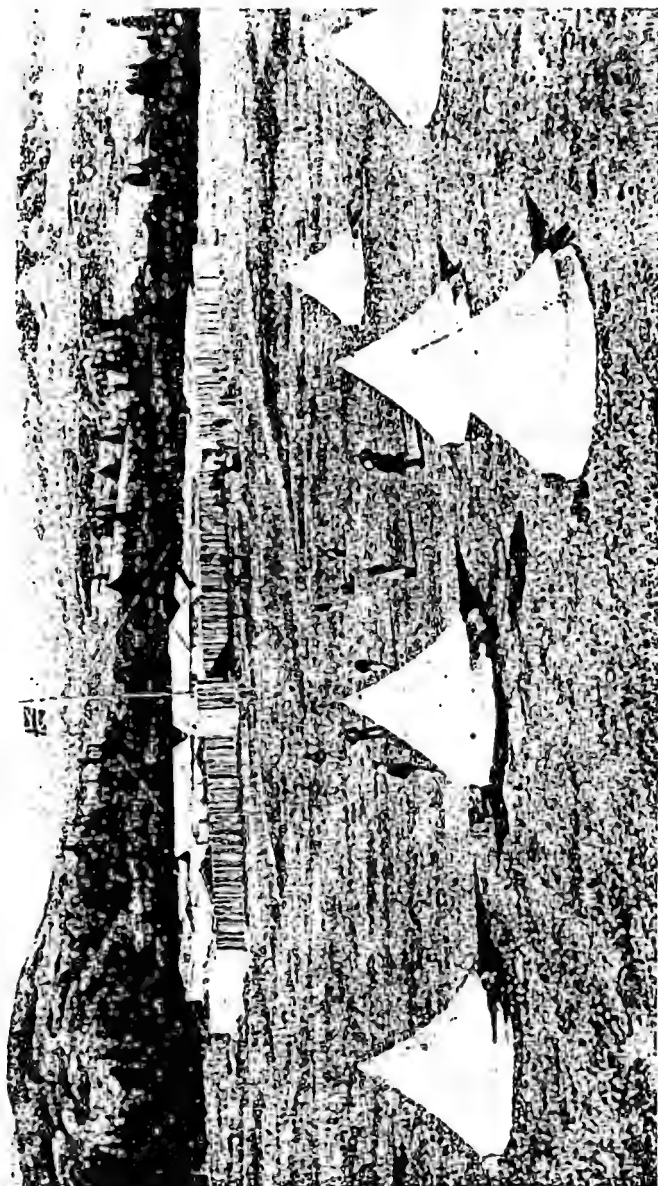
Slowly, reluctantly, the tribes fell into line; eighty lodges of Sioux left for America in January; 125 from Popular Creek in February.

After that, except for occasional small parties, nothing happened, except semi-starvation, until May, when Sitting Bull voluntarily withdrew his embargo against any of his people crossing the border. Within a week some fifty more Sioux lodges left for the United States, leaving only 150 to be dealt with.

The passing of the half-year brought a general change in the dispositions of the Force; Superintendent Walsh and B Troop were transferred to Fort Qu'Appelle, and Superintendent Crozier, with Sergeant Severne and ten constables, moved to Fort Walsh.

By this, Sitting Bull was desperate; he was almost destitute, and his people were deserting him. Distrusting the American promises as fervently as he did, he went so far at last as to ask Walsh to interview the United States President on his behalf.

Apparently, however, Crozier was unsympathetic; ignoring the chief, he exerted direct pressure on the tribe by



N.W. MOUNTED POLICE CAMP, FORT WALSH, 1878





pointing out that the longer they stayed in Canada, the less favourable terms they would be able to exact from the Americans.

Reluctantly, the tribes agreed; Sitting Bull found force necessary to prevent several of the lodges from leaving. Judging the time, Commissioner Irvine made a journey especially to interview him.

As a result, the chief agreed to surrender himself to the United States Government. To the relief of all concerned he did so, with what remained of his tribe, at Fort Burford, in the July of 1881.

## CHAPTER IX

### The First Casualty

IN December, 1879, a tragedy occurred that, apart from a natural regret at the loss of a popular comrade, provided the greatest shock the Force had experienced since its formation.

The horses at the Post had been attacked by a disease of the foot, and under veterinary supervision were sent to a sick camp in charge of a constable named Grayburn, and other details. The weather held up unusually late that year, but eventually, to the satisfaction of all concerned, the cold forced the guard back to the Fort. As well as that the Indians' idea of sanitation was elementary, the ceaseless howling of dogs from a nearby camp of Bloods made sleep precarious.

Quite as annoying was the persistency of the mendicant Star Child, who, refusing to take "no" for an answer, Grayburn threw out of camp—an unc customary act of violence that later he had cause to regret. Star Child was a man of consequence among his own people, and the affront to his dignity rankled.

Some time later, Grayburn was sent on a patrol that took him south, near the Blood encampment.

Time passed, Grayburn did not return, and eventually a search party was sent out. They found his tracks in the snow, and followed them until dark. More snow fell in the night, and in the morning the tracks were covered.

Returned to the camp, the party enlisted the help of Jerry Potts. Like so many outstanding trackers in Canadian history, Potts was a half-breed—who had killed his man in boyhood. When his father, an Edinburgh storekeeper, was

murdered by an Indian, the thirteen-year-old Jerry followed the murderer into the bush, and shot him out of hand. Later, when he was working for a storekeeper, news came in that a raiding party of Crees had massacred a camp of women and children of the Piegan tribe on the site of what to-day is the town of Lethbridge. As leader of the punitive expedition, Potts armed his Piegans with repeating rifles from an American post on the Missouri, attacked by night, drove the retreating Crees into a defile, and shot them down to a man.

Meantime, the weather had set in for one of the severest seasons within living memory. Game was less scarce than non-existent, and the Indians on the verge of starvation in consequence.

Persisting that one of the tribe, named Eagle Crag, had been killed by the Police, they swarmed to the Fort, clamouring for food. Actually, having crawled into the Post from his trap-lines in a state of exhaustion, Eagle Crag had been given food and a rest, sent on his way, but collapsing a short distance from the Fort, had been brought back, obviously a very sick man. Though he was given every medical and nursing attention, he died of pneumonia a few days later.

The immediate result was an accusation of murder against the Police by the Bloods, who were placated only by a diplomatic granting of their demand that, as a demonstration of "brotherhood", Eagle Crag's body should be buried in a Police scarlet tunic. Additionally, the Police sent details to attend the funeral.

By this, however, the Police had begun to ask themselves if the death of Eagle Crag and the disappearance of Constable Grayburn were in any way connected.

Sent out after the missing man, though there was no visible trail, Potts led his party confidently to a ravine some distance away, and here coincidence proved him to be on the right track. Pott's horse shied, and in recovering swept away the top covering of snow with his hoofs. Undérneath

was a patch of blood. A little farther on, the missing constable's hat was found hanging on a tree branch, and at the bottom of a ravine farther on still, Grayburn's body.

He had been shot. And so, also, had his horse, that was discovered tethered to a nearby tree.

Carefully removing the last snowfall over a considerable area to disclose the tracks below, Potts made a dramatic reconstruction of what, actually, had occurred.

A little way from the Post, he reported, Grayburn had been joined by a pair of Indians. That could be told by two of the three sets of tracks being those of unshod horses. After some distance, one of the Indians had fallen behind and shot Grayburn as he was in conversation with the other. The constable fell out of the saddle on to his head—dead. Then the horse, also, was shot, and Grayburn's body thrown down the ravine.

With Eagle Crag as his accomplice, suspicion fell on Star Child, the Blood Indian whom Grayburn had run out of camp for begging some time before. Star Child, however, had left the tribe for some untraceable destination, and Eagle Crag had died of pneumonia. So, for the time being at least, the matter rested.

Towards the end of the winter, however, a rumour reached the Police that two Blood Indians had been indulging in unguarded talk around the camp-fire. Fortunately, the two suspects happened to be wanted for horse stealing, and it was on this charge they were arrested. Investigation proved, at least, that both prisoners had been near the scene of the murder at, or about, the time it was committed.

While under remand, it must have come to the prisoners' knowledge that, actually, the indictment against them was to be on the more serious charge; hence, that an early escape from custody was indicated.

It was on the day when, with a third Indian, they were out for exercise in charge of two constables, that they made a quick dash for freedom. In the melting snow, and shod in heavy spurred riding boots as opposed to the fugitives' light

moccasins, the escort were outdistanced by one yard in three. Soon the Indians came to a hill where their respective squaws were waiting for them with rifles and a supply of ammunition.

Fortunately the escape had been witnessed from the Post, and already constables were hurrying to the help of their unarmed comrades. Intimidated by the odds against them, the fugitives threw in their hands, surrendered, and were taken to the guard-room.

There, apparently, they put in a spell of serious thinking. In the night, they asked to speak to Major Crozier, who was then in command of the Post; suggested meantime that the windows might be covered with blankets to ensure that the forthcoming conference could not be overlooked.

When the commandant appeared, with the invaluable Jerry Potts as interpreter, Ok-e-mow, one of the prisoners, gave the name of Star Child as Grayburn's murderer. He was, he added, in hiding in Bear Paw, Montana.

On those grounds, Colonel McLeod asked permission from the American sheriff to cross the border and arrest his man. The sheriff replied that the Commissioner might do so for a cash payment of \$5000. So the only thing left for the Police was the pious hope that sooner or later the wanted man would return to his own side of the border.

Two years later they received news that Star Child was at the Blood Reserve, and Sergeant Patterson, two constables, and the ubiquitous Jerry Potts were sent to bring him in. They reached their destination—and Star Child's tent—at dawn; they wanted to catch him asleep.

They failed. As they approached, the tent flap was drawn aside, and Star Child stood there with levelled rifle. He said quite definitely that if Patterson moved, he would be shot.

The sergeant attempted, and succeeded, with one of the oldest ruses in existence. Looking directly past the Indian, "Collar him from behind!" he ordered peremptorily, and as Star Child turned to face the new aggression, leapt

on him and brought him to earth, the rifle discharging harmlessly in the process.

The noise of conflict brought the tribe out of their tents in a body, and for a time it was all the policemen—and Jerry Potts—could do to cope with the crowd. They were rescued eventually by Red Cow, the chief, who shared with Crow-foot the highest authority in the Blackfoot Confederacy. Nevertheless, even after Patterson had handcuffed Star Child and taken him away on horseback, the two policemen—and Jerry Potts—had difficulty in keeping back the mob who followed hard on their heels.

Astonishingly, in view of his first plea of guilty, the prisoner was acquitted at the trial. It was said at the time that the jury of newly arrived settlers was afraid of what the Confederacy would do to them if Star Child was hanged.

The sequel is as romantic as it is typical of the times. On his release from a five years' sentence in Stoney Mountain prison for horse stealing, Star Child applied to the Police to be taken on as a scout. Furthermore, as he had learnt English in prison, and was a skilled plainsman, he was accepted, and remained in that capacity until he died of consumption a year or two later.

## CHAPTER X

### Peaches Davis sees it Through

THE years 1879-80 saw several changes in the constitution of the Force that, by now, had settled down in its capacity of impartial guardian of life and property in the North-West.

The old designation for the various sections was changed. As a mounted body, "Troop" had been applicable so long as the Force remained more or less together, but now that it was distributed at various points throughout the North-West the description "Division" was considered more suitable.

Further, as the chief centre of activity, headquarters was moved from the less important Fort Pelly to Fort Walsh, and there remained for two years, when it was moved again to Pile of Bones Creek—that to-day is the city of Regina.

In 1880 Colonel McLeod resigned the Commissionership after services whose value it would be difficult to over-estimate. Predominantly it was he who had suppressed the liquor traffic and, by a rare combination of tact, firmness and scrupulously fair dealing, had both conciliated the Indians and paved the way for the various treaties that were such an important contribution to the removal of long-standing prejudice.

Colonel McLeod was succeeded by Assistant-Commissioner Colonel A. G. Irvine, who, having made a special study of the work and constitution of the Royal Irish Constabulary, made various changes in his new command in conformity with the older body. One of the first of these was to establish an urgently needed training centre for recruits at the new headquarters.

The constant passage of Indians from and to the American border was still the cause of perturbation; not only had the situation to be watched all the time, but occasions were occurring constantly that required the high-water mark of tact in handling.

An outstanding example of this is the case of Constable Daniel (Peaches) Davis, a close friend of Buffalo Allen, so nicknamed on account of his weakness for peach pie.

It was in 1879, after only three years' service, that Davis was paraded before Colonel Irvine at Fort Walsh. A mixed band of renegade Crees, Stoney and Assiniboine Canadian Indians had crossed over to Montana, and made themselves such an unmitigated nuisance that they were rounded up by a couple of troops of American cavalry, and permission asked of the Canadian authorities to escort them over the border to the Cypress Hills.

The request was granted, but only with reluctance. The Cypress Hills was the preserve of the warlike and arrogant Blackfeet, and any other tribe that encroached on their hunting-grounds was in for trouble. The problem, then, was to keep the two forces apart; already the Blackfeet were making preparations for war, and the only way this could be averted was to escort the returned renegades to the Red Pheasant Reserve, that had been prepared for them at Battleford, 180 miles away.

"Do you think you can do it?" Colonel Irvine asked doubtfully. "Alone—with more than eleven hundred Indians, mostly bad. It'll be a pretty dangerous job."

"Dangerous" was a mild way of putting it. Actually the older and more experienced man estimated the odds against his subordinate returning alive as about ten to one.

"Do I have a free hand, sir?" the twenty-three-year-old Davis asked in reply.

"A free hand in what?" Colonel Irvine inquired in turn.

"To take what supplies with me I think best, sir," Davis told him.



"My orders are for you to get those Indians to Battleford without a mix-up with the Blackfeet," the Commissioner told him definitely. "As to how you do it, rests with yourself."

Davis hired twenty-five Red River carts from a neighbouring camp of half-breeds; loaded each high with supplies from I. G. Baker and Co.'s stores in the vicinity of the camp, almost cleaning that firm out of stock in the process. There was a three weeks' trek before him, and a hungry Indian is especially dangerous.

There was still a score or so of United States cavalry in charge of the tribes when he reached the rendezvous. An officer rode out to meet the lone policeman with his creaking, piled-up convoy.

"Where's the rest of your troop?" the American demanded.

"I'm all of them there is," Davis told him, and the other looked at him in amazement. "Then you haven't a hope of making it!" he asserted at last.

"I'll make it all right," Peaches replied, with more confidence than he felt. "Meantime, the sooner I get these Indians on the move, the better I'll like it."

The name of the cavalry officer was Pershing, who, thirty-eight years later, was to command the American Expeditionary Force in the Great War.

To get those Indians on the move was easier said than done. They did not want to go, and had no hesitation in saying so. Furthermore, the young bucks were circling the camp on the look-out for trouble; some, indeed, were on the point of setting out on a scouting expedition—looking for Blackfeet.

Davis did not make the mistake of arguing. There was all that food in his carts, and the Indians were eyeing it voraciously.

"I'd better be getting back," he said indifferently, and went as if to turn the carts. Whereupon Chiefs Loud Thunder, Bear's Head, and Red Cloud said that, on the

whole, they were prepared to go—as soon as they'd had breakfast.

Davis handed them each a plug of tobacco.

"We'll eat at the first stage," he told them, and a few minutes later was relieved to see that, despite the protests of the younger bloods, preparations to strike camp were in progress.

Craftily, he selected his drivers from among the more truculent element; at least that would keep them from raiding the stores, and that was the most immediate danger. He kept a wary eye on the squaws as well.

At last, to Davis's relief, the long irregular train of travois (a triangular framework, the broader end harnessed to the horse, the narrow end dragging with a basket-work container); ponies; yelping, half-starved dogs; laden old women; shouting, wheeling bucks and Red River carts moved off—if only morosely.

At the first halt Davis drew the carts to a circle; the women lighted fires and fetched water while Davis issued rations. Never, probably, was food distributed with a keener eye to fairness—the tribes were in an ugly mood still, the bucks especially out for trouble.

Here, unexpectedly, Davis found support from Bear's Head, the sixty-year-old Stoney (Northern Sioux) chief. Impressive, with his long, black-plaited hair tied with otter skin, bear's head cap, necklace of bears' claws with an alarm-clock face inset and the case as a bracelet about his arm, brass-ringed ears, and the red and yellow blanket of his tribe—he used his not inconsiderable influence to keep the rowdies in check.

When they made camp for the night, Davis was careful that the horses were in the centre of the circle, and protected by a rampart of carts. He had an idea that already the Blackfeet were on the trail. If they raided the camp, there would be battle. And as it was quite on the cards that the night hours would be regarded by his charges as an admirable opportunity for sticking a knife in him, he slept

only in snatches on a hair-trigger of alertness. On one occasion, actually, he awakened to discover a figure in his tent, and caught the glint of steel in the intruder's hand. It was essential as well to see that the food was not raided.

One night he saw one of the dogs dragging a side of bacon from a cart, and promptly shot the dog. Although the shot must have been heard by everyone in camp, nothing happened until the morning.

Then Bear's Head sent for him. Davis replied that it was for Bear's Head to come to him, not he to go to the Indian. A few moments later the Stoney chief together with Chiefs Red Cloud, Loud Thunder, and a mixed assortment of braves were clamouring outside his tent—demanding to know why he had shot a dog belonging to one of their squaws.

"I shot the dog because it was stealing your food," Davis said steadily. "If it had been a man, I would have done the same. Tell the squaw to cook the dog and eat it; it'll go down well with her ration of bacon."

Bear's head looked at the twenty-three-year-old white lad in slow astonishment.

"Are you not afraid to speak to Bear's Head in that fashion?" the chief asked at last.

"I am afraid of nothing," Davis replied boldly—and inaccurately; there was good reason to suspect that the majority of braves in camp had been present at the Custer massacre. "All I'm concerned with is to feed you and get you to Battleford. And that's what I'm going to do."

Silencing the others with a gesture, Bear's Head regarded the unflinching Davis steadily.

"You speak with one tongue," the chief remarked laconically, and took his following away.

Nevertheless, the boy had to be on guard every minute of every day and night; cocked revolver always at the ready, but never within sight. At any moment some unexpected crisis might arise.

More than one did. Once he attended a concert—the

women in line in front, the men behind. In one of the curious, chanting, up-and-down-the-register choruses he sang a wrong note—and had to leave the tent hurriedly. Another time, inadvertently, he brushed against the male of a courting couple as they stood enfolded in a single blanket, as was their custom. The brave snarled viciously and moved as if to strike; but Davis went on his way as if he had not noticed.

The third occasion was the most dangerous. Pandemonium came from one of the tents, and Davis looked through the opening to see what it was about. His chest covered with ashes, a boy lay on the ground, naked and moaning. Bending over him, face and body painted to emphasize his official capacity, shouting and gesticulating, was the Medicine Man.

Badly disturbed, Davis left hastily; to have been caught witnessing the process of exorcising evil spirits would have been his finish.

When the South Saskatchewan River was reached, and with yet a hundred miles or more to cover, the Indians stubbed their toes in; they would neither cross nor go any farther. All the more disconcerting, this, because by all the signs the Blackfeet were not far away, and Davis badly needed that river behind him.

"Your next meal," he told them definitely when they clamoured for food, "will be on the other side of the river."

Even his ally, Bear's Head, deserted him at this.

"We go no farther, and we will have food as well," he said threateningly.

"You'll have no breakfast this side of the Saskatchewan," Davis persisted—and wandered down to the river to think out what was to be done. And there, drawn up to the bank, was a dug-out canoe.

Davis crossed to the other side, made a fire, and boiled a camp kettle of tea. Then, recrossing the river, he approached, not the men, but the squaws.

"All ready for tea?" he inquired cheerfully, pointing to the cheerily blazing fire and steaming kettle—and had all he could do to cope with the rush.

Once the meal was over, however, he was faced with still another problem. With the river between themselves and the Blackfeet, the braves decided there was no need to corral the horses inside the circle of carts. Let them graze; they'd be all right.

Davis argued, pleaded, threatened—but lost, and in the night the Blackfeet swam the river and stole every horse in camp.

A hundred miles to go, eleven hundred hostile or semi-hostile Indians, their transport and twenty-five Red River carts on his hands, and not an animal to put between the shafts.

Leaving his infuriated but immobile command, Davis set out on a scouting expedition by himself—and three or four miles away came across a small camp of half-breeds and five or six horses. Following the owners' refusal to trade on any other terms, Davis commandeered the best of the bunch in the Queen's name, promising compensation and threatening arrest in one breath.

Back at his camp, he wrote a note to Fort Walsh. "Please send relay of horses. Indians hard to hold." Seeking out one Fleet Wing, a scout, he dispatched him with the message with instructions to return with the remounts as soon as possible.

That was the last Davis saw of Fleet Wing, who went off on some excursion of his own as soon as he had delivered the message. It was Sergeant Ward from the Fort who brought the horses a few days later.

The delay had only stabilized the Indians' determination not to complete the journey; on the contrary, they were going to camp on the trail of the Blackfeet, get those horses back and with interest.

Of all that long and anxious trek probably this was the most perilous moment for the young policeman. This time

the braves meant business; they had been hurt where they were most sensitive—in their pride.

While the war-party was making preparations, Davis packed the carts, harnessed the horses, and went on—with all the food—by himself. After a couple of miles or so, the tribe were on him—in the ugliest mood yet. Fortunately for Davis, however, Bear's Head was with them.

"They say," he announced, "they need food."

"They shall have all the food they want when we get to Eagle Lake," Davis told him decisively, "and not a yard before."

"They say," supplemented Bear's Head, "that if you do not give it, they take it."

Davis shook his head.

"In that case," he said, "I will shoot the first man who comes near, and I'll go on shooting as long as I'm able to press the trigger."

The chief looked distressed.

"That must not be," he said, "for then the Red-coats would come, and there would be no more peace for the Indians."

He summoned a council of braves. For an hour or more the pipe was passed from one to another of the circle. Then Bear's Head sought out Davis again.

"For what you have done to-day," he said gravely, "you are a man, and my brother. I shall call you 'Masurka' or Lone Wolf, for like the lone wolf you would have fought until you died."

After that, everything went comparatively smoothly until the morning when Davis discovered that in the night the food carts had been raided to the extent that there was very little left; certainly not enough to see the column to Battleford.

Whereupon he collected the chiefs in a body.

"More than half the food has been taken from the carts," he announced indifferently. "And that, for you, is foolishness. It is not my food that has been taken, but

yours, for as soon as we reach the Reservation you are free to do as you like with what is left. On the other hand, if all that has been stolen is not put back, I will arrest every brave or squaw found in possession of any of the stolen stock, and take them to the tie-up."

While they had no objection to the braves stealing all the food they wanted from Davis, the chiefs were less broad-minded when the loss was their own. Bear's Head strode through the camp ordering that all the loot must be returned forthwith. Within an hour there was a waist-high pile of pemmican, tea, tobacco, bacon, hardtack, and what fresh meat had been brought in the day before.

A couple of days before the end of the trek the last clash of wills occurred between Davis and his charges. When the camp was broken to resume the march, Davis noticed that three old women and two sick boys were lying on the ground, and making no attempt to move with the rest. Davis demanded of chiefs Bear's Head and Loud Thunder what it was about.

Bear's Head shrugged his shoulders.

"As the Medicine Man say they die," he replied disinterestedly, "it is better for them to die where they lay."

"Not a bit of grub for anyone until I've seen all five loaded comfortably into the wagons," Davis said uncompromisingly, but it was only after considerable grumbling that his order was obeyed—and the lives of the two boys saved. The women, however, died the day following.

Eighteen days after setting out Davis handed over his charges to the personnel at Fort Battleford—from outside the buildings. Realizing from personal experience the effect of such close contact with over a thousand Indians, the personnel there suggested that before presenting his dispatches it might be as well for Davis to strip to the skin, burn his clothing and take a bath.

Peaches Davis died in Calgary at the age of eighty-two in 1937.

## CHAPTER XI

### Trouble with Chief Beardy

**I**N 1880 an incident occurred that went further to demonstrate the quality of this still comparatively new Force; one, moreover, that had a lasting effect on the tribes concerned.

Of the seven bands of Indians—four from the western part and three from the east of the North Saskatchewan River—who were to be paid treaty money, the latter did not appear. When a reminder was sent to them, Beardy, who occupied the joint positions of chief and priest, replied that it was not his place to go to the Governor at Fort Garry, where the ceremony was to take place, but the Governor's to come to him at Duck Lake.

Further to emphasize his independence, moreover, Beardy dispatched a body of his more truculent braves to the Government farm, some four miles from his own camp, where were kept the breeding cattle that were used to supply stock to the various reservations. After informing the instructor and his tiny staff exactly what would happen to them if they interfered, the raiders butchered every head of stock and, via Captain Hughes's trading post, proceeded to drag them away.

"If," the Welshman warned the Indian leader, "I am asked to sign a warrant for your arrest, I shall do so."

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"What use is a warrant with so few Police?" he demanded contemptuously.

"The Police aren't the only force, remember," Hughes pointed out, referring to the four companies of Militia that



had been mobilized twelve months before as an additional guarantee of law and order.

The next day, accompanied by Trooper Ramsay of the N.W.M.P., Mr. Clarke, the Indian Agent, called on Hughes demanding a warrant for the arrest of the leader of the excursion of the day before, and of those actually responsible for the slaughter.

"Never mind about them," Hughes said decisively. "They were only carrying out orders. The men you want are the chiefs."

Clarke nodded, but dubiously.

"I know," he said, "but who's going to do the arresting?"

"I am," said Trooper Ramsay.

But that, they knew, would be certain death, and as the only alternative a requisition was made to call up the Militia. Probably for the purpose of avoiding bloodshed, however, the request was ignored.

A day or two later Colonel Herchmer and Inspector Antrobus, with a party of eighteen non-commissioned officers and troopers of the N.W.M.P., called on Hughes on their way from Shoal Lake, their new station at Battleford. When the position had been explained, Colonel Herchmer said at once that the chiefs must be arrested, and that, with half a dozen of his men, he would do the arresting. The remainder of the force, he explained, would stay behind to defend the trading post in the not unlikely event of trouble.

Carrying only side-arms, Herchmer and Antrobus set off early the next morning with Troopers Ramsay, Ross, Donaldson, Stewart, Carruthers and Nash, with Louis Laronde as interpreter; under cover outside the Indian camp they paused to make a reconnaissance of the position.

What they saw—and heard—was not reassuring.

From an open-air council chamber, a loud-mouthed Chief Beardy was in the act of informing a crowded house exactly how he proposed to deal with any interference from the Red-coats—a flow of oratory that was interrupted

disconcertingly by the arrival at the double of that Force.

"I want Chief Beardy," announced Herchmer shortly. Ramsay, the only one of the party who knew him by sight, pulled that warrior to his feet and handcuffed him. But by then the audience were racing for their tepees—and their weapons. As the colonel stepped into the open with his prisoner the shots came thick and fast.

The colonel halted, and ordered Laronde to announce that if a single policeman was shot Beardy would instantly follow him to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

At which, Troopers Nash and Donaldson, advancing into the press, arrested and handcuffed Chief One Arrow.

Infuriated, Chief Cut Nose dashed forward and made a stab at Inspector Antrobus with his knife. Antrobus, swerving, knocked his assailant cold with a hard uppercut to the jaw. As the Indian went to the ground, Ross and Stewart handcuffed him.

The arrest of the chiefs completed, the question arose as to how to get them away; the odds were slightly more than a hundred to one in favour of trouble and plenty of it. However, there was nothing else for it. . . . Deliberately, the prisoners tied one behind the other, the Mounted turned their backs on the shouting, hooting crowd.

Nothing happened except that they were followed by practically every male Indian from the camp. As the chiefs were brought into Hughes's office, the crowd squatted in a truculent circle outside the Post.

Eventually, detaching himself from the rest, one of the headmen approached; threatened that if the prisoners were not released forthwith the battle would start.

Colonel Herchmer's reply was a sharp order. Reinforced by the half-dozen he had taken to the Indian camp, from behind the outbuildings marched the line of scarlet-coated Police he had kept in reserve.

Arguing that not even a Red-coat would dare to pull a Willow chief from his own camp unless backed with overwhelming force, the Indians did not wait to count the

number of this fresh and unexpected opposition. As they ran, a solitary trooper went after them, and arrested and handcuffed the headman who made the threats.

Even this, however, was not the end. From some source or other a rumour circulated through the Indian camp that a company of Militia had been sent from Prince Albert to collect the prisoners and transport them to Battleford—a route that would take the column directly through the Indian reserve. It was at that point, the Willows decided, that the prisoners should be released.

The situation was serious. As well as the Willows, there were other bands of Indians in the neighbourhood who might be tempted to join in, and thus the trouble become general.

There was only one way out. Taking with him only Captain Hughes and his original eight details, Colonel Herchmer loaded his recalcitrants into wagons and drove them, not to Battleford, but to Prince Albert.

The sequel to one of the most audacious bluffs ever pulled off by a Force whom necessity had compelled to cultivate that quality *in excelsis* was, to put it mildly, unfortunate. Not for the first or last time the armed forces of the Crown were badly let down by the civil authorities.

At the subsequent trial before Judge Richardson, and at which the Indian witnesses swore unanimously—and falsely—that the prisoners had neither inspired nor taken part in the raid for which they were arraigned, all the accused but the headman—who was reprimanded—were discharged.

It is not too much to say that had these men been sharply punished, the massacre of white traders with their wives and staffs that occurred five years later would not have taken place.

## CHAPTER XII

### Horse Thieves

WITH the greater security that had followed Police control, settlers had poured into the country, and as these were chiefly farmers, the number of horses increased *pro rata*, with a more than corresponding responsibility to the Force.

Always alive to opportunity, the "bad men" across the border organized themselves into gangs to despoil the Israelites—and for the disposal of the stolen horses; in some cases as far afield even as Mexico—and with an efficient intelligence service to keep them advised as to the proximity, or otherwise, of Police patrols. And with a recent extension of the Force's sphere of influence to more than a hundred miles west of the Rockies to Manitoba, there were few personnel to spare for the duty.

Self-defensively, then, under the title of The Stock Association, the settlers formed their own organization to deal with the menace; with an expedient disregard of territorial rights they made no bones about following their quarry over the United States border—there was an occasion when no less than eighty horses were recovered at a point nearly a hundred miles down the Missouri, and where an elaborate outfit for the defacement of brands was discovered. Asked what had happened to the thieves, the settlers replied merely that they'd "steal no more horses".

Meantime, the Police were as busy with the problem as circumstances permitted—especially Trooper Hooper of the Qu'Appelle detachment.

One day in the early part of July, 1884, he received a telegram from headquarters instructing him to follow and

arrest a band who had stolen several horses on the night before.

Four of that formidable gang Hooper arrested within a few hours at Turtle Mountain and took to Regina, where they were heavily sentenced. Not satisfied, the trooper went on to a point near Fort Ellice, and arrested another of the gang, who received three years. Meantime, also from Fort Qu'Appelle, Troopers Halliday and Parkins arrested two others, and Interpreter Leveille still another.

That same night Hooper received a wire from John Paul of Indian Head, to the effect that fifteen of his horses had been stolen by a gang from over the border, and that he and a party of helpers were hot on the trail. So, within a few minutes, were Hooper and another trooper.

Forty miles at full speed, however, and their horses gave out. So, also, did Paul and his party, for they lost the trail. In due time, then, the gang crossed the border to safety—as they thought.

It was only a little time before that Superintendent McIlree had inquired if United States troops would help the N.W.M.P. in suppressing the traffic, only to be told by the officer concerned that nothing could be done without the consent of the higher authorities, in the person of General Ruger, at Helena. General Ruger, in turn, passed the request to Departmental Headquarters, who forwarded it to Washington, who replied through a Colonel Cappinger that they were concerned only in the recovery of American Government horses and expelling unauthorized visitors from Indian reserves, and that "I am not permitted by the authorities to enter into any negotiations on the subject".

This being communicated to him, Hooper, taking a leaf out of the books of the Stock Association, took what surely must have been the biggest chance of his life. Shedding every trace of Police uniform and equipment, he collected John Paul, and followed the trail of the gang—known to be five in number and heavily armed—for close on two hundred miles over the American border.

At last the pair caught sight of their quarry and the horses. Whereupon, wisely, the trackers took cover to wait for darkness.

Night came, and with it the camp-fire of the gang. Approaching cautiously, Hooper's heart must have leapt at what the flames disclosed. Lounging about the fire, with no suspicion that they were being followed, the thieves had left their weapons in the tent.

Hooper crawled back to where he had left Paul. Mounted, without any attempt at concealment, the two swung down the trail; the camp reached, they aroused no suspicion when, separating, one rider passed between the fire and the horses, and the other between the fire and the tent.

Thus, when Hooper and Paul produced their revolvers, there was nothing for the horse thieves but to put up their hands as ordered. Hooper tied the thieves together, and marched them to the nearest settlement—where their fellow Americans wanted nothing so much as to hang them out of hand.

On the whole, one is not inclined to quarrel with the fact that, within twenty-four hours of reporting at Regina with his prisoners, Hooper was wearing corporal's stripes, or with the official report of 1884 when it says that the breaking up of the gang "conduced much to the credit of the constable concerned therein, and that of the young farmer who accompanied him".

## CHAPTER XIII

### The Coming of Steel

**B**Y this, the Force was strongly established as a bulwark against disorder in the Territories; intrepid, fair-dealing, reliable and incorruptible.

With the whisky traffic so resolutely suppressed, the "bad men" dealt with in the only way they could understand, and, apart from sporadic outbreaks, the Indians more contented than at any time since the white occupation began, no armed Force in history had ever more justified its existence.

Even in those early days, it was so much more than merely police: Customs officers, game wardens, surveyors, magistrates, postmasters, registrars, nurses, and, however unqualified academically, doctors—there is one authenticated instance, for example, where two constables performed a successful trepanning operation with no other instruments than a gimlet and a screwdriver!

The first phase, that of distribution and adjustment, may be said to have ended with the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent—years of construction that brought several fresh and difficult problems.

In the first place, the Indians resented the invasion of their fastnesses as bitterly as their American brothers had resented the coming of the Union Pacific a few years before.

But for Chief Crowfoot, who had paid such sincere tribute to the Mounted Police at the signing of Treaty Number Seven some six years before, probably the trouble would have been even more serious.

At that time Crowfoot was in the village of Gleichen,

suffering from a slight affection of the throat, and the nearer the line approached, the worse the throat became—caused, declared his followers, by smoke from the Fire Wagon. Through L'Hereux, the interpreter, word came to the Mounted Police that there was a strong body of malcontents who were threatening that if Crowfoot did not recover, they would tear up every yard of steel and drive every white man from the country. Immediate steps were taken; Police sent to the village with throat medicine, and a message of sympathy from Queen Victoria, who was anxiously awaiting good reports of her loyal chief's condition. The gesture had the desired effect; the throat began to mend from that moment, and all was well.

But however tactful the Police, it was an element in which the construction gangs were lacking. They were good workmen, but rough and undisciplined, inclined to violence, and unaccustomed to dealing with the tribes. Nor did the whisky that was smuggled to them by "speculators" make for harmony. Further, some of the men were in ugly humour; while the railway company treated their hands with scrupulous fairness, this cannot be said of the contractors. Thus there was a certain amount of disorder with which it was necessary to deal as it arose.

Collectively and individually, the Force proved adequate to the occasion. Take, for instance, a report from Corporal C. Hogg of the detachment at North Portal:

"On the 17th inst., I was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room full . . . and one Monaghan, or 'Cowboy Jack', was carrying a gun and pointed it at me, against sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him handcuffed behind and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound and pronounced it as nothing serious. To the doctor, Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed at his gun there would have been another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honour to report."



As throwing a light on the exact nature of that "struggle", an even more eloquent document is the report to the higher authorities by Hogg's superior officer:

"During the arrest of Monaghan," the officer explains, "the following property was damaged. Door broken, screen smashed up, chair broken, field-jacket belonging to Corporal Hogg spoiled by being covered with blood."

That indefatigable but unconventional officer, Major Walsh, found it convenient to establish what was in essence a daily Police Court at railhead, "driving into camp in an ambulance with his long boots dangling over the side, while Sergeant Bill Piercy and his 'crushers' would bring the malefactors before him. Sergeant Piercy would read out the charges, and no more evidence was required. A rapid-fire list of sentences would follow—"Take them away, Sergeant", and the Black Maria would move to the next camp."

As already has been written, many of the Indians were in ugly humour. Anything they could do to prevent this invasion of their hunting-grounds they would do unhesitatingly.

Chief Pie-a-Pot, of the Crees, was one of the most indefatigable of these obstructionists. As soon as he learnt that construction was nearing his reserve, he gathered an armed band of braves and hurried over to see what he could do about it. Eventually, his method of dealing with the situation was to pitch his camp directly across the survey line of the approaching "steel".

Nearer and nearer the line came, but in spite of the foreman, there Pie-a-Pot remained; more, he sent his mounted braves to intimidate the working party by galloping round and round them, firing sporadic volleys over the gangers' heads as the circle of horsemen contracted.

Eventually, all work had to cease because the Indians were directly across the line. With any attempt at force out of the question, the engineer in charge wired information of the situation to the Mounted Police headquarters at

Regina—who met the difficulty by a wire to the two-man detachment at Maple Creek:

“Trouble on railway. Tell Indians to move.”

Accordingly, a procession of two rode out from the log-built barracks at Maple Creek; in due time halted before Pie-a-Pot, smoking a truculent pipe in his tent entrance what time his braves circled and blazed away with their rifles.

“Sorry, Chief, but you’ve got to move,” the sergeant announced unhurriedly, and fingered his telegram. “Police orders.”

Pie-a-Pot laughed derisively.

The sergeant waited, and no other reply forthcoming, produced his watch.

“I’ll give you just ten minutes to get going,” he said.

The chief measured him with his eyes.

“And if not?” he questioned.

“Then I’ll move you,” the sergeant said unhesitatingly, and this time Pie-a-Pot’s laugh was not so confident.

Except for the shoutings of the still-wheeling braves there was silence. The sergeant kept his eyes on his watch, and the chief his on the ground at his feet.

“Time’s up,” the former announced quietly at last, swung his legs over the saddle, handed the reins to the constable, strode over Pie-a-Pot’s squatting figure and into the tent, kicked out the centre-pole so that the tent enveloped the chief and his squaws as it fell. Then the sergeant went into the tents on either side and repeated the process.

“Now get going,” he said sharply to Pie-a-Pot.

The camp and the survey line was clear within half an hour.

On the whole, as having less experience of the Force than had the Indian, the whites were more difficult to deal with, particularly if they decided on concerted action. One of the roughest of the construction camps was on the line that runs through the Rockies. This was on the patrol of Inspector Sam Steele—than whom no better man could

have been selected—and a posse of eight constables. The number of men Steele was required to police represented well over a thousand, the greater number of them foreigners.

Once they went on strike, threatened to murder the engineers and blow up the line, and—provided they could see a chance of getting away with it—meant what they said.

At a time when the inspector was prostrated with mountain fever a striker badly beat up one of the engineers.

“Go and arrest him at once,” Steele ordered the not inappropriately named Sergeant Fury.

Fury did so, but the prisoner was rescued immediately by a horde of strikers.

“Go back and arrest him again,” Steele instructed when this was reported to him. “If anyone lays a hand on you, shoot him without hesitation. I’ll take full responsibility.”

Again Fury obeyed orders, and this time, though followed by a howling mob of over a hundred strong, succeeded in getting the prisoner to a narrow bridge that immediately faced the entrance to Steele’s tent.

Watching closely from where he lay, it was apparent to the inspector that once the mob was allowed to cross to the other side, there would be the worst trouble yet. Obviously, then, they must not be allowed to cross.

He staggered out of bed and into some sort of clothing; seized a Winchester repeating rifle, and making an uncertain way to the bridge, thrust past prisoner and escort, and took up his position on the farther side.

Seeing him, the mob—several of whom carried firearms—halted uncertainly.

“I’ll shoot the first man who puts a foot on the bridge,” Steele told them—and meant it.

No one took up the challenge, and in a few hours the strike was over.

On another occasion Steele was not so successful—probably to his own secret satisfaction. Orders from the authorities had to be obeyed, but these particular ones were not ones with which he was in sympathy.

It was November, 1884, at a railway siding in the Kicking Horse Pass, in the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia. This was a kind of headquarters the various contractors had made into a close corporation for their own benefit—and profit. “A man freighting on his own hook could not buy a bale of hay for his starving horses, though there was baled hay stacked in long rows.”

At this point in the river there was an island that made an excellent spot for setting up a camp. So that those few pleasant acres might be enjoyed for that purpose, several of the more enterprising hands had built a log bridge from the shore to a boulder that rose from the middle of the stream, and from thence to the island. With that facility for getting to and from the mainland, it was not long before a good-sized camp sprang up, together with a store to supply family necessities.

All very pleasant and peaceful until it occurred to one of the Big Men that the island would be an ideal place for his summer house. The campers were ordered to leave, otherwise they would be turned off by the Mounted Police.

The response was an unequivocal refusal to move. To show that business only was meant, the island was put in a state of defence, and arrangements made to destroy the bridge at any moment.

Whereupon two non-commissioned officers of the Police went over with orders for the campers to pack without delay, and the announcement that at noon in two days' time a train would be waiting on the mainland to carry the squatters to any point they (the squatters) might decide upon.

A mass meeting was held, at which it was resolved unanimously to ignore the order under the old and hitherto undisputed rule of squatters' rights.

Promptly to time two days later a train of box-cars drew up on the mainland opposite. From rifle-pits camouflaged by tents and brushwood, and only awaiting a signal

that had been arranged to give the wrecking-party notice to destroy the bridge, the garrison watched the shore for more than an hour without moving. At last the engine whistled and the train left.

First round to the squatters.

Nothing happened for a few days. Then word came that Steele had come in that morning from his headquarters and would like an interview with two chosen delegates on the mainland.

At that interview, making squatters' rights the main plank in their platform, the squatters representatives put their case clearly before the inspector; emphasized that in any event it was too late in the season for a move to be safe. There were the women and children to be considered.

Steele promised to consider the matter, and to advise the squatters later of his decision. Though there is a strong probability that he was acting only under instructions, his ruling was that the move must be made.

A mass meeting was called. Again the decision to stay was unanimous. As the meeting broke up, a policeman appeared from the mainland with the intimation that a second train was on the way to carry the squatters to any place they might decide upon, free of expense, and that they must make ready to leave.

The squatters refused; to reinforce the decision, an English sailor painted a large signboard with the words "No Surrender Island" in conspicuous lettering. In due time the train came and in due time went empty away.

The squatters manned the defences and waited.

Here comes anti-climax. Nothing happened that day, or the next. Or the one after that.

Doubtless to Inspector Steele's relief, he was called away to deal with more important—and much dirtier—business.

As has been intimated, the weather was setting in for winter, putting a stop to a great part of the work, with a

consequent discharge of hands and a corresponding cashing-in of time checks.

Therein lay what, but for Steele, undoubtedly would have meant the most serious and far-reaching trouble experienced to date.

If a hand needed money before the regular pay-off, the postmaster would advance the amount at a 20 per cent. discount. The practice was bad and unfair enough as it stood, though except for the rumour—probably well founded—that passed through the camp, it is more than probable that enterprising official would have continued to get away with it. The story was to the effect that it was the contractors themselves who financed the postmaster, and were sharing the profit on a fifty-fifty basis. In other words, that they were paying ten per cent. less than the agreed rate for labour.

Four hundred stalwart and excitable Italian navvies swarmed in from the Selkirk Mountain section, asserting definitely that they were going to be paid a hundred cents on the dollar, or they would break into the storehouse and take it out in kind.

The Mounted Police were summoned hot-foot. Steele came to investigate, and called representatives from either side for a discussion, with a result that must have been disconcerting to the speculators. Not only must the men be paid in full, and at once, Steele decided unhesitatingly, but they were entitled to free transportation to Winnipeg, and from thence at reduced rates to their homes.

Impressed, apparently, with the gravity of the situation, the officials concerned went one better even than that. A pay-car was run to a siding and when, a little later in the day, the train pulled out for Winnipeg, the men were provided with food for the journey.

What those most closely connected with the C.P.R. thought of Police services is expressed in a letter dated 1st January, 1883, from William (later Sir William) Van Horne to the Chief Commissioner.

DEAR SIR (he wrote),

Our work of construction for 1882 has just closed, and I cannot permit the occasion to pass without acknowledging the obligation of the Company to the N.W.M. Police, whose zeal and industry in preventing the traffic of liquor and preserving order along the line of construction have contributed so much to the successful prosecution of the work. Indeed, without the assistance of the officers and men of the splendid Force under your command, it would have been impossible to accomplish as much as we did. On no great work within my knowledge, where so many men have been employed, has such perfect order prevailed.

On behalf of the company, and all their officers, I wish to return thanks, and to acknowledge particularly an obligation to yourself and Major Walsh.

W. C. VAN HORNE.

## CHAPTER XIV

### The Riel Rebellion

LOOKING back, one is forced to the conclusion that if the Government of the day had shown a little more forethought, resolution and understanding, a war that, however short-lived, was yet a deplorable waste of life and treasure, need not have taken place. There was both a warning and a precedent to indicate the probable course of events in the half-breeds' protest at the absorption of the North-West Territories by Canada in 1869, that culminated in rebellion under that strange combination of patriot and fanatic, Louis Riel.

Later, causes of discontent were more authentic. The buffalo, their chief support over the years, had been exterminated; not so much by the Indians and half-breeds for food, as by the whites for the sake of the hide, with the carcasses left to rot on the prairie.

Additionally, instead of free to roam and hunt where they willed, as had been their immemorial custom, the Indians were confined in reservation. Not, perhaps, unnaturally, they felt that their own land had been, and was being, stolen from them by the whites.

Then—chief, perhaps, of all the causes among the half-breeds—there was the question of land. With his own kind the French half-breed is essentially gregarious, and for as long as he was able to remember he had held his land on the old French-Canadian system of long narrow strips, whereby the houses were sociably close together. At this time, however, the Prince Albert Land Company were running a survey over the area—over where, incidentally, the half-breeds claimed ownership—and insisting on the



"square survey"—in which each plot was rectangular. Even more disquieting, there was an unconscionable delay in the granting and confirmation of ownership.

Additionally, when the half-breeds applied for new lands in the North-West Territories, the Government refused on the ground that already the applicants had been granted land in Manitoba. To the counter argument that "if the white settler was not debarred from taking two free homesteads, why should a native of the soil be refused a similar privilege?" no reply was returned.

Altogether, the full circumstances considered, one cannot help suspecting a Real Estate nigger in a financial woodpile in connexion with the gentlemen of the Prince Albert Land Company.

A further grievance still was that timber was being cut on the half-breeds' holdings without compensation to the owners. When the Metis—as the half-breeds were known—protested, neither the local authorities at Prince Albert nor the Dominion Government at Ottawa saw fit to intervene.

It is true that there was a belated withdrawal of the surveyors, and an assurance given that complaints of timber cutting should receive attention. But by then it was too late; the mischief had been done. Meantime, with customary prescience, the Mounted Police, who were anxiously following the course of events, were becoming more and more uneasy. Nor, in view of their expert knowledge, was their sympathy entirely on the side of the whites. Walsh, at last, had no hesitation in saying so.

"I think," he stated in an interview, "a commission should have been sent out long ago, but that it has been neglected so long is no reason why it should not be sent at once. What great credit would it be to Canada to kill a few poor, ignorant half-breeds who feel they have been neglected? Don't forget that these people have the hearty sympathy of all white settlers in their district.

"Do you suppose that if the white settlers had the

grievances the half-breeds have, that they would not make a disturbance? And in case they did, who is the man in Canada who would cry out against sending a commission to treat with them? I consider these people are not rebels; they are but demanding justice."

Even the troops engaged in suppressing the rebellion were not wholly blind to the cause that had led to the outbreak. Thus, writing from the front during the campaign, one of the newspaper correspondents:

"The feeling that the half-breeds have been wronged, that the Government has been criminally negligent in its treatment of their claims, and that the politicians should be held accountable for the whole trouble, grows more deeply rooted and more widely spread. The sight of these comfortable homes and the coupled knowledge that the men who reared them suffered the rigours of frontier life and fostered a love for this very soil itself, cannot get sufficient title to raise \$10 by mortgage on 1000 acres, brings home to every man the reality of the residents' grievances.

"No one defends the alliance with the Indians, nor do any deny the folly of the insurrection, or counsel compromise at this stage of the proceedings, but feelings nearly akin to sympathy find lodgment in many of the bravest hearts.

"Hostility against Riel is outspoken, because it is believed his has been the unwise and demagogical counsels and measures which have led to hardship and bloodshed. It seems paradoxical, but it is actually probable the men won't fight any the worse for this sympathy."

In these views Judge John A. Florin, who served through the rebellion with the Queen's Own Rifles, is in entire agreement.

"I am firmly of the opinion," he wrote uncompromisingly some years later, "that a few exemplary terms of imprisonment for official delinquents and land-grabbers would have prevented the rebellion."

But, wherever their sympathies, the Mounted Police

were there to maintain order, and that was becoming increasingly difficult. The culmination of disquietude came when that firebrand of Duck Lake, Gabriel Dumont, crossed the border into Montana to enlist the help of Louis Riel in person. What was more, to some effect, for only a week or two later, Superintendent L. N. F. Crozier, in charge of the Police detachment at Battleford, wired to the controller of the Force at Ottawa:

"Louis Riel arrived at Duck Lake with family, brought in by half-breeds. They brought him, it is said, as their leader agitating their rights."

Then, if ever, was the moment for official action. Riel had fled to America as a fugitive from justice after the abortive rising of fifteen years before, and so was liable to arrest on sight. Yet, though it was only too obvious that with the more than able co-operation of Dumont he was in Canada for no other purpose than to create, and prepare for, trouble, nothing was done.

Between them these two stumped the area, fomenting discontent, and enlisting recruits. Nor were all these orators either 'breeds or Indians, for according to a contemporary account in the *Toronto Mail* of a meeting at St. Lamont: "Speeches were made on behalf of the half-breeds by Louis Riel, Maxine Lepine and Charles Nolan; and on behalf of the white settlers by Archibald Davidson, George Fisher and Alexander Waller."

Actually it was at this meeting that Riel and Nolan moved that as the Government had admitted the justice of half-breed claims in the passing of the Dominion Land Act of 1883, but had never put its clause into effect, it must be assumed that the Government had ceased to operate; hence, the only effective step was to form a Provisional Government, under the presidency of Riel, according to the clauses of the Bill of Rights that already his advisers had drawn up. Stripped of unessentials, the Bill of Rights demanded:

1. That the half-breeds of the North-West Territories

be given grants similar to those accorded to the half-breeds of Manitoba by the Act of 1870.

2. That patents be issued to all half-breeds and white settlers who have fairly earned the right of possession to their farms; that the timber regulations be made more liberal; and that the settler be treated as having rights in the country.

3. That the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan be forthwith organized with legislatures of their own, so that the people may be no longer subject to the despotism of Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney; and, in the proposed new provincial legislatures, that the Metis shall have a fair and reasonable share of representation.

4. That the offices of trust throughout these provinces be given to residents of the country, as far as practicable, and that we denounce the appointment of disreputable outsiders and repudiate their authority.

5. That this region be administered for the benefit of the actual settler, and not for the advantage of the alien speculator; and that all lawful customs and usages which obtain among the Metis be respected.

6. That better provision be made for the Indians, the parliamentary grant to be increased, and lands set apart as an endowment for the establishment of hospitals and schools for the use of whites, half-breeds and Indians, at such places as the provincial legislatures may determine.

7. That the Land Department of the Dominion Government be administered as far as practicable from Winnipeg, so that settlers may not be compelled, as heretofore, to go to Ottawa for the settlement of questions in dispute between them and land commissioner.

Even then, the situation might have been saved, for it was clearly laid down by the malcontents that if, after consideration of these demands, the Dominion Government would appoint a commission to make an impartial inquiry into the questions raised, the Provisional Government was prepared to disband forthwith.

Again the opportunity was ignored, and in the mean-

time Riel and his lieutenants began the collection of war supplies. Appointed to arrange the commissariat, Alexander Fisher, Lepine, and Levallee inaugurated a system of levy on the settlers, freighters and others; carefully selected envoys were dispatched to announce what had been and was being done, to the various Indian tribes.

The first sign of real trouble came from the Pound-maker Reserve. A force of over five hundred well-armed Indians under Big Bear's two sons, who were on the point of setting out on the warpath, were persuaded to lay down their arms by Major Crozier and a force of over a hundred Mounted Police and volunteers.

Here, again, the influential Crowfoot proved his value as an influence for peace. If he had elected to join the malcontents, a general Indian rising throughout the Territory would have been inevitable. But Crowfoot had been given a pass over the Canadian Pacific Railway, and so had seen men and cities. Approached by Colonel McLeod as to his attitude, the chief's reply was as uncompromising as it was reassuring.

"I am sitting on the fence," he said. "I am the friend of Cree and white man alike. To rise, there must have been an object; to rebel, there must have been a wrong done. To do either, we should know what benefit it would be to us. Why, then, should we kill you, and you kill us? Let the Government, then, know that we favour peace. I have spoken."

Meantime, Major Crozier, in charge of the Mounted Police detachment at Carlton, had received peremptory orders from Riel, carried by an English trader at Duck Lake named Mitchell, to surrender the Fort.

Crozier sent hot-foot to Prince Albert for reinforcements, and on the 20th was joined by about forty men led by Captain Moore and Thomas McKay. The latter, who knew both Indians and the Cree language, decided to return with Mitchell to do what he could to persuade the half-breeds to throw down their arms.

Riel, however, would have none of it; what he was out for, he explained furiously, was a war of extermination, and nothing else would satisfy him. Both men, however, were allowed to return unmolested.

Mitchell had a large quantity of stores at Duck Lake that it was necessary to retrieve, and on 26th March Crozier set out with a small force of Police and civilian volunteers for that purpose.

It was a disastrous move. Before they could reach there, they met Gabriel Dumont in command of a large force of half-breeds and Indians, who approached with a flag of truce. Under that protection, a more or less successful attempt was made to surround the whites.

A shot was fired; with Crozier vastly outnumbered and treacherously outmanœuvred in an almost hopeless position, the firing became general. Prone on an outspread buffalo robe, Dumont, cold-blooded, relentless, and a deadly accurate shot, deliberately finished off the wounded as they fell.

The action, which was more in the nature of a massacre than an engagement, and wherein Crozier's nine-pounder gun proved useless owing to an "obstruction", lasted for an hour before Crozier, leaving three Police—in whom was included a nephew of Sir Charles Napier, and nine civilian dead and carrying more than two dozen wounded, of whom eight were Mounted Police—retired, fighting a gallant rearguard action, to Carlton. Here he was joined by Colonel Irvine with eighty Police and thirty more civilian volunteers from Prince Albert.

On 28th March, however, the force abandoned Fort Carlton in favour of the fort at Prince Albert, that was put at once into a state of defence. In passing, it is satisfactory to know that all the dead were brought in from Duck Lake and, with the Bishop of Saskatchewan to read the committal service, buried in the Church of England cemetery.

The war was on. Under the Premiership of Sir John A. Macdonald, the Federal Government appointed the veteran

Major-General Sir Frederick Dobson Middleton, C.B.—later created K.C.M.G. and appointed Keeper of the Crown Jewels—the then Commander-in-Chief of Canadian Militia, to command the punitive operations.

At this time the Mounted Police, to the strength of about 500, were distributed strategically over the North-West; some at Edmonton, others at Prince Albert, with stronger forces at Forts McLeod and Calgary in the foothills of the Rockies. In the south, particularly, they did invaluable service in riding from tribe to tribe, arguing, placating, persuading, warning—and experience over the years had taught the Indian that these Red-coats were their friends, wishing nothing for them but good, and with a great part of the Police service devoted to that end. It is safe to say that, but for these emissaries of peace, the rebellion would have been far more widespread than actually it was.

During Commissioner Irvine's absence from Prince Albert, a man named Nolan, who had joined Louis Riel's council under threat, but who had contrived to escape after the Duck Lake fight, came in with the report that Dumont's losses at Duck Lake had been only two Indians and four half-breeds. Riel, Nolan further reported, was on the point of marching on Prince Albert, and had further arranged for a large party of Indians to enter the town simultaneously from the northern side.

Shortly after Irvine's arrival on the Saturday afternoon, the alarm was sounded. The women and children took refuge in the inner enclosure; the stockades were manned. No attack, however, was forthcoming. Later it was discovered that what had been mistaken for the assaulting force was only a band of wandering Indians.

It was in obedience to orders that, apart from occasional reconnaissances to outlying posts, Irvine remained at Prince Albert to the end of the rebellion. There, he was an ever-constant threat to Dumont and his rebels on the South Saskatchewan; indeed, as that most ruthless of all the

insurgent leaders admitted later, but for the fear that Irvine would march out to cut the rebels from their base at Batouche, he would have ambushed General Middleton's forces before the fight at Fish Creek. As the Earl of Minto, who had been Chief of Staff to General Middleton throughout the operations, wrote twelve years later:

"The fact of Colonel Irvine's forces being at Prince Albert afforded a safe refuge to many outlying settlers; and if it had not been there, the task General Middleton had to solve would have been quite a different one. Hampered as Colonel Irvine was by the civilian population of the settlement and by a difficult country, the possibility of successful junction with Middleton must always have been doubtful, whilst the moral effect of the force at Prince Albert was certain."

Meantime, the detachments at Battleford, Fort Pitt, Fort Saskatchewan and Edmonton were put in a state of defence.

On 31st March bad news came from Battleford, where the Indians had risen and, with what civilians could get away herded into the Police Fort, had taken part of the town and looted houses and the Hudson's Bay Company's store. Far from the railway, and with all telegraph wires cut, and the town in consequence isolated, Constable Smart was sent out with dispatches to Colonel Herchmer, who with fifty Mounted Police was scouting ahead of the relief column of some 500 men of the Queen's Own Rifles under Lieutenant-Colonel Miller; 274 of the Governor-General's Foot Guards under Captain Todd; 51 of B Battery, R.C.A., with two nine-pounders under Major Short, and half of C Company, I.S.C., under Lieutenant Wadmore, the whole under the command of Colonel W. D. Otter, whom General Middleton had put in charge of the column.

Though part of the town was on fire, relief by that four-miles-long column was effected without casualties; the investing force had retired circumspectly into the bush. The camp of Chief Poundmaker was only about thirty miles



away and it was thought expedient to advance on him.

There is reason to doubt Poundmaker's culpability in the rebellion; indeed, there is ground for the assumption that it was only through his personal intervention that there was not wholesale massacre in Battleford; reason, also, for the assumption that Colonel Otter's objective was less punitive than by a demonstration-in-force to persuade Poundmaker not to join forces with the recalcitrant Big Bear.

The column that pulled out on 1st May consisted of 75 Mounted Police, 20 Foot Guards, 60 Queens' Own Rifles, 45 Battleford Rifles, 80 men of B Battery, R.C.A. with a Gatling gun and two seven-pounders from the Police barracks. Also, there were details of Signallers and the Ambulance Corps.

Crossing Battle River, the column turned west through rolling country, with a bluff here and there. They covered over fifteen miles on the first day, and after a rest, with scouts in advance, resumed the march about eleven at night.

At daybreak the next day, after passing an abandoned Indian village, the trail ended at Bent Knife Hill. The troops advanced through Cut Knife Creek, a deep, heavily wooded depression that afforded plenty of cover, and with a forty-foot wide stream at the foot.

There were cattle grazing on the slope; at the summit of the rise opposite could be seen the tepees of the Indians.

It was then that, directed at the scouts and Mounted Police, the first volley came. Up galloped the guns to send the first couple of shells into the cluster of tepees. Meantime, the infantry were crossing the creek; when they were over, they charged up the hill.

The Indians' counter-move was an attempt to rush the guns, but that was checked by B Battery and the Mounted Police on the left, with the Battery, reinforced by the Gatling, following up the retreating braves.

The Indian fire died down, to be resumed against the

Battleford Rifles, who, to cover the transport that was in process of crossing the creek, were in open order on either side of the hill. The Rifles, however, replied to the fire with interest, and the Indians retired.

At about 8.30 came a minor disaster: highly painted as it was, the carriage of one of the guns fell to pieces because the wood was old and rotten; from the heights across the valley the rebels were maintaining a constant and disconcertingly accurate fire. Further, they had worked round to the left flank, from where they were able to harass the skirmishers, so that Colonel Otter ordered the left half of the Queen's to occupy an intervening hill, from where it was hoped a counter-fire would drive the Indians back. Lieutenant Brock led the way; half the men dropped flat at the crest; protected inadequately by covering fire, the others continued down the reverse slope.

They were met by a rapid and accurate fire; five men, Lieutenant Brock, Colour-Sergeant Cooper, Privates Varey and Watts, and one of the Guards, were badly wounded.

It is said that the Indians and half-breeds put up the most tenacious fight at Cut Knife in the history of Indian warfare. No sooner were they driven from one position than they took up another, where they continued the fight as fiercely as before. Meantime, what had been intended as a short, decisive engagement was extending to ominously late in the day; once darkness fell, the position of the loyalists would be precarious.

## CHAPTER XV

### The Riel Rebellion (*continued*)

AT about an hour after midday, Colonel Otter gave the order for withdrawal, and with the scouts, Battleford Rifles and one of the seven-pounders occupying the heights to protect the troops as they filed through the gully, and Major Short with the other gun and the Gatling on a sandhill in the rear, the retreat began.

Elated, the Indians poured over the hill-crest, only to be met with such withering fire from the guns and Gatling, with strong supporting volley-firing from the rearguard, that with heavy initial casualties they decided discreetly to let well alone.

It was ten o'clock at night before the column, complete with dead and wounded, marched into Fort Otter. Losses in the fight were eight killed—including Corporal Sleigh of the Mounted Police, who was shot through the mouth; Corporal Lawry through the stomach, and Private Burke through the body—and fourteen wounded, including Sergeants Ward and Gaffney of the Police, shot through the lower abdomen and left arm respectively.

The enemy casualties were estimated at between 100 and 150; one shrapnel burst alone killed twenty.

Having arrived in Winnipeg on 27th March, General Middleton was mobilizing the punitive expedition. The first column, consisting of two nine-pounder guns, 62 volunteers under Major Jarvis, 25 cavalry, and the 90th Winnipeg Rifles—314 in all—entrained for Qu'Appelle, where they were joined by a small body of scouts under Captain French of the Mounted Police.

With General Middleton in command, the column

marched about 180 miles to Clarke's Crossing, where it had been arranged they should be reinforced from Swift Current by Colonel Otter and his 575 men.

A third column, consisting of 350 officers and men of the 65th Battalion from Montreal, under the command of Colonel Quinet; Captain Oswald and 52 Mounted Police; a mixed battalion of 300 Winnipeg Light Infantry and Edmonton Volunteers under Colonel Smith; 46 Police scouts with Major Perry and one gun, had mobilized at Calgary under the command of General Strange, from there marched the 200 miles to Edmonton, and from thence set out after Big Bear. Meantime, the steamer *Northcote*, loaded with general supplies and 200 officers and men of the Midland Battalion, commanded by Colonel Van Strawbenzie, left Medicine Hat for Clarke's Crossing, to join General Middleton's headquarters.

While these concentrations were in progress, disaster had come to the small community who looked after the Cree Indian Reservation at Frog Lake, on the northern arm of the Saskatchewan River, and where every effort had been made to teach the tribes to be self-supporting. There was a store and a grist mill, with an instructor named Quinn and his interpreter, to teach the elements of farming; a church and a school, with two priests to look after the religious and educational side. Altogether, even though Big Bear, the chief, had shown himself awkward about treaties a little time before, it was as peaceful a settlement as could have been found throughout the Dominion—had it not been that Riel's disciples of disorder had been there, preaching the New Crusade.

After the beginning of hostilities on 17th March, the situation for the whites had become increasingly difficult—and dangerous. By every available sign the tribes were out for trouble, with Wandering Spirit, in the absence of Big Bear on a hunting trip, as chief fomenter. Passing through the reserve, W. B. Cameron, of the Hudson's Bay Company, was so impressed with the hostile atmosphere that he had

no hesitation in reporting his fear to Inspector Dickens, who was in charge of the Mounted Police detachment at Fort Pitt, a few miles away.

Built fifty-four years before, Fort Pitt was situated about a hundred yards from the deep, swiftly running Saskatchewan, that at this point was almost a quarter of a mile wide.

Cameron's warning did not find Dickens unprepared. Chief Big Bear, who had been in close touch with Riel, was not far away, and with no reserve of his own, was hostile by habit and conviction.

In 1879, for example, he had declined to sign a treaty because of a Government refusal to forgo the clause that related to capital punishment. Chiefly, it was because, following a more than usually angry demonstration near Fort McLeod three years later, Big Bear had left for Fort Pitt, that Dickens and some twenty other ranks opened a Post there. It was only after interminable and, for the most part, unreasonable demands from Little Poplar, one of Big Bear's minor chiefs, that Big Bear had been induced to sign a treaty three years later, and had paid his tribes' debt to the Hudson's Bay Company—a matter of a thousand dollars or more—with the treaty money. He promised, furthermore, that as soon as the snow went, so that he could see the ground he was choosing, he would settle on reservation.

Thus, ill-clad, inadequately lodged, with no buffalo left to furnish food, bedding, saddles, boats, powder horns, reins, bridles, or parchment, and with the horses in a state of semi-starvation, the condition of the tribe was such that they had been forced to do chores about the trading post in order to keep alive. Not the least disconcerting part of the situation was that, in spite of these privations, Big Bear had contrived to buy, and secrete, a considerable quantity of ammunition.

The increasing tenseness of the situation at Fort Pitt may be appreciated from the diary that Dickens, a slightly

built, red-bearded man of considerable Police experience, but who had been rendered morose by ever-increasing deafness, kept at the time. From 21st March, for example, he records an almost daily interchange of dispatches between himself and Battleford.

On 23rd March he writes:

"Rumours abroad to the effect that the half-breeds are in arms against the Government."

The diary continues:

"March 26th. Fine weather. Antoine Fontaine arrived from B'ford with dispatches. Const. Cowan and Guide J. Alexander left on horseback on special service, returning in afternoon. Todd (a trader) arrived from Frog Lake *en route* to B'ford. Corpl. Sleigh and Const. Anderson arrived from Frog Lake with André Nault, half-breed suspected of being a courier of Riel.

"March 27th. Antoine Fontaine left for B'ford with dispatches. André Nault examined by Insp. Dickens, who dismissed him with a caution.

"March 30th. Messenger Mis-trim-yan arrived from B'ford with dispatches. Constable Anderson left for Frog Lake with dispatch. News brought in of an engagement or skirmish between the police and the breeds in the vicinity of Carlton.<sup>1</sup> Extra guards posted in and around the Fort during the night.

"April 2nd. Const. Roby left for Onion Lake with team for lumber, returning in afternoon. He reports Indians very excited on reserve.

"April 6th. Severe snowstorm during night and morning. A Special Constable sworn in.<sup>2</sup>

"April 8th. Fine weather. Everything quiet last night. Magazine torn down. Stockade and Bastion built during the day (Bastion to command the back of Fort). Little Poplar reports the Indians have burnt houses at Onion Lake.

<sup>1</sup> At Duck Lake.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Quinn, nephew of the agent at Frog Lake, and who had taken refuge in the Fort four days before.

"Thursday, April 9. Fine weather. Rev. Chas. Quinney left to scout across river, returning in morning. Indian Necotan persuaded Little Poplar to bring his camp to the bank of the river. Extra bastion built behind orderly room. Everything quiet during night.

"Friday, April 10. Fine weather. François Dufresne and Necotan left to scout; they went as far as Onion Lake and report no Indians there. Indians burnt down farmhouse and priest's house before leaving, taking all provisions with exception of some 50 bags of flour. Mr. Quinney scouted across the river, reports 3 tepees of Little Poplar's band missing. Nothing unusual during night.

"Saturday, April 11. Fine weather. Sentries posted outside during day. Started to build scow in day. Horses exercised. Everything quiet last night.

"Sunday, April 12. Fine weather but windy. Large quantity ice drifted down river. Divine service in morning. Horses exercised in morning. Dogs very uneasy during night. Fire signals supposed to have been seen by No. 1 sentry (behind Mission House) during night.

"Monday, April 13. Fine weather. Consts. Loasby, Cowan and Quinn left on a scouting expedition to Frog Lake. A number of Indians arrived from Frog Lake, sent a letter demanding that police lay down their arms and leave the place, they report prisoners safe. Mr. Halpin accompanied them acting as Secretary [*sic*]. Mr. McLean parleyed with them and gave them grub. By contents of letter it appears 250 armed men are around Fort. Chief Little Poplar crossed over to help McLean in pacifying Indians. Everything quiet during night.

"Tuesday, April 14. Very windy weather. Mr. McLean still parleying with Indians. During parley the three scouts out yesterday rode through the camp. Const. Cowan was shot dead and Loasby wounded in two places. Quinn got away. Indians were fired upon. McLean and Dufresne taken prisoners. Indians threatened to burn fort to-night unless police left. After a great deal of

danger got to the other side of river. All the white people and half-breeds in Pitt went to the Indian Camp as prisoners."

With the attack on Colonel Crozier's convoy at Duck Lake with its tragic sequel, Dickens sent a runner hot-foot to the reserve urging all the whites to take refuge at the Post, a recommendation that, with his knowledge of Indian psychology, Quinn, the Government Agent, whole-heartedly supported, as did several loyal half-breeds. Realizing that any fight that was to come would be with the Police, they advised the six details from Fort Pitt to leave at once under cover of darkness.

Wisely, realizing that in the event of trouble they would be worse than useless on the reserve, but more than useful at Fort Pitt, they agreed. Persuaded against their own judgment by the two priests, the civilians decided to remain where they were.

It was on the morning of 2nd April that Wandering Spirit made the first move by making Quinn a prisoner. The next move was a demand for ammunition from Cameron by a score of heavily war-painted braves under one Imasees, and there was nothing for it but to obey. After that Wandering Spirit called on Cameron to join the other whites at Quinn's office.

From there, following threats, Wandering Spirit herded them to the church, where the priests were celebrating Mass. It was a portent of the tragedy to come when certain of Cameron's friends among the tribe insisted upon him remaining apart from the rest.

A rifle was fired, and Quinn fell dead. One of the priests was the next to be killed, actually by an Indian he had adopted. In all, despite the appeals of Big Bear, the chief, nine men were murdered in cold blood, with Cameron the only one to be spared. The wives of two of the dead men were claimed by the Indians, but purchased unharmed by half-breed friends a little later.

It was Quinn's nephew Henry, who had heard the



firing from some distance away, who carried the news of the massacre to Fort Pitt.

Inspector Dickens acted promptly: barricaded the fort; built a scow against emergency; sent out Henry Quinn with Constables Loasby and Cowan to scout the position—not from the trail, but from the river.

Except for the Indian lodges, they found the settlement burnt out. On the way back they left the river for the trail; here, tracks showed that the Indians were ahead—probably on their way to raid the fort.

It was only a little farther on that the three scouts ran into a camp of some four hundred triumphant, blood-lustful Indians. The scouts made a dash for it through heavy firing, but their horses had travelled far that day, and those of the Indians were comparatively fresh. Cowan, shot through the body, pitched from his horse—later, the men of General Strange's column found his mutilated body, with his heart transfixed by a stake.

Nearing the fort, Loasby was shot through the back, but contrived to keep in the saddle. Lone Man, an Indian, charged after him on a white horse. Loasby's horse stumbled, and he was thrown. He got to his feet, only to be shot again by the Indian, this time in the spine.

They were firing from the fort by now, but the range was long. Ignoring the bullets, Lone Man crawled to the prostrate constable; thinking him dead, he robbed him of revolver and ammunition, crawled back to his horse and escaped.

Loasby staggered to his feet and to the fort, where they pulled down the barricade and helped him inside. Though he felt the effects of his spinal wound to the end of his days, he lived to be an old man.

Henry Quinn was captured the next morning, and made prisoner by Big Bear, whose tribe he had both taught and befriended. He seems, however, to have been well treated, and later was released unharmed. That chief, meantime, was making his plans to attack the fort.

His first move, a demand for unconditional surrender,

met with unequivocal refusal from Dickens, as was a second offer of safe custody if he would evacuate the position.

Later, however, in response to Big Bear's request for a parley, W. J. McLean, of the Hudson's Bay Company, left with an interpreter for the Indian camp. From here, after prolonged discussion, he sent a message to Dickens advising that all the civilians in the fort, numbering twenty-eight, and including McLean's own wife and family, should be sent to the camp in return for the promise of a safe withdrawal of the garrison. As Dickens knew that McLean would not have advised acceptance of these terms had there been any danger to the civilians—mostly Hudson's Bay employees—he consented to the latter, filing out. It is satisfactory to know that all were released, unharmed, a few days later.

That Big Bear would be able to keep his promise not to attack the position, Dickens was not so confident; there was the danger that the chief would not be able to keep his 500 braves in hand, and there were only about twenty Police to defend it. Better, then, to leave unostentatiously, and by night.

The scow, so hastily knocked together, was launched and loaded; the wounded Loasby was made as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

By some miracle of navigation the party reached Battleford through six days of intermittent blizzard, drift ice, and continual snow; the scow leaked all the time, and Loasby's uniform was frozen solidly into his wounds.

Dickens himself suffered badly; after a period of illness, he resigned from the Force in March of the year following. He had hoped to spend the next few years in travel, but died at Moline, Illinois, on 11th June of the same year. In January, 1933, the late Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., presented the Shaunavous Museum with Francis's Riel Rébellion medal; a photograph of a group of five taken at Fort Walsh in 1880, and a cutting from a Moline newspaper regarding Francis's death.

In the war proper, the first brush with the rebels was at Fort Creek on 24th April, when the enemy broke off the engagement at a cost to General Middleton of eleven killed and thirty-five wounded—including the general's two A.D.C.s.

The column remained in camp until 7th May tending the wounded and awaiting reinforcements; the enemy's tactics at Fish Creek had given General Middleton an unexpected respect for their fighting qualities, and he was taking no unnecessary chances. On 6th May, when he was joined by the 200 men and the Gatling from the *Northcote*, this brought the contingent to a strength of 917.

The outskirts of Batouche were reached on the morning of Saturday, 9th May, and here developed the four days' fight that broke the rebellion. It was in the last phase of the battle that Captain French, brother of the first Commissioner of the Mounted Police, was included in the nine killed in the engagement. The wounded numbered thirty.

On the morning of the fifth day there was a wholesale surrender of the rebels. Dumont, unfortunately, who was by far the most bloodthirsty and ruthless of the leaders, escaped across the American border.

With no knowledge of the Batouche defeat, Chief Poundmaker was still an active opponent, and thus remained to be dealt with. So, also, was Big Bear and his following, but with General Strange's column hot on his trail. It was with the intention of joining up with Strange that General Middleton resumed his march on 14th May—the day that Louis Riel was brought in as a prisoner.

Prince Albert, still under the protection of Colonel Irvine and his Mounted Police, was reached on 19th May. Here, also, many rebels came in to surrender.

The force embarked in steamers for Battleford on 23rd May, to join Colonel Otter's brigade, and on reaching there found that Poundmaker had released his prisoners. On 26th May, Poundmaker himself surrendered.

On 2nd June, General Middleton went from Battleford

to the site of what had been Fort Pitt—and it was here that Dickens recovered the gold watch his father had worn when writing the greater proportion of his novels, and that Francis had been obliged to leave behind in the hurried evacuation of a few weeks before. It was given to Cameron by the Indian who stole it while the trader was a prisoner with Big Bear. Cameron, of course, restored it to Dickens.

On 10th June, Big Bear's prisoners came in, bedraggled, but otherwise unhurt; they had got away in the fog when, taking fright at the presence of the white scouts, the tribes had scattered.

Remained now only Big Bear himself, who had escaped after his forces were routed by General Strange's column at Little Deer Creek some fifty miles north-east of Fort Pitt. Following up the victory, Steele, catching up with the retreating chief at Loon Lake, scattered the opposition with the loss only of Sergeant Fury, shot in the chest, and Scouts West and Fisk, who were wounded less severely in the leg and arm respectively. Big Bear, however, having escaped to an island on the North Saskatchewan River, Sergeant Smart and about a dozen Mounted Policemen were sent from Carlton to collect him, and did so without difficulty. The chief—who not only denied any participation in the Frog Lake massacre, but insisted that he did all he could to prevent it—and thirteen of his principal councillors were taken to Prince Albert, and handed over to that indefatigable diarist, Superintendent Gagnon, who was in command of the Post in the absence of Commissioner Irvine.

Louis Riel, the arch-conspirator whose sincerity may be judged from his offer to call the rebellion off for a cash payment of \$30,000, was tried, condemned, and hanged, with Loasby as one of the witnesses of the execution. From the same scaffold, also, for their share in the Frog Lake massacre, died Little Bear, Miserable Man, Marrichoos, Iron Body, Walking the Sky—it was he who had murdered his adopted father, the priest—Wandering Spirit—apart from Dumont,

perhaps the most cruel of all the rebels—and the two Assiniboines who had murdered Payne and Fremont.

With Colonel Herchmer of the Mounted Police one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution, Chief Poundmaker (Pe-to-can-hau-a-we-win) was tried at Regina on 13th August. He made an impressive and dignified figure; his father was a Cree and his mother a Blackfoot; his reputation with the tribes was such that it was chiefly through him that peace had been made between those hitherto warring tribes.

His case aroused a considerable amount of sympathy; apart from that he was over six feet in height and of a commanding presence, there was quite a lot to be said for his point of view. While he was a prisoner in the Fort, for example, in a conversation with Private (afterwards Judge) Tobin, he protested that he had always been friendly with the Great White Queen; had he not guided Princess Louise, her daughter, for over 700 miles across Canada? His cause of discontent was that the two blankets to which he was entitled under his treaty rights had been reduced to one; instead of a new cook-stove to which also he had a right he had been fobbed off with a second-hand one that had been discarded as useless by Government officials, and the food supply that had been promised when the buffalo became extinct had not been forthcoming. He was sure that the Queen Mother across the ocean had no idea of how dishonestly her Indian children were treated. When Tobin, who had his own ideas on the integrity of Indian administration, countered these complaints by the contention that, instead of allowing his young men to fight, Poundmaker should have addressed a formal complaint to the Government, the chief replied simply that, once the shooting had begun, he had been unable to stop them.

When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him, his plea was equally direct and simple.

"I am not guilty," he said emphatically. "Much that has

been said against me is not true. I am glad of my work in the Queen's country this spring. What I have done is for the good of my people and for peace. When my brothers and the palefaces met in fight at Cut Knife, I saved the Queen's soldiers who ran away. I took the arms from my brothers, and gave them up at Battleford. Everything I could do was done to stop bloodshed. Had I wanted war, I should not be here now; I should be on the prairie. You did not catch me; I gave myself up. You have got me because I wanted peace."

When he was sentenced to three years, he asked to be hanged instead; far better that, he argued, than to die of consumption in jail.

## CHAPTER XVI

### Re-establishment of Order

THE period immediately after the rebellion was an especially trying one for the Police, needing all the tact and diplomacy of which each individual member was capable to preserve the peace.

With the soldiers returned to their homes, Indian and half-breed alike, smarting under defeat and, in many instances, a sense of injustice, were hostile even to their old protectors. No food had been produced during the rebellion; many of the reservations had been gutted, either by the enemy or themselves, and the former inhabitants scattered into wandering, and for the most part, insubordinate bands—the tribes of Southern Alberta, in particular, were restless and discontented. So far as concerned its relations with the Indians, the Force was back almost to where it had started.

Additional responsibility was the influx of settlers that came with the opening of the railway. The more isolated ones needed protection, and the communities, as a whole, law enforcement. It was to meet these fresh demands that the Force was increased to just over a thousand.

Colonel Irvine, after invaluable service, retired from the Commissionership in April, 1886, and was replaced by Lawrence W. Herchmer, a civil servant of considerable military experience. A further change was that, due to Indian unrest in the district, Superintendent Steele was moved from Battleford to Kootenay, where he built the Fort that was named after himself.

It was then, also, that there was established the system of patrols that linked up the whole area under control, and

that in those early days so often were undertaken in conditions of almost inconceivable hardship. In one period of drought, for instance, Superintendent Perry, who afterwards became Commissioner, rode eighty miles in two days without a drop of water.

More than all other considerations, it was necessary to re-establish the old relations with, and moral supremacy over, the Indians, and to that end force was used only at the last extremity. A good example of this moral pressure is the case of Constable Rory O'Moore and "Kid" (afterwards Captain) Matthews, of the Stand-Off detachment in the Cypress Hills.

Months before, that persistent horse thief, The-Man-Who-Never-Ties-His-Moccasins, had evaded the Mounted Police by an expedient retreat across the border, so there was nothing but to drop the case against him.

But, with the knowledge of the homing instinct of the tribes, only for the time being; sooner or later, in common with nineteen out of twenty Indian refugees, The-Man-Who-Never-Ties-His-Moccasins would make for home. And at last the word came for which the Police had been waiting.

The reserve of the Blood Indians, that was across the Belly River from the Police Post, contained some 5000 Indians, and distributed for some forty miles along the northern bank was a chain of Indian camps.

In 1888 one of these camps, Stand-Off, was in charge of Chief Crop-Eared Wolf, one of the most truculent and persistently hostile chiefs in the Territory. And it was to Stand-Off that The-Man-Who-Never-Ties-His-Moccasins had returned.

Troopers Rory O'Moore, over forty years old, with twelve years in the Force behind him, and "Kid" Matthews, nineteen, a recruit of less than twelve months' service, set off to bring him in; in due time sighted the camp.

"Hold my horse, but don't dismount yourself, or on any account touch your gun," O'Moore instructed the younger man as they threaded their way between the tepees.





A SQUADRON OF THE N.W. MOUNTED POLICE IN REVIEW ORDER (ABOUT 1886)



Leaving his comrade outside the chief's tepee, the Irishman entered without ceremony. The conversation that ensued began quietly enough, but on the chief's part, at least, developed to angry shouting. The-Man-Who-Never-Ties-His-Moccasins was not in camp, had not been there, nor had Crop-Eared Wolf any idea where he was.

It was at the moment when O'Moore, followed by the shouting, gesticulating chief, came out of the tepee that Matthews, who had kept his eyes open meantime, caught sight of the figure who crawled out of a lodge on the edge of the camp and streaked for the scrub.

The young constable reported the incident to his senior, whose response was immediate. Taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, he faced the chief four-square.

"Crop-Eared Wolf," he said quietly, "you are a liar. The-Man-Who-Never-Ties-His-Moccasins is here, and I will give you just five minutes to produce him. Otherwise it will be you I shall arrest—on a charge of interfering with a Police officer in the execution of his duty."

It was a hazardous situation. A crowd had assembled, and in a humour that was not rendered less ugly by the infuriated address with which the chief harangued them. Watch in palm, and with the press closing in, O'Moore waited in silence for the time limit to expire.

At last, to the relief of the troopers, the chief muttered something below his breath to one of the younger braves, who, collecting one or two others, disappeared into the scrub. When they returned a few minutes later The-Man-Who-Never-Ties-His-Moccasins was with them. O'Moore handcuffed him, hoisted him on the back of a cayuse, with a halter about the horse's neck, and began to lead him away.

They crowded round him; the men shouting, the women shrieking abuse. Then, if ever, one false move, one threatening gesture, would have brought disaster. But purposefully, unemotionally, the policemen threaded their way to the camp limits. From there, the crowd coming

no farther, they set off at an unhurried lope for the Post.

Just one incident of refusal to panic in that campaign to re-establish the domination and confidence that, more than any other influences, had so definitely localized the rebellion. Playing no favourites, helping where possible, feeding the hungry, giving the pledged word reluctantly, but a promise once given, vindicating that promise at all costs.

Thus, once more, peace came to the prairies, so that by 1890 the Force was in a position still further to extend its operations. In that year, under Inspector J. V. Begin, a Patrol was sent to survey the Hudson's Bay territory. Crossing Lake Winnipeg on the way to Fort Garry, two of the party—Corporal Morphy and Constable Q. R. de Veaujeu, were lost by drowning—the first casualties to be sustained by the Force in the Northern service.

Three years later—in 1893—a patrol, that consisted of Inspector Howard and eight troopers, set up a new detachment at Athabasca Landing, and from there—to look after the Indian reserves and suppress the liquor traffic—sub-posts at Grand Rapids and Great Slave Lake.

## CHAPTER XVII

### Death of Sergeant Wilde

**M**EANTIME, the toll of those who gave their life for the service continued. Sergeant Colebrook, of the Prince Albert detachment, was killed when he went to arrest Almighty Voice for cattle stealing near Kinistino. As the sergeant approached his prospective prisoner, the Indian covered him with his rifle and warned him to keep back; when, in obedience to Police traditions, Colebrook continued to press forward, Almighty Voice shot him through the heart.

It was only after months of unremitting search that Almighty Voice was run to earth. Word having reached the Post that the much-wanted man had shot a half-breed in the Minnichenas Hills, Captain Allen and a small detachment cornered the murderer and his band in a wood.

The fight that followed was one of the most desperate in Canadian Mounted Police history. The Indians were under cover; the Police more or less in the open. Allen, advancing, was dropped by a bullet through the shoulder; Sergeant Raven wounded, Corporal Hoskin, Constable Kerr and a civilian named Grundy shot and killed.

The day following, that entertaining diarist, Superintendent Gagnon, having arrived with reinforcements, the wood was surrounded. Later, Assistant McIlree arrived with more men and a nine-pounder gun.

Rushing the position after a few minutes' shelling, McIlree discovered that all the garrison were dead.

Charcoal Johnny Dried Meat, who, prophetically, had been christened "Bad Young Man", was an Indian of the Blood tribe who had not taken kindly to white man's laws;

he detested living on reserve, ignored the game regulations, and regarded his hereditary occupation of horse stealing as naturally as he regarded polygamy.

Latest addition to his matrimonial string was Wolverine, an attractive and popular lady whose views appear to have been as broad as those of Charcoal Johnny himself, for he was her fifth husband.

The point at issue between Charcoal Johnny and Medicine Pipe Stem, of the Stoney tribe, has been variously stated. One report is that the pair quarrelled over the division of some whisky; another that it concerned a stolen steer; still another that Wolverine had cast too amorous eyes on Medicine Pipe Stem, and that the Stoney had not been backward in his responses.

Whatever the truth, following on the shooting and wounding of a farm instructor named McNeill by someone unknown, a party of squaws out for firewood discovered the dead body of an Indian in a cowshed on the ranch of a settler named Cochrane, but afraid of being implicated, did nothing about it except gossip with their own tribe. This coming to the ears of the rancher, he went to the shed to investigate.

The body was that of Medicine Pipe Stem, shot through the eyes; the police surgeon pronounced him to have been dead for about ten days. Apart from that they fastened themselves securely in their shacks and tepees, none of the Indians nearby could, or would, give the police any information. One officer, indeed, who called to make inquiries, was so severely man-handled that he was glad to get away with a whole skin.

Eventually, the first clue came from an old Indian named Falling Pine. Charcoal Johnny, he reported, had called on him for food, and in the subsequent conversation, admitting that, having both shot at McNeill and killed Medicine Pipe Stem, he was making his escape before the Police caught him. On the way, moreover, it was his intention to kill Chief Red Crow, another of his enemies.

Following, Falling Pine had caught up with the murderer, together with four of his wives and two of his sons, at Bull Horn Coulee, but after a little had ridden back to enlist the aid of Big Snake, another responsible Indian, to help in making the arrest.

When they reached the coulee, however, Charcoal Johnny and his string of encumbrances had left.

From that moment, with Inspector Jarvis, who was in charge of the Calgary detachment, to direct operations, and other Divisions and a small army of Indian scouts co-operating, the hunt was universal. Jarvis's own posse consisted only of a constable, two or three scouts, and several Blood Indian volunteers.

The topography of the country considered, Jarvis decided that the most probable line of retreat would be in the heavily brushed country near the Piegan Reserve of the Porcupine Hills, that was within about half an hour's quick ride to the Rockies. Hence, Superintendent Steele, in command at Fort McLeod, sent a force to cut off retreat in that direction, another to head off the fugitives from the north, and a third to the north-west, the circle being completed by details from the detachment at Pincher Creek to close Crows Nest Pass.

Six days passed without a sign of the fugitives, who, it was thought, either had worked up to Kootenay River, or had reached the Belly River to the east. At the foothills a settler reported to Jarvis that he had seen an Indian steal an overcoat from a wagon and make for the scrub while the owner was cutting wood. The probability, then, was that the thief was their man and that he was in hiding close by.

Jarvis's force camped near the spot, and with daylight spread out in a cautious, silently moving line. Before long, one end of the line came to a point where the scrub thinned to a clearing, and in the centre of where was a tepee. Signalled silently from one to the other, the line halted. Then one of the party stumbled—and swore.

Aroused, Charcoal Johnny appeared at the tepee entrance.

Whether he fired first, or whether it was one of the Indian trackers, is uncertain, but Charcoal Johnny put a bullet through Jarvis's hat and dodged behind a tree; the Indian trackers, pumping bullets promiscuously in reply, fired four more shots from that cover. Only when Charcoal's wives came out of the tepee and into the line of fire could Jarvis persuade his enthusiasts to desist.

The obvious move now was, first to surround the tepee, and then simultaneously to close on it, and Jarvis made his way to some rising ground nearby to see how best this could be done. From that vantage point he caught sight of another party—from Lee's Creek—entering the valley that was the fugitive's only line of retreat. At once he sent a message instructing that this should be closed.

By this, with the tepee, ponies, two wives, and a child as hostages, night was falling. Jarvis gave orders for the circle to close in and to keep on the alert.

Reports are conflicting as to whether these belonged to the rancher or to the Police, but early in the morning it was reported to Jarvis that horses had been stolen from a barn not far away—but well outside the cordon; the tracks showed that the thief was Charcoal Johnny.

The biggest set-back of Jarvis's career this, one that was all the more galling because already he had sent word to Superintendent Steele that the murderer was as good as caught, and Steele had transmitted the news to Ottawa.

It was some time later that an Indian scout named Piegan Joe galloped excitedly into the cleared space that fronted the detachment at Pincher Creek, in charge of Inspector Cuthbert, with Sergeant William Brock Wilde, a six-foot, greatly beloved Englishman, as second-in-command. Questioned, the Indian reported that glancing from the window of a ranch only a small distance away, a settler's wife had seen an Indian, whom she recognized as Charcoal Johnny, crawling towards the cabin, and while she and the children were locked more or less securely in the



living-room, the intruder had helped himself to food from the larder.

Within a few minutes a posse of police under Inspector Cuthbert rode out to surround the ranch.

They were too late; Charcoal had left already. Piegan Joe, however, picked up his tracks, that joined a second set—those of a squaw—not far away. Each were leading in the direction of the Piegan Reserve—even though Piegans and Bloods were blood brothers, probably with the intention of stealing fresh horses.

That phase of the chase lasted for ten days. Always the murderer was a li le ahead; whenever he came to a ranch he would steal a horse in exchange for the spent one he left behind.

Both the lay of the country and its conformation was against the pursuit; a succession of low, scrub-covered hills and dried-up watercourses, and Charcoal Johnny knew it as he knew the palm of his hand. Time and time again the Police came across his tracks only to lose them in the rock-bestrewn scrub. Once the fugitive went so far as to show his contempt for the pursuit by doubling back on his tracks and stealing three more horses from the Piegan Reserve.

Nevertheless, the odds were too many against him for this immunity to continue indefinitely; the time came when Charcoal Johnny was obliged to abandon the younger of the two children who, incredibly, had been with him hitherto. Questioned, the child reported that his father and mother were camping on the hills. Yes, he'd take the Red-Coats to them.

That, again, was where the Indian had the laugh. Anticipating what would happen, the camping-ground had been abandoned for some days and no tracks led from it. Meantime, the nights were becoming colder; winter was closing in. Then two of Charcoal Johnny's squaws wandered into the Piegan Reserve—but refused to disclose where they had left their husband. The Police horses were exhausted and fresh ones were sent for; the moccasins of

the Indian trackers were worn out, and they had to return for more. By this, the chase had lasted for a month.

Meantime, the Pincher Creek detachment could not be left without personnel, and Sergeant Wilde was sent back to carry on there. Snow fell, and a patrol at Beaver Creek came across an abandoned camp and the track of two horses. The constable in charge sent word to Sergeant Wilde, who rode out with two Indian scouts and an interpreter.

The snow was deep, and the tracks, in consequence, clear; everything pointed to the fugitive being quite near.

Twenty miles and the trail passed by the side of a ranch and up a low hill. At the crest of the rise Wilde saw the fugitive only about a quarter of a mile ahead.

Wilde pressed forward; glancing over his shoulder, Charcoal Johnny invited him derisively to come on. The interpreter attempted to bring the murderer down with a bullet, but the oil in his rifle was frozen and the mechanism clogged.

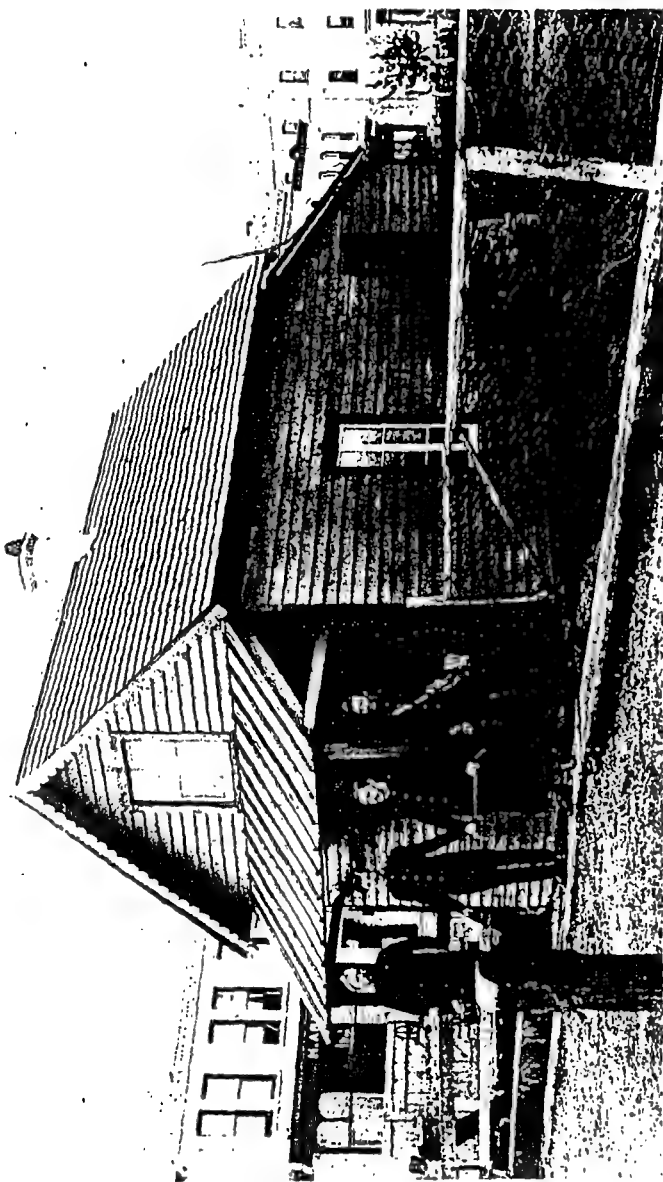
Wilde, well mounted, gained ground. Charcoal Johnny swerved; so also did Wilde. Rising ground now, with the sergeant gaining more rapidly yet. He could have shot with the certainty of bringing down his man, but that is not the Police way. He was there, not to kill, but to arrest.

His horse closed in, and as he drew alongside Charcoal Johnny swerved suddenly, brought his rifle to his shoulder; pressed the trigger.

Wilde swayed; fell from the saddle, shot through the heart.

Charcoal Johnny reined in, turned, shot again, caught Wilde's horse, collected the dead man's gun, and rode on.

Horried, Many Tail Feathers, one of the Indian trackers, continued the chase. There were high hills ahead and Charcoal must not be allowed to reach them. Until dark it was a game of hide and seek. Whichever the way the murderer turned the scout headed him off. Eventually, just before dark, giving up the struggle, Charcoal Johnny turned east.



N.W. MOUNTED POLICE, TOWN STATION, REGINA, 1895

(The present-day Main Office buildings in Regina are shown at page 244)



So, also, did Many Tail Feathers. Snow fell again, and from the tracks it was apparent the fugitive was making for Kootenay—actually the scout saw him break from cover and make for the direction of the Blood Reserve. As Many Tail Feathers had ridden more than sixty miles since Wilde's murder, his horse was too exhausted to follow.

At four o'clock the next morning the murderer presented himself at the shack of his brother, Left Hand, and was only admitted at a moment when a watcher scout disappeared from the bushes from where he had been keeping an eye on the door.

Nevertheless, Charcoal Johnny was suspicious. He stayed for only a few uneasy minutes before getting up to leave. As he did so, Left Hand seized him from behind—and the long chase was at an end. While he was waiting for the Police, Charcoal Johnny opened an artery in his arm. This, however, was detected in time.

Double murderer the Blood Indian was, but he was no coward. He accepted the inevitable calmly. Immediately before his execution he insisted on singing his own tribal Death Song.

As proof of the regard in which Wilde was held, every chief of every tribe in the area attended the funeral—the largest known since the white men came.

A monument to his memory was erected at Pincher Creek, and there stands to this day.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### The Yukon Gold Rush

**T**HOUGH as far back as 1864 a gold discovery had been reported from the Yukon Territory by a man named Robert Kelly, only negligible consignments of the metal had reached the outside world.

But in 1894 it became evident to the Mounted Police that, sooner or later, this hitherto neglected, unpoliced area would be one of the largest gold-producing districts in existence. And, as the first discovery of moment would be followed by the inevitable "rush", in conformity with their motto of "protection ahead of settlement", the Force sent Inspectors Constantine and Strickland, Staff-Sergeant Charles Brown, and seventeen other ranks to establish a post at Forty-Mile, Yukon Territory. Here Strickland built a Fort, named after himself, from timber of their own cutting and preparing.

Ostensibly, they were there to collect the duties—evaded hitherto—on fur and the small quantity of gold produced; actually, to prepare the way for what was to come. Nevertheless, Constantine managed to collect the not inconsiderable sum of \$3246, sufficient at least to encourage the opening of other detachments in the North. Strickland, indeed, seems to have been accepted as a beneficent influence from the first.

In the spring of 1896, for example, a dispute having arisen at Sixty-Mile River, a crowded meeting of miners assembled to settle the point of issue "in council", as was their custom, but when Inspector Strickland arrived with a few constables to proclaim this as a matter for the Police, the men dispersed philosophically about their business.

So well, indeed, was the forthcoming situation in hand, that in the January of 1897 Constantine was in a position to recommend a revision of the mining laws, the formation of both a gold commission and an assay office, and that a southern trail to the Yukon should be blazed under Government auspices.

This latter suggestion resulted in the appointment of Inspector Jarvis, with Staff-Sergeant Hetherington as his chief assistant, to open up the country about the Slave and Peace Rivers to the Great Slave Lake, and so, automatically, to the Yukon.

The patrol, through that vast, wild, unchartered land of ice-bound lake and illimitable forest, was as adventurous as it was perilous. Leaving Fort Saskatchewan, the train of three four-dog Indian toboggans halted only to give advice and instruction to those settlers they encountered on the way to Lac la Biche. From there, by the Athabasca River route to Fort Chipewyan, the principal Hudson's Bay trading post and Cree and Chipewyan settlement, to Fort Smith. Fort Resolution, on the Great Slave Lake, that was their destination, was reached on 13th February. By the time of their return to Fort Saskatchewan in the middle of April, the patrol had covered close upon two thousand miles.

At the end of 1896 George Washington Carnack, Tagish Skookum Jim, and Tagish Charlie registered their claims—through Constantine as Mining Recorder—on a creek that flowed into the Klondyke River, and which they named Bonanza, that set the world alight. Inflamed by the stories of wealth to be had for the picking, prospectors, clerks, labourers, sailors, farmers, crooks, speculators, gamblers, and remittance men from every class from every country flocked to the new Golconda—"the sweepings of the slums and the results of a general jail delivery", Constantine called them.

There were four ways by which Dawson, the centre of activity, might be reached; of these only one was prac-

licable for any but the most experienced, hardy and suitably equipped.

Chief of these entrances was by steamer (and what steamers some of them were!) up the coast by the Inside Passage from British Columbia to the narrow strip of Alaska, of which the gangster-ridden town of Skagway was the port; from there, via the terrible Chilcoot or White Passes into Canadian territory and, so far as concerned human molestation, safety. Of the hell of these passes, packed with an endless chain of exhausted, heavily laden ceechacoes in a temperature that varied between 25 and 60 degrees below zero—trails lined ever more thickly with the starkly frozen bodies of those who had perished by the way—it is not necessary to dwell; nor, in the case of the Chilcoot, of the subsequent passage by boat to Dyea.

Under the heel of Soapy Smith, Skagway was a miniature replica of Hades. Much has been written of the life of this gangster, and more than one attempt been made to glorify him as a modern Robin Hood, who gave prodigally to the poor of what he took from the rich. Actually, he was sheer wolf; cold-hearted, conscienceless, without pity or compunction, and in applied thuggery far in advance of his successors. Later gangsterdom murdered only its trade rivals and, in extremity, police. Smith and his associates killed promiscuously—not infrequently for sheer joy in the killing.

Born in Georgia of respectable parents, Jefferson Randolph Smith graduated in criminal eminence via the market-places of Denver and elsewhere, where for five dollars a time he sold cakes of soap round which it appeared—inaccurately—that he had wrapped ten- and twenty-dollar bills. The United States becoming too hot to hold him at last, he retreated to Alaska; in that unpoliced land, and with Skagway as his stronghold, created himself robber-dictator. It is true there was both a United States Commissioner and a Deputy United States Marshal there, each pledged to maintain reasonable law and order, but either



they were corrupt, or cowards, or both. In any case, for all the protection these officers afforded the decent citizen or transient, they might not have been there.

Reinforced with his gang of ruffians, Soapy took toll from every activity in the town, respectable or infamous. Men were robbed with equal facility in gambling hell, music-hall, dance-hall, or barber shop. He laid for his victims coming and going; the prospector on his way to the Yukon was as fortunate to get away with the remnant of his stake as the claim-holder on his way to the outside was lucky to leave with an ounce of gold in his poke. Resistance was met with a pistol shot; bodies left lying in the street were buried with no questions asked.

It is true that there were times when Soapy gave flamboyant and prodigally lavish treats to the school children; staged civic processions in which he was the central figure, but these were merely concrete expressions of the love of self-advertisement of his type. Taking him by and large, Soapy Smith looms as one of the most infamous figures in American criminal history.

It is satisfactory to know that his end was as sudden as it was decisive. However lawless in general, no community is without its decent element, and the time came when under Frank Reid, the city engineer, and Soapy's implacable enemy, the more decent citizens decided that something must be done to make Skagway fit for human habitation.

War was declared between Smith and the Vigilance Committee, and on 8th July, 1898, Reid and Soapy met face to face. Soapy attempted to brain his antagonist with the butt of a rifle; Reid countered by pressing the trigger of his revolver—that most unfortunately missed fire. Soapy's reply was to shoot—and Reid fell, wounded to death. Nevertheless he was able to gather sufficient strength to press that trigger again, this time with the usual response, and the bullet went through Soapy's heart.

That was the beginning of the end, for the Vigilants went berserk; had it not been for the hasty arrival of troops,

instead of those of the number who failed to make a hasty getaway being held for trial, the gangsters would have been lynched *en masse*. It is not without significance that among the first out of town in the general rush for cover were the United States Commissioner and the Deputy Marshal.

But all this was later; even at its worst, the only man in town safe from the gangsters was Inspector Z. T. Wood of the North-West Mounted Police of Canada, father of the present Commissioner. Expediently, he was left to carry on with helping the gold-seekers on their way without molestation.

With the arrival of Police reinforcements, the organization of the rush went on apace—once in Canadian territory, the pilgrims were in the hands of the North-West Mounted and, apart from perils induced by their own ignorance or carelessness, in safety.

At Dawson itself—that, originally, American citizens claimed as United States territory—Inspector Scarth, with Acting-Assistant Richardson to cope with the drainage question, had built Fort Herchmer, and from there were dealing adequately with each of the innumerable problems as they arose.

Gradually, through the efforts of these overworked men, order arose out of the original chaos. In the October of 1897 the Hon. Clifford Sifton arrived in Dawson to establish a civil administration that would relieve the Force of some part of its burden; with him, Major J. M. Walsh, the newly appointed Governor of the Yukon, to whom was granted the administration of all the Police in that Territory. Inspector Starnes, after a stormy crossing of Lake Bennett, that necessitated jettisoning a part of his urgently needed stores, arrived to build still another Post at Little Salmon.

By the winter, all the Posts were badly in need of supplies, so that the daily ration of food had to be drastically cut down, and this in spite of the timely arrival of a herd of caribou. Scarth relieved the situation at last by the desperate

expedient, in that bitter weather, of retrieving the cargo of a raft, frozen in thirty miles away, and for which he paid with close on \$2500 in gold dust.

To deal adequately with the inevitable spring rush, still more preparations were necessary. First, to relieve the danger and congestion elsewhere, it was advisable to blaze a trail to Dawson from Edmonton—a matter of nearly 1300 miles through hitherto untrodden country.

Inspector Moodie was chosen as leader, with Constable F. J. Fitzgerald—of whom more later—Constable Tobin, two Special Constables and two guides.

Pulling out from Edmonton on 4th September, after what might have been regarded as insuperable hardship through snow, with sick horses, forest fires, insect plagues, and personal illness, the patrol made their first halt of any length at Fort Graham, some 300 miles away, and after a threatened freeze-up at Fort St. John, won through to their destination. High as was the standard of endurance on these Northern patrols, for sheer courage and persistency against every natural barrier or disability the Moodie Patrol of 1897 is outstanding.

A further patrol of interest is the one undertaken by Inspector Snyder from Edmonton to Dunvegan to investigate charges of law-breaking against the local half-breeds. Muskeg, rather than snow, was the difficulty here, with a constable so badly wounded in the foot by an axe that he had to be carried on a raised pack-saddle. Only a little short of 1500 miles was covered before they saw Edmonton again—miraculously, with the same horses as when they started out.

Meantime, further to have the situation in hand and to keep potential lawlessness within bounds, Herchmer had sent out three separate patrols from Edmonton, each of which carried mail. The first, led by Inspector Routledge, travelled from Fort Saskatchewan along the Athabasca, Slave, and Mackenzie Rivers; the second, under Inspector Snyder, to Fort St. John via Lesser Slave Lake and the

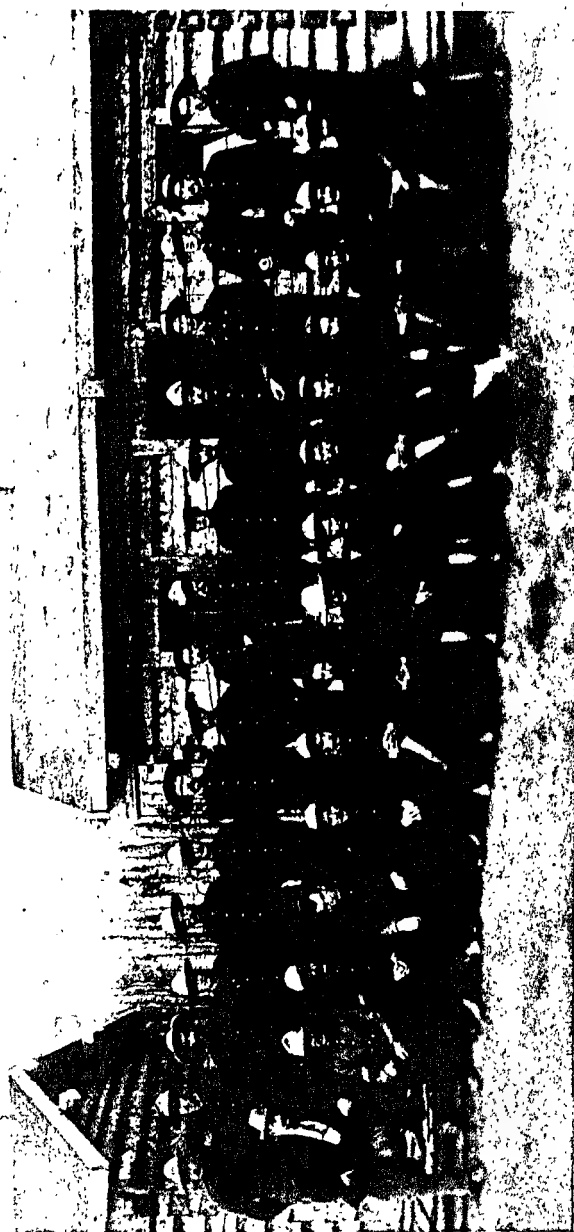
Peace River; the third to Dunvegan, under the direction of Sergeant-Major McDonnell, through Lac St. Anne and Sturgeon Lake. Thus there was no route by which the gold-seekers could reach the Klondyke that was not under the direct jurisdiction of the North-West Mounted Police—organization that previously had never been achieved in similar circumstances. It was due entirely to this prevision that the Yukon gold rush of 1898 was accompanied by less crime than any similar event in history.

That influence was discernible from the moment the traveller passed from United States to Canadian territory, where Belcher at the Chilcoot Pass, and Strickland at the White were under canvas until, devastated with bronchitis, the latter was replaced by Inspector Cartwright. Here, either the prospector dumped his gun in the snow, or the owner was dumped into jail.

There was, too, the collection of customs—and, in a press that included the scum of Europe and America, with nowhere to put the money except an open tent. When Steele was sent with \$200,000 dollars to Dawson he slept with the money under his cot!

Punishment for the lawbreaker was swift and drastic—to be of any use it had to be—particularly for theft and cruelty to animals.

At the beginning of the river journey at Lake Bennett, where Steele took command in March, 1898, between six and eight thousand men were building any sort of craft that skill or ignorance could contrive. Here, as elsewhere, as well as law-enforcers, the Red-coats were the friends of all—moneylenders, doctors—under the selfless Dr. Grant—nurses, advisers, registrars, undertakers, auctioneers of the effects of the dead for the benefit of the relatives, letter-writers; there was an occasion when an avalanche overwhelmed more than sixty men at Scales, and Belcher, making no bones about crossing into United States territory, led his rescue party across the border and saved half a score of lives.



"B" DIVISION, N.W. MOUNTED POLICE, DAWSON, YUKON TERRITORY, 1898.



Break-up came with spring, and on the first day of navigation more than eight hundred assorted craft—suitable, unsuitable and grotesque—took to the water; three-eighths of that number crashed to matchwood in the bottle-neck of the rushing, swirling Miles Canyon, a hundred or so miles away. Amazingly, with Corporal Dickson and his men there as rescue party, only five lost their lives in those seven-score wrecks.

The disaster taught the Mounted Police a lesson they proceeded immediately to put into force. From that time forward no women or children were allowed in any craft that attempted to ride Miles Canyon; from that time forward no craft was allowed to ride Miles Canyon until, under personal inspection, Dickson had assured himself both of its suitability for the attempt and that the crew were adequate "white watermen". Additionally, each craft was registered, together with the number of the crew, and checked at various points down river. If a boat failed to reach one of these points, or arrived with less men than when it set out, the Police wanted to know why.

An instance of the value of this checking process occurred in the summer of 1902, when the bullet-ridden body of an unidentified man was discovered in the river some hundred miles south of Dawson. For the moment all the Police had to guide them was a key-ring labelled, as far as the almost obliterated lettering enabled them to distinguish, "Couthillette, E. Broughton, P.Q."

Selected to conduct the investigation, Inspector Routledge chose twenty-five-year-old Constable Burns as his assistant. Hailing originally from Quebec, Burns had a good knowledge of French.

First of all, Routledge wired to Ottawa requesting that a list of all those who had left East Broughton for the Klondyke should be sent to him as soon as possible. Burns, meantime, hob-nobbing with the French-Canadian settlement at Dawson, came across a man who had known a man in Quebec named, not Couthillette, but Bouthillette, and

with the Christian name of Benois. Closer inspection of the key label showing that what, at first, had been thought to be a C might as easily be read as B—here, Burns suspected, was the first real clue.

That hope was justified. Inquiry at Quebec revealed that the son of the deceased Benois Bouthillette had left for Dawson, with a capital of \$400, that same June. And when the lists were consulted, it appeared that a party of five French-Canadians had started from Whitehorse for Dawson in a boat at just about the time Leon Bouthillette would have arrived in the West. This looked all the more promising when it was ascertained that the man under discussion had written to a friend that he had joined up with two other French-Canadians for the river trip to Dawson.

The names of these two men, Vancouver reported, were Constantin and Beaudoin, the former a powerfully built old-timer of the North, the latter a slightly-built boy only a little over twenty. And Constantin and Beaudoin were the names of two of the men who, with Bouthillette, had left Whitehorse by boat No. 3744 on 16th June. The names of the other men were Lacoureur and Forest.

Satisfaction at this discovery was marred by what immediately followed. Bound tightly with rope, a second body, that of Beaudoin, was discovered about twenty miles from where the first had been found. Hence it occurred to Burns that more information of that last two of the quintette—Forest and Lacoureur—might prove valuable.

It did. With the explanation that they were there to meet friends, they had arrived by steamer on 12th June, bought a boat, afterwards numbered 3744 by the Police, a rifle and various supplies. And while the craft had carried five men at Five Fingers and at Selwyn, when it stopped at Steward River on 22nd June only three or four (information on the point was uncertain) were aboard. At Nelson, as well, this was confirmed by the woman proprietor of the road-house who had sold food to the party—one of whom, Labelle, she had known before.



As that name was not among those registered as sailing in the boat, this was interesting—a man with nothing to hide does not usually use an alias. Questioned by the indefatigable Burns, the woman's description of the man tallied with that of Lacouceur. So, returning to Dawson, Burns set himself to trace that elusive person, only to discover that though Labelle-Lacouceur had been there, he had left. What, however, Burns did discover was that Forest, too, was using a second name—Fournier. Furthermore, that he was in Dawson.

From that moment, Fournier was trailed. A further wire was dispatched to Vancouver authorizing the arrest of Labelle-Lacouceur on a charge of murder. When, a few days later, boat No. 3744 was found, and in it rope similar to that about the body of the dead Beaudoin, Fournier, also, was arrested.

That this was taking the big chance, no one realized more keenly than Inspector Routledge; sure as he was that he had collected the killers, by no means was his case cut and dried; it would be necessary to discover a lot more evidence before he could hope for conviction by a jury. And, there being nothing incriminating about boat No. 3744 except the fact of its abandonment, and the rope already mentioned, intensive search would have to be made of the river banks, particularly of any place where it was obvious that camp had been made.

Detective Walsh, of Vancouver, meantime, was occupied in a full-time job in his search for Labelle, one that eventually took him over the border to Seattle. There he found a man who professed himself able to prove that at the time of the murder Labelle was not on the Yukon River but in America. Routledge's counter was to send hot-foot for the man—named Rook—from whom Lacouceur had bought a rifle.

Meantime, it was discovered that both Labelle and "Black" Fournier were confirmed criminals, and that they had served prison sentences together at Dawson. A dis-

concerting circumstance, however, was that Rook's description of the former was of an entirely different type to the man of that name who had been in Dawson jail.

Then, quite suddenly, this lesser mystery began to clarify. The description given of Labelle by a man who had seen him in Dawson that August was identical with the description as recorded by Rook. Further, Labelle had sported a pick-and-shovel tie-pin that, worn by a man who gave his name alternatively as Labelle, Ladinceur and Letoureau, was traced through several American cities: Missoula and Butte, Montana; Spokane, Washington; Ogden, Utah; Wadsworth, Nevada—and here it was found that the so-badly wanted man had joined a gang of navvies.

In the make-up of a tramp, Walsh, too, went to Wadsworth; presented his credentials to the foreman, who threw himself heartily into the search.

The personnel of several camps were inspected without success, though on one excuse or another Rook went into every tent.

At last, as he came out of one, he touched his hat in the already agreed upon signal. Labelle was there, not as Labelle, but as "Stone". And one of the first things Rook did was to recognize Stone as the man to whom he had sold a gun at Whitehorse. Also, and to Walsh's relief, Labelle made no objection to being taken to Canada.

Then, for the Mounted Police, began the old and well-tried device of playing off one prisoner against another. Convinced that Fournier had put all the blame on his partner, Labelle had no hesitation in following that example. The three men had been murdered, he admitted, but the killing had been without his knowledge. In Dawson, Fournier gave a similar explanation.

Actually, of course, each was in it to the neck. Formerly saloon runner in Dawson, Fournier had been at a loose end when the Police imposed restrictions that deprived him of that underworld occupation. Eventually, collecting Labelle, he had returned to Whitehorse with what little

money he could raise; there, after buying a rifle and a boat—his companion had a revolver already—the pair went to seek their victims on the incoming trains from Skagway.

Three fellow French-Canadians—Beaudoin, Bouthillette and Constantin—appeared, and were promptly offered, and accepted, a cheap fare to the diggings in the gangsters' boat.

Not quite a week later the party made camp near a swamp not far from Stewart. Constantin was cooking breakfast when he was shot—by whom did not transpire. Looking out from his tent to discover what had occasioned the firing, Bouthillette was shot as well; Beaudoin came out of his tent, to be the third victim. Then the bodies were sunk, the money found on them divided, and their clothes and blankets sold in Dawson for what they would fetch.

Nor were these their only murders—within fourteen days they had shot another man in similar circumstances, and divided the six hundred odd dollars found on the body.

At the trial, that took place in Dawson, each of the accused tried to shift responsibility for the actual shooting on to his confederate; had this plea succeeded, there was the bare chance that one or other would have been acquitted on the capital charge. The attempt was abortive if only because Corporal Piper, who had been putting in intensive work at the scene of the crime, had discovered empty cartridge cases both for a rifle and a revolver—Labelle the owner of the one, Fournier of the other.

Each was convicted, and each was hanged.

Though it occupied more than six months in time, more personnel than could adequately be spared from routine duty, and a heart-breaking amount of money, the case served to prove that at any cost the Mounted Police were there to see that, pioneer conditions or no, law and order would be maintained in the Yukon, and the criminal of whatever type or nationality brought relentlessly to justice.

When the gold rush had died to normal proportions, and there was time to take stock, the official figures showed that the number of craft that had passed down the river

from Whitehorse was slightly more than 7000, carrying more than 30,000 passengers, and that of the only three killings that had transpired, in each case the murderer had been brought to trial.

To accomplish what, unquestionably, was one of the outstanding feats in Police history, the Force responsible numbered less than two hundred of all ranks.

## CHAPTER XIX

### The Yukon Gold Rush (*continued*)

**I**T was not long before conditions in the newly created city of Dawson were equally satisfactory.

It was but a matter of weeks before Constantine and his hard-worked band, only too often, underfed Police had brought to that overnight city of profiteering, gambling and applied licentiousness, a respect for order and a sense of security that hitherto had been regarded as impossible in pioneer conditions. It is indicative both of the quality of the superintendent's work, and the respect in which he was held, that when he came to leave for the Outside the miners subscribed to present him with a eulogistically worded address and a considerable sum in gold dust.

The time arrived when it was necessary to transport to Victoria the \$150,000 of gold that had accumulated in the Dawson banks, and as the latter part of the journey would be through territory controlled by Soapy Smith, the job was entrusted to Inspector Wood, who, with the influx from the sea slowed down, had moved his detachment from Skagway to Bennett.

The tiny escort of constables who went with him, and who carried the money in nothing more invulnerable than their kit-bags, negotiated the enemy territory without molestation as far as Dyea, from where the remainder of the journey was by water.

In the middle of the bay, when a boatload of Soapy's thugs appeared, and made for them at top speed, it began to look as if there was going to be trouble. Wood's reaction to the threat was to announce that once they came within range the shooting would begin, and furthermore, would

continue for just so long as was necessary. With typical circumspection, the gangsters withdrew—and remained—out of distance.

At Skagway, where the gold was to be delivered to the skipper of the C.P.R. steamer *Tartar*, they found the wharf crowded with others of Soapy's men. Outnumbered by some fifty to one as they were, but for circumstances for which, quite obviously, the would-be robbers were unprepared, it is probable that both the gold and the lives of the escort would have been lost.

But—what must have been highly disconcerting to the gangsters—the rail of the *Tartar* was lined with sailors who were covering the wharf with rifles, and (though it was not explained what an armed force of the British Crown was doing in United States territory) advancing from the land side with rifles at the slope, a squad of Royal Naval Reservists. As it turned out, then, nothing more lethal occurred than a more or less cordial invitation from Soapy Smith to Wood to “stay over for a few days”.

From that time forward the gold convoys reached, and were dispatched from, Skagway without trouble. There was an occasion when Inspector Starnes and three constables loaded no less than five tons of gold on the steamer at Dawson, escorted it to Skagway, there reloaded it on to a steamer for Seattle, from Seattle transferred it to another steamer for Vancouver, at Vancouver cashed the gold for coin, took it by train to Ottawa and there delivered it to the Canadian Treasury—a journey of 3000 miles that was accomplished without any attempt at molestation whatever.

With the Yukon separated from the North-West Territories, and a Legislative Council formed, of which Steele—promoted Lieutenant-Colonel in command of all the Police in the Yukon and British Columbia—was elected a member, Starnes took over at Dawson.

His first and most important duty was to cope with an epidemic of scurvy and typhoid that threatened to decimate the district. Fresh meat, poultry, eggs and vegetables were



CONSTABLES OF THE R.C.M.P. OUTSIDE A PROSPECTOR'S CABIN, MAYO, Y.T.





hurried in from the Outside and turned over to the hospitals as they arrived.

With an initial average of fifty arrests a day, crime was dealt with immediately and ruthlessly. No claim, however isolated, but was visited at intervals by the ubiquitous Red-coats. In Dawson itself, Sergeant Wilson and his staff of four Police were in and out of every gambling joint, dance hall, and theatre at all hours. A censorship was established, and enforced, on the script of plays and vaudeville songs and sketches. The sale of intoxicants was forbidden without a licence, and these issued only to applicants of good repute. All places of public resort had to be kept scrupulously clean; the restaurants were permitted to serve only water that had previously been boiled. Financed lavishly by fines exacted by breaches of law, a Board of Health was established to run the hospitals.

As well, the Force carried mails, collected customs, escorted gold—so trusted were the Red-coats that more often than not a consignment was handed over to them without even the formality of preliminary weighing—wrote letters for the illiterate and replied to world-wide inquiries for the missing; cared for and fed the destitute; helped the limping along the trails; nursed the sick until room could be found for them in the over-worked hospitals; tended the dying; buried the dead.

It was in connexion with the telegraph service that a crime occurred which for patience in investigation must constitute a record even for the Mounted Police. If the claim—never, incidentally, advanced by themselves—that the “Mounties always get their man” is, of necessity, exaggerated, at least it can be said that the instances where a murderer has escaped their arm have been due to no lack either of determination or persistence in the investigation. In more instances than not, these failures have occurred because, after a long chase, the hounds have been called off on the ground of expense.

Eloquent of the quality of the Force was the loyalty of

its members to the Service. In a country where "the gold could be shovelled up in a spoon"; where reports of strikes of unimagined richness were coming in twice or three times a day; where labour was paid at astronomic rates; where it was not uncommon for a claim bought originally for \$50 to be sold for a hundred times that sum within a few days, and with the bare necessities of life at king's ransom prices, these men with pay at the rate of a dollar or so a day, and that mostly in areas (on one occasion in the early days Starnes pledged his personal credit to the extent of \$200,000 to enable him to liquidate Government commitments and pay his men six months' back reckonings), resisted all temptations to enter less exacting and more remunerative employment. Taking it all in all, no Force in the world's history ever deserved better of its country than did the North-West Mounted Police in its conduct of the Klondyke Gold Rush.

Following service in the South African War, Commissioner Herchmer resigned, and was replaced by A. B. Perry, promoted from superintendent for the purpose. One of his first reforms was materially to reduce the amount of pipe-claying, by changing the uniform of the Force to one more suitable to the work and times. Retaining the scarlet tunic, he discarded the white helmet for the sun-defying, though equally picturesque, Stetson. He it was also who extended and modernized the Criminal Investigation Branch.

With the South African War, though these "Riders of the Plains" would have been ideal troops for the mounted infantry for which there was such urgent demand, the situation in the North-West was such that the removal of any considerable body of Police could not have been arranged without the risk of disorder, hence the Force was unable to be sent as a self-contained unit. But though forbidden by the terms of their service to volunteer, there were many who applied for and obtained indefinite leave of absence; others who bought their discharge only to re-enlist on their return to Canada.

Hence, both Lord Strathcona's Horse and the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles were officered almost entirely from serving or former members of the Force—with not a few marked out for distinction. Sergeant A. H. Richardson of Battleford, for example, was awarded the highest honour of all—the Victoria Cross; ex-Constable Charlie Ross, who had gone out on the chance of adventure, rose to the command of the Scouts with whom he enlisted as a trooper.

In December, 1899, the Canadian Government recruited three batteries of artillery and a further two mounted units from Eastern Canada, Manitoba and Alberta, and Saskatchewan respectively. The latter, known as the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles—half of whom were from the N.W.M.P.—was commanded by Colonel L. W. Herchmer.

The regiment embarked on 27th January, 1900, in the *Pomeranian*, a supremely uncomfortable ship whose hospital was immediately above the propeller, and that had sleeping accommodation for only half the contingent.

A distinguished company in embryo, those men of the 2nd C.M.R.'s. D Squadron, for example, was commanded by Major G. E. Sanders,<sup>1</sup> afterwards Colonel Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O., for many years Police Magistrate at Calgary, with Captain A. C. Macdonnel—afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Macdonnel, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., later to command the First Canadian Division in the greater war that was to follow, as second in command; Hallam, later Brigadier-General, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., as Squadron Sergeant-Major. The Regimental Sergeant-Major was Inspector Church; the Sergeant-Major of C Squadron, De Rossiter, later to lose his life as transport officer of the 42nd Royal Highlanders of Canada in the Great War. Ritchie, later Superintendent of D Division, R.C.M.P., was Orderly-Room Sergeant, with Justus Wilson, later Lieutenant-Colonel, junior sergeant of C Squadron. Fitzgerald—who was to lose his life in such

<sup>1</sup>Second in command of the battalion in which the author served in the late war; later promoted to command the 2nd Canadian Pioneers.

heroic circumstances a few years later—was a corporal.

The regiment disembarked at Table Bay on 27th February, and went into camp for organization and training at Green Point. Leaving Cape Town by rail for Victoria West on 8th March, they began the long, heart-breaking trek over the Karroo Desert to de Arr, Norvals Point, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, Pretoria, *et al.* With the horses wholly unacclimatized, of those they brought from Canada only fifty-eight were left by November.

“We were hungry, dirty and ragged all the time,” wrote W. A. Griesbach—later Major-General W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D. “The supply service was sketchy, the medical service even more so. What you could not carry on your horse you did not have.”

Considering the circumstances, however, the regiment were fortunate—losing only twenty-eight of their number in killed, wounded, missing and from disease.

## CHAPTER XX

### The O'Brien Murders

ON Christmas Day, 1899, Corporal Ryan, in charge of the detachment at Hotchiku, Yukon Territory, was anxiously awaiting the arrival of his friend Ole Oleson, who was in charge of the tree-to-tree telegraph line, to help eat the turkey that already was sizzling on the stove.

Even, however, if the dinner was spoiled, it would be through no fault of the Swede. When the engagement was made four days before, the weather had been cold, with the trails in hard condition. Since, however, and following a thaw, there had been two severe snowstorms, probably there was an unusual amount of repair work to be done. Ole would show up as soon as he could, anyway; in the meantime there was nothing for it but to wait.

When a full week had gone by, however, with still no sign of his friend, Ryan was a very worried man indeed. An accident that in a township would result possibly in a week or so in bed, may mean death on a forty to sixty below zero trail, and with no human being to bring first, or any other, aid.

But if Oleson could not come to Hotchiku, at least there was nothing to prevent Ryan from setting out in search of Oleson. After all, to trace the missing and take care of stragglers is part of a Mounted Policeman's job.

The Pork Trail, by which the food-trains travelled to Dawson, and with due regard for deviations in its course, follows the Dawson River, was the one taken by Oleson, and on that New Year's Eve, this was the one down which Ryan rushed.

It was when he had covered some eight miles that

suddenly he checked. Even if it was covered by the recent snowfall, as a good trailsman he knew that not so long ago a path had been trodden at right angles from the main trail. And though probably there was nothing to it, experience having taught him that it did not do to take things too much for granted, it was up to him to discover where those so-faintly indicated footsteps led.

He found that the track ended in a clearing. Here, and directly facing the trail, was one of those half-tent, half-huts that, by rigging a tarpaulin over a log-built foundation, is known as a "permanent camp".

For a long moment Ryan stared, wondering what possible use anyone could find for a camp half a mile from the trail, and more than double that distance from the river. On the face of it, it just didn't make sense.

When he came to see what was inside, moreover, he realized that the two who had been its occupants must have left in something of a hurry. What was more queer still, they had left a considerable quantity of supplies behind—including, of all invaluable stores, a perfectly good cook-stove.

When he came to examine those things in detail, however, the corporal began to see light. If he was not more mistaken than he thought, these were some of the goods that had been looted from a scow ice-bound near Selkirk. It was a discovery that would be of particular interest to his friend Constable Pennycuik, who was in charge of the detachment there.

Later in the day, Ryan called in for a chat with Mr. and Mrs. Russell who kept the bunkhouse at Minto.

"Sure Ole's bin here," they told him. "Left on Christmas mornin' with Fred Clayson an' Linn Relfe. Said he was callin' in to eat his dinner with you, an' hoped you'd managed to rustle a turkey."

"Is that so!" Ryan said slowly, eyes and jaw suddenly hard, for in the last few days nothing had been heard of the other two men either.

Whereupon, he returned hot-foot to Hotchiku, and from there, gaining touch with Constable Pennycuick, arranged to meet him at the permanent camp.

Once within the tent, Pennycuick stiffened; pointed. "See that stove—and the way the two draught-holes overlap so as to form the figure 8?" he demanded. Then, in response to Ryan's nod: "The last time I saw that stove was at Hell Gate—in the camp of two men called Miller and Ross."

Ryan started. Hell Gate was where the frozen-in scow had been raided.

"As a matter of fact," Pennycuick went on, "the evidence against those two for the robbery was so clear that I applied for a warrant. The trouble was, that by the time it reached me, they'd made their getaway. We'll get on with the search, shall we?"

It was only a few moments later that, with a broken-off cry, Ryan held out two objects for Pennycuick's inspection—a file and a pair of pliers.

"The only tools Ole took with him on that repair job," he said harshly and reached for his pack. "It's time we sent a report of this to Division," he explained, and left to do so.

As a result, Inspector Scarth, O.C. Headquarters at Dawson, sounded the tocsin for Miller and Ross to be "brought in".

A large order, on the face of it, but with two separate elements in favour of the search. By no route to the Outside was it possible to avoid the various Police Posts, and by using the newly established telegraph service a cordon could be thrown out at either end of the trail.

Meantime, the results of other inquiries had proved more than interesting. While Oleson was respected as a decent, hard-working citizen, Clayson came from a substantial family in Seattle, and the well-liked, twenty-year-old Relfe was the sole support of his widowed mother, "Boss" Miller and Ross were in a less desirable category.

The former, whose real name was O'Brien, had come to Canada from Birmingham after serving seven years in Dartmoor for attempted murder. He met his fellow-townsmen, Ross—whose real name was Graves—while each was serving a sentence in Dawson jail. It was during this term that he put a proposition to two American fellow-prisoners, named Kid West—who boasted of having been hired to shoot deserters from the Chinese army—and a professional thief named Sutton, that even those two gangsters turned down in horror.

A few days after Inspector Scarth had sent out his S.O.S., important news came in. At Tagish, on the Canadian side of the Alaskan border, Sergeant Graham had noticed in the barrack stable a strange sleigh, and a team of black horses that he was told had pulled into the Post in charge of a man named O'Brien. And among the stores in the sleigh was a Mounted Police robe.

Tackled with having stolen this, O'Brien, a dark, strongly built man with shiftily, light grey eyes, protested that it had been given him by the Superintendent at Dawson.

Incredulous, Graham wired to Dawson, only to receive a reply that confirmed O'Brien's story, so there was no alternative but to release the prisoner.

Later, however, it occurred to Inspector Scarth that the description in Graham's telegram tallied almost exactly with that of the subject of Constable Pennycuik's report. Without more ado, then, O'Brien was rearrested.

Even then, however, it had to be admitted that beyond a dark and, failing expert analysis, unidentifiable stain on the sleigh, there was nothing to suggest that the prisoner was concerned in anything more serious than looting the scow. Nor, apart from a pair of binoculars, any article in his pack but might be found in the effects of ninety-nine Northmen in a hundred. Nevertheless, the case was of sufficient importance to send Inspector Scarth to Selkirk to make his own inquiries.

Meantime, the search of the permanent camp by Cor-



poral Ryan and Constable Pennycuick had spread to its immediate surroundings, and it was not long before they made some interesting discoveries.

There were bloodstains on the river ice, and a patch of yellow hair that might well have come from O'Brien's dog. It was only after the snow had been cleared over a considerable area, and holes cut in the ice to enable the river to be dragged, that a mail-driver came forward with the information that both blood and hair were from one of his dog-team that had injured itself in crossing the river.

By now it was the middle of February. Nothing of moment had been discovered, and with Corporal Ryan badly needed at Hotchiku, it looked as if the search would have to be abandoned, and the Ole Oleson case put on file.

"With your permission, sir," Pennycuick said quietly, "Constable McGuire and myself are staying right here. What's more, we're going to reopen the case from the beginning."

Inspector Scarth did not hesitate. An incompleated case was against the traditions of the Force, and Pennycuick seemed to possess a sixth sense that already had marked him out for promotion.

"Go right to it," he agreed. "Keep me posted as to your progress, and let me know if you need any help."

Then began a wearying, nerve-racking search of the permanent camp, that for a long time resulted only in the discovery of a few metal buttons and the eyelets of moccasins in the burnt-out ashes of the stove. Nevertheless, as showing that a considerable amount of clothing had been burnt before the camp was evacuated, this was not without significance. In a district more than a thousand miles from the source of supply, men did not destroy their clothes without good reason.

More or less encouraged, the two constables turned then to the outside of the camp. Slowly, painfully, putting each separate inch of ground through a fine-tooth comb,, they

followed the track to the Pork Trail, and it was here they found the first real clue. Trained in observation as he was, Pennycuick noticed several faint depressions in the ground.

"Guess those were clearly defined trails before the snow came," he pronounced slowly. "Anyway, we'll find out where they lead."

They found that one track ended in a man-made clearing, about a hundred feet by fifty, that was considerably higher than the surrounding country.

"Fellow who cut these trees used an axe with a notch out of the blade," he pointed out to McGuire, indicating the tell-tale surface of the stumps.

Then began a further inch-by-inch search that, though only the more tedious because they had no least idea of what they were looking for, resulted in the clue that was to swing the obscuring curtain from one of the most terrible mysteries in Canadian criminal history.

Straightening himself from a long-drawn-out examination of the snow, Pennycuick found that, at a point from where the Pork Trail branched off, he had a view of the river. With that discovery came the recollection that among the effects of the arrested O'Brien had been a pair of field-glasses!

"Pretty handy place, this, to ambush anyone who happened to turn off to the Pork Trail," he suggested slowly. "Or, even to hurry ahead and intercept anyone who kept to the river—especially with a headquarters a few hundred yards away, whose existence wouldn't be suspected in a thousand years. I guess, now, we'll get back to the camp."

Here, it was not long before Pennycuick noticed something that had escaped his attention hitherto—a tiny mound in the snow. Uncovered, this revealed an axe with a badly notched blade!

"In the light of this, it's time we followed those other tracks to the Pork Trail," he pronounced. "Maybe they'll tell us quite a lot."

They did. One, after running for a distance parallel with the river, converged to a hide-up in the scrub.

"Here's the river ambush, all right," Pennycuick pointed out, and stood for a moment without speaking. Suddenly his face lighted.

"I'll bet you can't guess what I'm going to do now," he said at last.

McGuire shook his head.

"No. What?" he asked.

"Send for O'Brien's dog," said Pennycuick.

When the animal arrived, Pennycuick took him some distance from the permanent camp. Then, sharply:

"Home!" he ordered.

The dog looked at him, recognized a master, and trotted obediently away—directly to the clearing and to the camp. Here, with the air of long custom, he curled contentedly before the stove!

"That tells us one thing we need to know, anyway," said Pennycuick.

It was March by now, a day of sunshine warm enough to melt the upper surface of snow. Collecting the dog, the constables set out for the Pork Trail again.

But before they reached there, the dog jerked to a sudden halt; swerved aside as if avoiding something directly in his path.

"That's queer," remarked Pennycuick, and went over to see what it was to which the dog objected.

To find, exposed by the melted snow, two patches of blood.

"Well, that settles *that*!" McGuire remarked. "This is where Oleson was murdered, and the sooner O'Brien's brought to trial, the sooner he'll be hanged."

"We've to find the body first, don't forget," Pennycuick reminded him. His mouth set grimly. "And that we're going to do if we have to put every inch of soil over a twenty-mile radius through a fine-net sieve."

Sometimes with brooms, at others with shovels, but

more often scrubbing through the snow with bare hands, from earliest dawn to the last moment of the quickly descending dusk, those two worked; sifting, analysing. But for long with no hint of reward.

"Here's something, anyway," McGuire called one day, and held up a 40-82 calibre cartridge case. "Not that there's any proof it was fired by O'Brien," he added doubtfully.

"We'll take a look at the trees, anyway," suggested Pennycuick, and began the new search straight away.

"Just as I thought," he cried at last, and pointed to a place in a trunk where a bullet had scarred the bark. Farther on, moreover, he found other trees similarly marked.

Producing notebook and pencil, he began to work out trajectory and line of flight. When he got to his feet, he strode confidently to a certain spot in the scrub.

"Those bullets were fired from here," he pronounced. "Now we know that, we know exactly where to go on with the search."

The smaller area was not long in providing results, for it was on the next day that he made the most important discovery to date—bone splinters. Human, too, if Pennycuick was any judge. Further search, as well, brought to light several flattened bullets.

"I think this about settles it," McGuire remarked the next day, when he joined his fellow-constable for their alfresco lunch, and handed over a receipt for supplies that was made out in the name of O'Brien. "You found anything?"

"Only this," Pennycuick said quietly, and held out an object from which McGuire shrank involuntarily—a human tooth with still adhering to it lead from the bullet that had carried it away.

"Now there's more snow gone, we'll take a look at the outside of that camp again," Pennycuick decided.

After another intensive search, here, again, luck was with them.

The first find was to the last degree confirmative of what already had been discovered. Deep below the snow was a linesman's belt, similar to the one Oleson had used for his work. The ashes of an old fire yielded evidence of more burnt clothing, a knife, and a number of keys.

"We've found all this place has to show us," Pennycuick said with a glance at the search-raddled ground. "Now the ice is going, what about taking a look at the river?"

"See that?" he exclaimed a few hours later, and pointed to a place where it looked as if the ice had been broken, subsequently to be frozen over again. Fitting as it did his now clear-cut suspicions, this was a circumstance of interesting potentialities.

"What we need now," he said quietly, "is some more men and a few sets of grappling irons."

Ensued a search of the river that for difficulty and minuteness was comparable only with what had gone before. Until the accumulating freshet swept away the ice, whole stretches of the river were blasted, and what lay beneath examined through a water-glass.

With "break-up", moreover, instead of slackening, the search extended to the shore. For no less than thirty-five miles every inch of each bank, every shallow, sand-bar, and island, was examined.

Yet it was not until 11th May, by which time Pennycuick had been on the job for four months and a half, that the correctness of his theory was proved beyond reasonable doubt. One of the searchers, busy at a sand-bar not far from Selkirk, gave a shout:

"Here you are!"

There, in the shallows, was the body.

Not, however, of Oleson, but of Clayson.

"That's only the first," Pennycuick prophesied grimly, and ordered the search to continue.

On 11th June they found Relfe.

"There's another one yet," Pennycuick insisted, and carried on relentlessly with the search.

On 27th June they found what was left of Oleson.

In common with his two friends, he had been shot.

All, then, that remained for Pennycuick, was to correlate the evidence against O'Brien, prepare detailed sketches of the trails that led to his camp, and assemble the witnesses, of whom there were no less than eighty.

It was this last that was the chief difficulty; in that country of transients those material to the prosecution had scattered so widely that it took a year to reassemble them. And as an example of tenacity in investigation, it may be said that even international complications did not deter the Police from the path they had set themselves to follow.

Kid West, who, on his release from jail, had left for America rather than run the risk of rearrest for vagrancy, was at liberty only a few days before earning a long-term sentence for robbery in Seattle.

Despite a campaign against his leaving America so bitter than the Canadian Government disclaimed responsibility for any application for extradition, a long and doubtless pleasurable trip, and a bonus of five dollars a day, was too much for Kid West. Nor, to be fair, had he any sympathy with the murderer. As, quite reasonably, he pointed out: "If dis t'ing goes on, de nex guy who stages a little hold-up is liable to get forty years."

Thus at the trial, with each step of his damning summary the Crown Prosecutor was able to produce living testimony as to the accuracy of the evidence that was to be brought to bear. He told how, having robbed the scow, O'Brien and Graves fled from the inquisitiveness of Constable Pennycuick to the desolate country around Hotchiku; of the permanent camp—including the tell-tale stove and of the observation posts and ambushes that had been prepared in readiness for the cold-blooded murder and robbery of wayfarers.

It was at five minutes past nine on Christmas morning—Relfe's watch had stopped at that hour—when the first fruits of that awful sowing were gathered. Unfortunately

for the chance of any permanent harvest, however, instead of using the short-cut across the bend, the three men who were to be the first victims had continued along the river trail.

Inconvenient, this, for O'Brien; the snow was shallow there and so would readily show signs of a struggle. He sent Graves to fire on them, so that they would make for cover to a certain already selected thicket. Loosing off his rifle as he ran, O'Brien, too, emerged from hiding.

Fifteen feet from the river, Clayson was the first to fall. Zigzagging to the left of the trail, Relfe received a bullet through the brain.

Now, desperate in case the third of the trio—poor Oleson—should escape to betray them, both murderers were firing—the splintered trees told the story as plainly as if it had been written. When, eventually, the Swede fell, he was still more than forty feet from the river, and even then, only wounded. He fought, but they battered at him until he, too, was dead—and in dying, left those so-elocuent patches of blood.

Each brick mortared by irrefutable evidence either of footprints, a bone splinter, an empty cartridge-case, a measurement, the lead-bespattered tooth that fitted with such minute accuracy into Relfe's jawbone, the edifice of proof was built. No wonder that, in connexion with O'Brien, a reporter wrote: "He looks downcast, like a man who has a corner on sober reflection."

Crown counsel went on to show how the bodies were stripped and the clothing and effects carried to the camp for examination; then, with the reward of murder divided between the killers, the bodies thrust through the ice at the place indicated by Pennycuick's diagram.

Clayson's keys—that fitted drawers brought into court from his home—and Oleson's file, belt and pliers were produced. Also—conclusive proof in itself—the notch-bladed axe was identified by a constable as one given to O'Brien when, on leaving Dawson jail, his own could not be found.

"And so ended," prosecuting counsel completed his speech by adding, "the murderers' Christmas Day."

Never was guilt more deeply driven home. A Mrs. Prather, for example, had had a narrow escape two days after the killing. She and her husband had been uncertain of the direction, and at a time when Prather had gone ahead to find the trail, there was something furtive about the man who, accompanied by a St. Bernard dog, loomed suddenly out of the darkness. When, however, her husband reappeared, the stranger's demeanour changed as he followed them to the bunkhouse.

Here occurred an incident that was not the least convincing of all the multitudinous proofs of guilt. At a time when he thought himself unobserved, the stranger, whom the Prathers identified as O'Brien, was counting his money. Among that ill-gotten treasure was a curiously shaped nugget—"like a hand holding another nugget"—and to the Prathers that gold was as familiar as if it had been their own.

Given to him by the original finder, George Nobel of Dawson, for many years it had been one of the most prized possessions of their friend, Linn Relfe. And though it was not found on O'Brien when he was arrested, sewn between the soles of his moccasins were the two \$100 bills for which, presumably, he had sold it.

As, in turn, they took the oath, each of the eighty witnesses only hammered home his guilt. The analyst testified that the stain on O'Brien's sleigh was of human blood. A man swore to having sold a pair of expensive horses to O'Brien, who had not owned the price of a shakedown a few days before. The altruistic Kid West testified to the suggestion O'Brien had put up to him in Dawson jail. The bodies of the murdered men were identified time and time again.

Brilliant as it was, the defence was hopeless from the start, and in less than a couple of hours from their retirement the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and with no recommendation to mercy.



On 23rd August, twenty months after his crime, and following upon an expenditure of no less than \$23,000, the murderer was hanged.

Had he made a confession, which he did not, it might equally have included the killing of his partner who, without question, and for his own security, O'Brien shot dead.

For later Graves's bullet-ridden body was found in the bush—close to the Murder Trail.

## CHAPTER XXI

### An Amazing Plot. Bill Miner, Train Robber

**T**HOUGH the Soapy Smith gang had scattered, its activities were only forced underground.

Some of the more influential of the members had crossed the border to Whitehorse, then in charge of Inspector A. E. Synder, and it was not long before that officer had reason to suspect the presence of an influence that was adverse to himself, his work, and worse than all, to the whole Dominion of Canada.

Quietly, unobtrusively, he set to work to discover exactly who was in that movement, and what, exactly, was that movement's objective. Day by day, item by item, from a hint dropped here and a careless word there, he began to see light. But not until, "from information received", he found occasion to raid a stable in an obscure part of the town, did the incredible truth come to light.

Briefly, from documents found there, it was evident the plot was simultaneously to overpower the Police, seize every mine and bank in the Yukon, separate the Yukon Territory from Canada and declare it as a separate republic. True, the plan had not reached the stage when there was any chance of its success—the Police had been too alert for that—but it was well on its way to maturity.

Already caches of arms had been established at strategic points throughout the Territory; maps prepared indicating the places to be attacked, with a list of Police Posts, showing the personnel of each. Even the seal of the new republic, with the design of a white horse—now in the possession of

the North-West Mounted Police Veterans' Association at Vancouver—had been struck.

Once the only half-hatched conspiracy was revealed, it was easy to deal with. Disposing adequately of the situation in Whitehorse, Synder wired to Dawson, who took equally effective measures at that end; reported in detail to Ottawa; dispatched Inspector Harrigan to a by-now comparatively innocuous Skagway to lay the situation before the American authorities.

Seeing, and recognizing, the red light, the conspirators made their customary hasty exit under threat. And at that, with traditional objection to self-advertisement, the Mounted Police were content to leave it.

In the June of two years later, 1904, a notice appeared in the *Canada Gazette* that gave expression to the universal appreciation for work well and truly performed:

"His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to confer the title of 'Royal' upon the North-West Mounted Police."

"The Force," Commissioner Perry wrote in his report for the year, "is deeply sensible of the high honour which has been conferred on it, and I trust it will continue by loyalty, integrity, and devotion to duty to merit the great distinction which His Majesty has been so graciously pleased to bestow upon it."

Apart from a bloodless hold-up of the Prince Albert-Qu'Appelle mail at Humbolt in the July of 1886, in connexion with which the highwayman was arrested by the N.W.M.P. in Prince Albert a few days later and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, one of the few occasions since the old bad days when the American gangster attempted to extend operations over the Canadian border occurred on 2nd September, 1904. Further, this was the one and only time when the "bad men" succeeded in "getting away with it".

Unlike the majority of gangsters, American or otherwise, there was a certain picturesqueness about the veteran

Bill Miner, who in his home town in the United States was supposed to be a prospector. Periodically, he would leave on a trip, to return with a handsome stake that he would spend lavishly, and to the delight of the children with whom he was such a favourite.

Having graduated from holding up the old Denver stage coach, actually Miner was an extremely successful train robber. Eventually he crossed over to Canada, and on 2nd September, 1904, robbed a mail train at Mission Junction, British Columbia, of \$45,000 in bonds, after which he retired expediently across the border. In passing, it may be mentioned that at this time the Mounted Police had no jurisdiction in the province.

Two years later, having received information of extensive shipments of money for the relief of indigents left by the San Francisco earthquake, Miner returned, this time with two companions, Shorty Dunn and Louis Colquhoun. All three took jobs on a ranch until the time arrived for action. That came at Ducks, near Kamloops, B.C., on 8th May, 1906; the objective, a C.P.R. mail train that was carrying no less than \$160,000 in money.

Though, with the train-hands covered by revolvers, the hold-up took place according to plan, due to Miner's carelessness the enterprise was a failure. The car the robbers detached from the train and ran down the line for the purpose of blowing up the safe was not the car that contained the money, but the mail car, and the haul from that was comparatively poor.

This time, with Miner's escape of a couple of years before in mind, R. Marpole, superintendent of the C.P.R., suggested that the provincial police should enlist the help of the R.N.W.M.P. Accordingly, on 10th May, two separate parties pulled out from Calgary for the purpose of rounding up the robbers.

The first party of ten, under Inspector Church, made for the border country south of Penticton to prevent the wanted men escaping to the United States; the second,

under Staff-Sergeant J. J. Wilson (later to be killed in a motor accident), consisted of Sergeant P. G. Thomas, Corporal (afterwards Superintendent) Shoebbotham, Corporals Stewart and Peters, Constables Browning and Taba-teau, and civilian guide Slim Jim Benyon.

The ranch where Miner and his fellow-robbers had been working was near Grande Prairie, about a hundred miles south of Kamloops, and it was in this direction that Wilson headed.

At Douglas Lake, about eighty-five miles from Kamloops, the party encountered Constable Fernie of the British Columbia Police, who reported that he had seen three men, whom he thought to be the robbers, crossing a road not far down the trail.

They followed this trail, eventually to discover their men in a wood that the Police promptly surrounded. As Sergeant Thomas covered Miner, Shorty Dunn fired, grazing Wilson's left side. One of the other policemen replied, Dunn was hit in the leg, made a bolt for cover, but fell into a ditch, and in this position surrendered.

Under the menace of half a dozen rifles, the other two followed his example, were bound, and lodged in Kamloops jail. Tried before Mr. Justice Hunter, all three were sentenced to long terms in New Westminster penitentiary, from where they succeeded in escaping a year or so later. It was due to the promptness with which the gang was rounded up that Marpole requested that detachments of the R.N.W.M.P. should operate in British Columbia, though it was some years before the recommendation was put into effect.

From that time forward, however, Miner confined his train-robbing exploits to America, and he was never caught. He died some years later, after spending all his money on clearing from debt a decent widow—claiming, untruthfully, that the money had been given to him by her husband for the purpose. His boast at the end was that in all his career he had never taken a human life.

Warned by past failures, few further attempts were made by American criminals to establish gang methods in Canada. The most serious foray from across the border was in April, 1924, when a raid on the Bank of Hotchelaga, Montreal, was planned by a gang of eleven, named respectively Serafini, Frank, More, Cambino, Davis, Carreri, Nieri, Arena, Purillo, Valentino and Stone.

The bandits' car was drawn across the end of a subway through which passed the bank motor-car that carried \$142,000 in money. When the bank car slowed at the obstruction, the bandits opened fire with sawn-off shot-guns, rifles and revolvers. Harry Cleroux, the bank chauffeur, was killed, as was one of the bandits—Stone—in the return fire. Eventually the three bank guards ran out of ammunition, and under the threat of their guns, the bandits emptied the car and got away.

When the pockets of the dead robber came to be searched, however, a slip of paper was found upon which was a column of figures—each the telephone number of one of the wanted men. With the exception of Carreri, Arena and Purillo, the gang were rounded up within a few hours.

Serafini, Frank, More and Cambino were hanged; Valentino extradited from America, and Davis and Purillo sentenced to life imprisonment. Neiri, who turned King's evidence, was set free, only subsequently to be murdered in Italy.

In December, 1935—twelve years later, Carreri was brought from San Francisco to take his trial, but so many of the original witnesses were dead that there was no alternative but to acquit him for lack of conclusive evidence.

Thus, of the eleven who took part in the hold-up, only one, Arena, was not brought to trial.

## CHAPTER XXII

### A Canadian Jack Sheppard

ON the day in 1902 when he arrested Ernest Cashel at Ponoka, Alberta, on a charge of passing a forged cheque on a Calgary storekeeper, Constable Rubbra, of the Red Deer detachment, had no suspicion either of his prisoner's past record, or that the mild-mannered twenty-year-old Texan he did not think it necessary even to handcuff was to cause the Force more trouble than almost any criminal in its history. Actually, released from a year's imprisonment at the age of fifteen, Cashel had blazed such a trail of theft, forgery, and violence in the next few years that when, expediently, he crossed to Canada in the guise of a cow-puncher, he was wanted by practically every southern State in the Union.

Fortunately for Constable Rubbra, his chief decided to act as Cashel's escort on the train journey to Calgary; on the way had no hesitation in granting the request of his now shirt-sleeved charge to visit the lavatory. Once inside, however, and with the door locked circumspectly behind him, it was not many minutes before all that the escort was able to deliver of his charge to Calgary was a coat and waistcoat. Climbing unostentatiously through the lavatory window, Cashel had made for the open country.

Beyond the fact that one of its members had allowed a prisoner to escape, the Force was not unduly perturbed; in that vast and almost uninhabited area a stranger—especially one in his shirt-sleeves and without either horse or supplies—would be traced as easily as a tramp at a banquet; it would be a matter only of hours before he was brought in.

Cashel, however, with his own ideas on the subject, thought otherwise, and his method of overcoming the difficulty of both transport and costume was to call on a rancher at Lacombe, and with the elaborately detailed explanation that his own had stampeded with all his kit, borrow a pony, saddle and coat from that confiding man—and for a matter of three months, that was the last that was seen of him.

Then a much worried rancher named Thomas reported to North-West Mounted Policeman Macleod that some little time before a man who gave the name of Bert Ellsworth had called at the ranch of Rufus Belt at Haynes Creek, and as Ellsworth was the name Cashel had given to the rancher from whom he had stolen the pony and clothing at Lacombe, Thomas thought it as well to inform the police, a decision in which Macleod was in cordial agreement.

"Guess I'd better see Belt right away," he said decisively.

Thomas, however, looked dubious.

"I don't think you can," he said. "Rufus happens to be my brother-in-law, and I'm good and worried as to what's come to him."

The constable's eyes narrowed.

"How do you mean, what's come to him?" he demanded quickly.

"Nothin's been seen or heard of him since last Sunday," the rancher told him.

The constable thought for a moment; there might be no connexion between Cashel's call at the ranch and the subsequent absence of the owner, but at least it was worth looking into.

"In that case," he said, "maybe we'd better go together."

Arrived at the homestead, following his first quick glance, the constable's mouth hardened. Why, on a below zero November day, were the cabin doors and windows open?



When they went inside, moreover, Macleod's mouth grew harder still, for Thomas reported that several things were missing from the ranch as well as the owner, and those things significant—a pony, a saddle, a pair of shoes, a cap, a shot-gun, a \$50 American Gold Bond, and about \$200 in money. Proof positive, to the Force, that Cashel had been there.

By this the Press was becoming increasingly sarcastic at the expense of the Force, partly at the way they had been bluffed in allowing their prisoner to escape, but more so that after months of intensive search in such a sparsely populated area, they had been so long without recapturing him.

Mounted Police response to this latter complaint was to point out that just so long as the newspapers insisted upon giving the refugee advance information by printing every detail of the hunt, the search was likely to continue unsuccessfully. Realizing the justice of the contention, the Press agreed that nothing further should be printed concerning Cashel until he was safely behind the bars.

Still further to strengthen their hand, Calgary indented for the services of Pennycuick, the young constable who had performed such outstanding service in bringing to justice O'Brien, the Christmas Day murderer. It was only a few days after Belt was reported missing that a man whose description fitted in exactly with that of Cashel was reported as having called at Shephard and, having left an exhausted horse there, headed hurriedly for the coast.

Pennycuick went right after him; followed the trail to Vancouver, and from there across the United States border to Seattle and Princeville, only to discover that the man whose trail he had followed was not Cashel.

Returned disconsolately to Canada, after further unsuccessful months' work, he learnt that the ubiquitous Bert Ellsworth had obtained a horse at Jumping Pond by the same hard-luck story that had been successful at Lacombe; further, that he had left a coat and waistcoat behind him.

When Pennycuick came to examine these it was to discover ominous stains on the lining of the former.

The next clue, that came only a few days later, was when one "Bert Wade" stole a diamond ring at Kananaskis, in the foothills of the Rockies. The information was wired to the Banff detachment. Police scoured the district and eventually, more than three months after his escape through the railway carriage window, and with every policeman and rancher in Saskatchewan and Alberta eager for his recapture, Cashel was arrested.

With his prisoner safe in jail, as he had every reason for thinking, Pennycuick turned to what lately had become his chief preoccupation; work more in his line than chasing an escapee over the halves of two countries. By every means in his power he was determined to find out what had become of Rufus Belt.

Reinforced by his experience in the O'Brien case, for a full 350 miles, and for the whole of that winter unsuccessfully, he searched every yard of the stream that ran by the homestead of the missing rancher. But with the spring, when he made a still further examination of Rufus Belt's ranch, he found indications that some heavy object had been dragged from the house to the stream.

Encouraged, back the indefatigable Pennycuick returned to a further search of the river. This occupied the next six months, but was rewarded at last by the discovery, at the opening of an almost concealed creek, of Belt's body, naked, and with a bullet wound above his heart.

So Cashel was indicted for murder, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to hang.

It is at this point that the story of the brown-haired, sunken-eyed Texan moves from the unusual to the incredible.

Five days before the date fixed for his execution was his twenty-first birthday, and as a concession to the occasion his brother was granted a special visit, though with a constable detailed to be present to see that nothing out of

the way transpired. So far as he could see, moreover, everything passed off without incident, and almost immediately after the visitor left, Constable Swiss took Cashel into the corridor while the daily examination of the death cell was in progress.

When the time came for him to go back, however, it was seen that Cashel had other views. His response to the order was to produce two heavy calibre revolvers.

"Just one word or movement from you," he said in a low voice, "and, believe me, it'll be the last."

That he meant precisely what he said was self-evident—they could only hang him once, anyway. A moment later, and under the threat of the two guns, it was not only Constable Swiss who obeyed the order to back into the cell; it was the provost and another constable as well.

When Cashel had turned the key on them, he shuffled down the corridor to the guard-room, lifted down the key of his leg-irons, and freeing himself, passed out into the street unchallenged, and it was not until the day fixed for his execution, when he stole clothing and a ring from a ranch near Calgary, that anything more was heard of him.

With every policeman in the West thinking of little except to recapture the fugitive, it was the prison chaplain who provided the next clue. This came in the form of a characteristically impudent letter wherein "Mysterious Man" inquired solicitously after the Mounted Police, and informed the chaplain that he (Cashel) was in excellent health and spirits, and looking forward with every confidence to a happy future; if he happened to be recaptured, it would not be alive. The note ended sardonically with the suggestion that for all the use he would be in Calgary, "Mr. Ratcliffe" (the executioner) might just as well return to Ottawa "and take his scaffold with him".

And though the official response to that was the offer of \$1000 reward for the capture, or for information leading to the capture, of the writer, it was not until 12th July that any result transpired.

On that day, responding to a knock at the door, a rancher just outside Calgary was confronted by Cashel, who forced his way into the cabin at the point of a revolver. Once inside, moreover, he proceeded to make himself very much at home; read the papers, wrote a letter, and after swearing revenge against those who had given evidence against his brother for engineering the escape, stole all the money he could lay his hands on, took the best horse in the stable, and once more made for the wide spaces.

This time, however, he did not find conditions as easy as, apparently, he had done before; above all, the weather was against him. Thus it was only a little later that, at the last gasp from cold and exhaustion, he turned up at a ranch some twenty miles from Calgary, robbed the owner of money and stores, and disappeared once more into the blue.

By this, however, the Force was working on a more definite line than had been possible hitherto. One of the few human attributes in Cashel's make-up was a very warm affection for his brother, and with the newspapers so wholly uncommunicative it was almost certain that the fugitive would be hanging about the neighbourhood in order to learn the result of the trial. Hence, as well as the Mounted and other Police, details of Mounted Rifles—sworn in as Special Constables for the purpose—were sent to search every cabin and homestead in the area.

Almost immediately the new move was productive of results; within a few days, at a ranch at Nose Creek, a party of Mounted Police under Inspector Duffus uncovered clothing from the straw in a haystack that was easily identifiable as having been stolen by the fugitive a little time before.

While an intensive search of the building was proceeding, constables were stationed at strategic points to prevent a get-away. Nothing, however, was discovered until Constable Biggs and two other constables came to examine the bunkhouse where the hired men of the ranch slept.

Inside was the usual dug-out cellar that is used for the storage of fresh meat in the summer.

Biggs lifted the trap-door, and with no reply to his summons, went down to see for himself. It is characteristic of the Force, moreover, that unable to negotiate the steps while carrying both a lantern and a revolver, it was the weapon he abandoned.

And at the bottom, almost the first object the light picked out, white-faced and staring-eyed, was Cashel.

True to form, he fired, missing the constable only by inches. Ignoring the steps, Biggs made a leap for the trap-door; pulled himself up, grabbed for his gun, and fired in turn.

Cashel fired again; so, also, did the constable, and this time there was the sound of a fall from below.

That, of course, might have been a bluff; in any event Biggs was taking no unnecessary chances. There the fugitive was, with the only exit from the cellar under armed guard. Biggs sent a message to Inspector Duffus, who came hot-foot.

"Come right up, Cashel!" the inspector shouted.

No reply came, there was no sound of movement below, and for a time the position was one of stalemate.

"There's one way we can find out if he's dead or alive, anyway," Duffus decided at last, and sent for a supply of straw. Piled outside the walls and fired, the draught filled the cellar with smoke.

"Better make up your mind to come out, Cashel; you'll have to sooner or later, anyway, if you don't want to choke to death," the inspector called, and this time there was a reply.

"Nothin' doing! I'm gonna shoot myself."

There was no sound of a shot, however, and before long Cashel's voice came again, no longer defiant, but pleading.

"For God's sake put that fire out. I'll roast to death, else."

The inspector's response was to have every rifle trained on the cellar opening.

"Come out, and with your hands above your head," he ordered relentlessly. "And if you attempt to use your gun, you'll be dead before you can press the trigger."

This time, startlingly, there was a shot from below, followed only by the crackle of flames.

Was it suicide—or just another bluff to get them to expose themselves to fire? Still taking no chances, the inspector called again, ordering Cashel to come up.

It was a bluff. This time the fugitive's voice was detected.

"I guess I'd best quit—I'm sick of the whole blame business."

A moment later the youth who for a full year had kept the famous North-West Mounted on tenterhooks appeared—terribly changed from the cocksure young gangster of his first arrest; ragged, unshaven and blue with cold. All, in fact, that was able to arouse him was any mention of his arch-enemy Pennycuick, and then he was venomous.

"I bin campin' on the trail of that snake ever since I made my second get-away," he snarled.

Even then it was necessary to postpone the end.

Tired of waiting around the prison for a subject who failed so resolutely to materialize, the executioner had taken "Mysterious Man's" advice and gone home!

## CHAPTER XXIII

### The Case of Oscar Koenig

ON a day in March, 1907, Sergeant Phillips, in charge of the detachment at Wetaskiwin, Alberta, was interviewed by a rancher named Ferdinand Wiese.

Returning to his farm between Millet and Leduc on the Sunday before, he had seen a sleigh ahead that was drawn by two black horses and driven by two strangers, only to lose sight of them at a fork in the trail.

Two days later, however, he had found a fur cap on the road that the strangers had taken, and that cap stiff with blood; further, there were similar discolorations in the snow. Following these, he found that they merged with the trail of sleigh-runners that, after less than half a mile, turned in their tracks. On the whole, then, Wiese had decided to report the circumstances to the Police.

Interested, Sergeant Phillips returned with the rancher to see for himself, only to find that a recent snowfall had obliterated the marks of the sledge. The blood on the cap, however, remained, and with a few hairs adhering to it that, unless he was mistaken, were from a human head.

Interviewed, settlers along the trail confirmed Wiese's story of a sleigh drawn by two black horses and driven by strangers; there was, they added, a pair of wheels lashed to the tarpaulin-covered load. One settler, who had directed the men to Leduc, was of the opinion that the driver was either German or Scandinavian; he was broad-featured, and with a heavy brown moustache.

Phillips went to Leduc, and there found a livery stable where the sleigh had been left over the Sunday night by a man who gave his name as Smith, and whom the pro-

prietor described in detail. In part confirmative of this, a man had reported at a local hotel under the name of Schmidt; at Edmonton, to where Phillips went on, a stranger, fair and of medium height, had registered at an hotel in the name of Smith. Later, moreover, the black-horsed team had been seen going towards Strathcona. And there, with no evidence that a crime, actually, had been committed, the matter was allowed to rest.

The year following—1908—the Edmonton detachment was deluged with complaints concerning a man whose system was to buy horses, harness, wagons and cattle on the strength of promissory notes and, immediately the stock and goods were handed over, to sell them for what they would fetch. Thus it was obvious that the notes given in payment would not be paid on maturity.

It did not take the police long to trace and arrest the criminal—bald, middle-aged and of powerful physique—who gave his name as William Oscar King, or Koenig, and who with reprehensible cheerfulness admitted every one of the charges against him. Investigation having shown, as well, that two local “bad men”—Tiemann and Borden—were associated in the frauds, but that having seen the red light, they had left hurriedly for parts unknown, King was sentenced to a term of years in the prison at Fort Saskatchewan.

Some months later, a German employee of the Clover Bar Ridge mines called on the Immigration Agent saying that he had received a letter from Germany, written by the wife of a compatriot named Holtz, who had left the mine early in the year before to take up similar work in British Columbia. The letter said that while her husband had written to her regularly before the change, she had heard no word from, or of, him since.

As a matter of routine, the complaint was passed to the R.N.W.M.P. at Edmonton and, also as a matter of routine, to the early-middle-aged, grey-haired Sergeant Nicholson, for “attention and necessary action”.



"Maybe Holtz hasn't written because he wants to cut loose," the disillusioned sergeant suggested, but the Immigration Officer shook his head.

"Take it from me, there's nothing like that about Holtz," he said decisively. "He's been saving money for years just so's he can send for his wife and kids to join him."

"Where in B.C. did Holtz go?" Nicholson inquired.

"I've no idea," the Immigration Agent replied, "but that man King you sent to jail a few months ago might tell you; he and Holtz lived together."

To Nicholson, who had put in a mass of work on the King case, this was more than a little interesting. By any chance, could the missing "Holtz" be either the badly wanted Borden or Tieman?

At least, it would be worth finding out, and Nicholson left the Immigration Agent with assurances that all necessary inquiries would be made forthwith. The first of these, at the Clover Bar Ridge mine, elicited the further news that Holtz's departure—that had occurred some time after "King" had left—was as sudden as it was unexpected.

Interviewed in his cell, King said unhesitatingly that he knew nothing about Holtz except that his intention was to go to British Columbia.

Cheerful as King was, Nicholson was convinced that there was more behind it, and he had no hesitation in saying so. The interview ended with the prisoner's attitude considerably more subdued than at the beginning.

Given time to reflect, he became more subdued still; two or three days later, when Nicholson entered the cell in response to a request for a second interview, the conversation was illuminating.

King's attitude now was one of grievance against the missing Borden and Tieman; it was through them he was in his present position, and he had no hesitation in passing on something the former had revealed to him. Borden had robbed and killed a man and buried the body under a rubbish heap; he had offered to take King to the place.

Nicholson hurried with the information to Inspector Worsley, who sent him hot-foot to investigate—and told him to take King with him.

When the party, with Nicholson in charge, reached the spot—a small ranch on the outskirts of Edmonton close to where at one time King had occupied a cabin—there was no refuse heap; only the place where one had been.

They were turning away, when suddenly Nicholson stopped—stooped to pick up a human bone.

There were others thereabouts as well; fitted together, two or three of the pieces formed a human skull. They found, also, a penknife and a portion of a woollen pullover.

Back in prison, King, uneasy as to his own position, applied for still another interview with Nicholson. It was not only Borden who had killed a man; Tieman had as well—the body was hidden in the scrub a few miles west of Innisfall.

Superintendent Cuthbert, in charge of the Edmonton detachment, to whom Nicholson went with this confession, ordered him to take King to the scene of the second alleged murder, and with a corporal as extra guard, Nicholson put the handcuffed King into a buggy and drove off.

Arrived at the spot indicated, Nicholson released his prisoner from the handcuffs, helped him from the rig, and told him to point out the place where the body of Tieman's victim was concealed.

When, after intensive search, King was unable to do so, and the justifiably annoyed Sergeant Nicholson came to handcuff him for the return journey, the key broke and the handcuffs refused to lock.

A few miles down the trail, King sprung still another surprise. Close at hand, he said, was a cabin that had been a favourite house of call for Borden and Tieman, so that possibly inquiry of the present occupants might be helpful.

The two women who answered Nicholson's knock

obviously did not know King from Adam. When King addressed them in German, the sergeant told him sternly to keep to English.

It was as Nicholson turned away that King made his leap for freedom and a nearby barn; gaining that sanctuary by inches, he slammed and locked the door behind him. Taking in the situation, the corporal rushed round to the back.

He was too late; already King had swarmed out of a window and disappeared in the scrub that grew close to the barn.

With an exact realization of what was likely to happen to a non-commissioned officer who allowed a prisoner to escape, the two searched long and exhaustively, but there was no sign of King until, on the way home, they caught a glimpse of him hiding behind a bush some distance away.

Even then, though the corporal lashed the horses to a gallop and both men fired, King got away with no more damage than a bullet through the coat.

The fact of being reduced to the ranks after some twenty years' service did not contribute to goodwill on the part of ex-Sergeant Nicholson towards the escapee; he was going to get King if it cost him his pension. Meantime, it was all to the good that at least he had not been taken off the case.

But though other ranks and detachments were equally determined, a watch was kept on the roads, trails, and railway stations; though King had no money, and was handicapped further by a strong German accent, he succeeded in disappearing without trace.

Two months of sterile effort, and Nicholson found a lead.

Though his job at the time was only poorly paid, there had been an occasion when not only had King written to a woman in Germany to join him in Canada, but had also sent her the passage money. If, then, this woman could be traced, it was possible that she might be able to say something worth while.

Nicholson found her at last, and had reason to congratulate himself on his tenacity. King, she made it apparent, was no more popular with her than with the Police. A Mrs. Beidmann had stepped in and broken up the idyll, and King had gone. Furthermore, not long before, the discarded lady had received an unsigned letter to the effect that he was penniless, and would she send him some money. It was not without the bounds of possibility, then, that he would apply to her direct, in which event she would advise the Police.

Whereupon, detailing men to watch the house, Nicholson set out to find the enterprising Mrs. Beidmann—only to discover that the absent King was more unpopular with her even than with the other; as, also, he was with her otherwise amenable husband. Briefly, they were both frightened to death of King.

The year before, for example, after he had given her a graphic account of his various frauds, King had been driven off in his friend Hinthal's buggy and pair of black horses, only to return a few days later, alone, with the explanation that he had discovered his friend frozen to death by the camp-fire. The morning after King had sold the rig and horses at Strathcona, she had found him burning clothing in the stove. And that, she pointed out, was a quite unnecessary waste.

A pair of black horses! Why, Inspector Worsley asked himself when Nicholson brought in his report, did a pair of black horses strike so vividly on the cords of subconscious memory?

Search of the records for the past couple of years brought it home to him. That blood-stained cap found a year ago on the trail near Millet; the two strangers with their team of *black horses* pulling a sleigh that had *wagon wheels* lashed to a *tarpaulin-covered* load; the insistence of the owner to leave the sleigh, not in front, but behind the livery stable at Leduc; the human remains found near King's cabin. With the time factor to scale, it fitted like the pieces of a puzzle.

More than ever now it was necessary to recapture the elusive King; more than ever necessary to watch the house of King's discarded mistress.

It was Mr. Beidmann who gave the first direct clue; there was a reward out, and perhaps he was not quite so complacent as formerly. In any case, he recognized King in Edmonton, and telephoned the police. When they reached the spot, however, King had gone—to wait outside Mrs. Beidmann's house.

She, glancing out of the window, saw and recognized him. She called a policeman, and he was arrested.

He was not King, he protested, and for a time the police were dubious. King had a beard, and this man was clean-shaven; King was known to be destitute; this man was smartly dressed. The city police telephoned the R.N.W.M.P. that they were sorry, but it was a case of mistaken identity.

Nicholson was sent hot-foot to see about it, and had no hesitation in declaring the prisoner to be the man through whom he had lost his stripes.

After King had been sentenced to a further seven years for fraud of various kinds, Inspector Worsley and the still-unappeased Nicholson set themselves to prove the more serious charge they had every intention of bringing against him.

First it was necessary to determine if the bones discovered at the ranch near King's cabin—a shack, incidentally, he had shared for a time with Mrs. Beidmann—were those of the missing Holtz, or of the deceased Hinthal. A search was organized for the other parts of the body.

Meantime, an angrily tenacious Nicholson had found a lead through examining the official record of land titles. A certain J. S. Hinthal, of the state of Minnesota—from a village named Vermalche, so Mrs. Beidmann told him—had been granted a section near Ponoka. So off Nicholson went to the Department of Immigration at Winnipeg to inspect the records that related to incoming Minnesotans.

There was no place in Minnesota named Vermalche;

phonetically, Bermidji was the closest Nicholson could find; further, he was more or less confident that was the place. At any rate, J. A. Hinthal had lived there between 1898 and 1906, and when he left with the declared intention of taking up land in Canada, a black pair-horse team had carried his effects.

It occurred to Nicholson that it might be helpful to discover exactly of what those effects consisted; if possible, to obtain a more or less minute description of them, and the most likely source of information was Hinthal's friends in Bermidji. It was from these, additionally, Nicholson learnt that Hinthal's most intimate friend, a man named Borg, had crossed to Canada as well.

It took nearly six months to trace Borg to a mine in Alberta, but the result was worth the effort.

Borg was uneasy because it was so long since he had heard from Hinthal, that well-to-do friend of twenty years' standing, with his substantial bank balance and prosperous quarter-section in Minnesota. Questioned, Borg told of how, on the day of departure from Bermidji, Hinthal had been dressed in a grey suit and musquash cap, and carried a fine gold watch. "Here," added Borg, handing it over, "is a photograph of him."

Nicholson took Borg and the photograph to Mrs. Beidmann. Yes, that was the man who drove away with King in the rig drawn by the pair of blacks in March of the year before, she said decisively, after a glance at the print.

"I suppose you don't happen to know if Hinthal was wearing a gold watch when he left?" Nicholson asked at a venture.

The reply was startling.

"No, he wasn't; he'd given it to my husband," Mrs. Beidmann replied complacently.

"Is it anything like this?" Borg demanded, describing it, and the woman nodded.

"That's the one," she agreed. "My husband'll show you soon's he comes in."

Nicholson returned to his quarters to find awaiting him the reply to a letter he had written to a friend of Hinthal's at Tenstrike, Minnesota, a few days before.

"No," that reply said, "the writer had not heard from Hinthal since a letter that came last March, in which Hinthal had said he was on his way back to his Ponoka ranch."

Another significant clue the indefatigable Nicholson unearthed was a forgery of Hinthal's signature by King. Armed with this, and examples of King's usual handwriting, he went to see what a visit to Tenstrike would yield.

One of the things it yielded was the signature—unmistakably in King's handwriting—on a deed mortgaging Hinthal's homestead to one "S. D. Works" of Monkaro, Minnesota. Showed photographs of both Hinthal and King, Works had no hesitation in identifying the latter as the man to whom he had advanced the money.

Whereupon, his case completed after three years of the hardest and, in many ways, most disappointing work of his career, Nicholson indicted William Oscar Koenig for the murder of Joseph A. Hinthal, and a little less than two months later—within a few days of Constable Nicholson's repromotion to Sergeant—William Oscar Koenig was hanged.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### Death on the Trail

THE winter temperature of 1910-1 ranged from forty to sixty below zero; severe, but nothing abnormal.

Hitherto, it had been the custom to make the Dawson-McPherson patrol from Dawson, but in the late December of 1910 Inspector Fitzgerald of McPherson suggested he should make the journey through that "unsurveyed wilderness of creeks and mountains, an unmarked trail with many divides, numberless streams, and few the right ones to follow" from there. Part of the way—as far as the junction of the Wind and Little Wind Rivers—he knew already, and ex-Constable Carter, who had travelled the route in the reverse direction, would see him on his way in the strange country.

Fitzgerald had made a name for himself in the Force, first as a constable in the Klondyke gold rush, then as corporal of the escort of Mounted Police to the Commission who signed Treaty No. 8 with the Athabasca Indians in 1899; as sergeant under Superintendent Constantine in 1903 at the lonely post at Fort McPherson, where he did outstandingly good work in checking the exploitation and debauching of the Eskimo by the officers and crews of visiting ships; as staff-sergeant at desolate Hershel Island; finally, again at Fort McPherson, as inspector in charge of the Mackenzie River sub-district. Hence, his suggestion of the new order of patrol was agreed to without difficulty.

When the patrol set out on 21st December, as well as Carter, Inspector Fitzgerald took with him Constable Kinney, who had nearly four years' Northern service to his credit, and Taylor, an ex-sailor.



Fitzgerald had been told that he would overtake a party of Indians at Trail River, one of whom could be hired to see the party over the thirty-mile divide known as Big Portage—from Trail Creek to Mountain Creek—and where on a previous patrol Fitzgerald's party had taken the wrong trail. Once this was surmounted, Dawson would be reached without difficulty.

The Indians were encountered as expected, and one, named Esau, hired as arranged, and having guided them safely across the divide, was paid off on New Year's Day. After Esau rejoined them, the tribe wandered, slowly, and with frequent pauses for hunting, towards Dawson from the south.

The patrol, however, that was expected to reach Dawson toward the end of January, did not arrive. Late in February, when the Indians made their camp immediately outside the town, Esau, inquiring for Fitzgerald, was astonished to learn that nothing had been heard of him. True, Fitzgerald's dogs were not quite up to the mark, but it was over seven weeks since Esau had been paid off—at a point only three weeks' journey away.

Superintendent Snyder, who had been in command at Dawson since the transference of Wood to Regina, was more uneasy than a little. He wired particulars to the Commissioner, who ordered a search to be made for the missing patrol.

In charge of the detachment at Forty-Mile was Corporal Dempster—who had travelled the Dawson-Fort McPherson route for three years running, and so was familiar with the trail. He was recalled to Dawson and given these orders:

"To Corporal Dempster. You will leave to-morrow morning for a patrol over the Fort McPherson trail, to locate the whereabouts of Inspector Fitzgerald's party. I cannot give you any instructions. You will have to be guided by circumstances and your own judgment, bearing in mind that nothing is to stand in your way until you have got in touch with this party."

Constable Fyfe and a time-expired constable named Turner, each of whom had made the journey before, together with Charlie Stewart, an Indian, and three five-dog teams, completed the rescue party that pulled out of Dawson on 2nd March, 1911.

The weather was unfavourable from the first; the snow was soft and clogging to the dogs' feet and to the sleigh runners; the wind boisterous, with continual semi-blizzards. If they should be caught by break-up and the snow melt to render their sleighs useless, the position would be serious.

It was at Little Wind River, after ten days' hard mushing, that they struck a trail, though whether this was Fitzgerald's was uncertain; if so, he must have turned in his tracks, for there was a point where these petered out. Later, the searchers came on an old camp site. That was Fitzgerald's without a doubt, for among the meat tins and other debris was a sack marked R.N.W.M.P. Obviously, due to lack of provisions, the patrol had turned back for their starting point—McPherson.

In the next few days other camp sites were found—ominously close together. Later still, at the mouth of the Big Wind River, snowshoe prints.

It was at Forest Creek, at the point where it enters the Little Wind River about forty miles from where it meets the Big Wind River, that another trace of the missing men was encountered. Later it was learned from Fitzgerald's diary that, while he knew his way up Forest Creek, there were so many creeks in the immediate neighbourhood as to make it almost impossible to distinguish one from another; so that he had spent a week trying to find one where there were signs of the camps of former patrols. Had they realized it, however, they were a good twenty miles up-river from the point for which they were searching.

At last, after days of continuous snow, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, running short of food, and his dogs in poor condition, Fitzgerald had decided that he had no alternative but to go back to McPherson.

It was on their return trail that Dempster found snowshoe marks on a gravel bar about ten miles from where the Little Wind met the Big, though in the high winds that prevailed it was only a little way before even that indication was overlaid with snowdrifts.

For Dempster, then, the problem was to keep the trail. Snowshoes and toboggans "pack" the snow, and by thrusting a stick through the new covering this can be felt a little way down. For the skilled trailsman, indeed, there is a quicker method still. Over a "made" trail the snowshoes of travellers do not sink quite so deeply as in virgin snow, and, delicate perception makes it possible to follow the former trail without the use of the prōdding pole.

It was at the merging of the two rivers that Dempster, the skilled trailsman *in excelsis*, made a careful search to discover which of them Fitzgerald had taken. Not upstream, for there was no trail, hidden or otherwise; downstream, however, there were all the signs. And on 12th March, at a point five miles below the junction of the rivers and fifteen miles from where he had come across the wind-bared section of the trail, Dempster found where Fitzgerald had turned off to make camp near some islands in the Big Wind River.

The search party found other indications as well—empty meat tins and—confirming that they were on the right track—part of a gunny sack that bore the Police initials.

The next day more camps were found, but after that the trail failed altogether; it was clear hard ice that would carry no marks.

Nevertheless, the search pressed on. And at Mountain Creek, on 16th March, they came across a small unoccupied cabin.

Inside, if not actual proof of disaster, the signs were ominous. Dog bones and skins, and a toboggan, useless after the dogs had been eaten. Since a party has no cause for alarm providing it can find wood for fires, is adequately clad, and has enough animals left to pull even one sleigh

load, it does not consume its dogs unless in conditions of emergency.

With the discovery of more dog remains at other camps on succeeding days, the signs were more ominous still. At Collins' Cabin, for example, that was only about fifty miles from McPherson, and which the Dempster patrol reached on 20th March, there was a toboggan covering, more dog remains and, suspended from a beam, two bags of the mail for which Fitzgerald had been responsible.

From the cabin itself the trail ran directly to the Peel River, and at what was disclosed there Dempster's heart must have sunk—a toboggan, from which the raw hide had been cut away—and only in the last extremity is the trailsman reduced to the jelly into which raw hide may be boiled. At a turn of the trail a little farther on a rag was tied to a bush—as a signpost.

Kinney and Taylor were lying by the ashes of a fire that was dead as they were dead, Kinney, in his sleeping-bag, of cold and starvation; Taylor of a self-inflicted gunshot wound. On the ashes was a kettle half filled with boiling moose skin; nearby, three sets of dog harness, but no dogs, for it was here that the last of the team had been killed—and eaten. Disastrously, as it had proved, for Fitzgerald's diary recorded that all the party were ill through eating dogs' liver, so that they were able to travel only a short distance each day.

From thenceforward the month-old trail was so indistinct as to indicate that, in a last desperate effort to reach the Fort from where help would be sent to the others, Fitzgerald and Carter had travelled light. Prodding through the snow a few miles down the Peel River, the stick of one of Dempster's men struck a broken snowshoe. That was the point where the trail ended.

At the crest of the river bank they found a track into the scrub, and a hundred or so yards farther on saw where a tree had been felled with an axe so blunt as to prove the very *epitome* of endurance in those who had used it.

"The stump was as if it had been gnawed through by beavers."

"On it was written," J. McCredie Brown wrote later, "the story of countless feeble blows by spent men, ill, starved, at the end of endurance. Evidence of weary hours of labour, a cutting chip by chip, a final agony of toil by men long beyond their limit of exertion, men physically dead upon their feet, yet determined to go on and on, to continue to the end. A night in the bush to bring another day for the stumbling march to the fort and help for their comrades. . . . A night to spend, a fire to see it through, a morning coming for another march . . . but in the deep cold of that night a fire burnt low, and the men who lay there no longer had the power to hew wood. . . . One died, and the other roused himself to straighten the body for the long rest . . . then drowsed in the shrouding bitterness of that last night, and he, also, died.

"Carter was lying with his head towards them when the search party came upon the camp. His hands were crossed on his breast, a handkerchief over his face. A few feet away was Fitzgerald, on his back in a sloping position.

"Fitzgerald's head was raised. He appeared to be looking at and for those who came . . . his head still lifted as if scanning the trail for those who must follow it . . . for somebody to come so he could tell of Kinney and Taylor in their camp up the river with the blue rag on a bush. . . . The dead commander of an expedition of death alert still, to all seeming, to the responsibilities of his command. . . . His still the duty to call strong men aside from their daily round to come and take away what was there lying for decent burial, the right of all who die. . . ."

Protected by Fitzgerald's stiffly frozen body was the remainder of the mail, and the simple, uncomplaining record of hardship heroically endured that was his diary. Also, written in charcoal, his will:

"All money in despatch bag and bank, clothing, &c., I leave to my dearly beloved mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless all.

"F. J. FITZGERALD, R.N.W.M.P."

In forwarding the report of the tragedy to Commissioner Perry at Regina, Inspector Sanders of Athabasca Landing wrote:

"It would appear that Inspector Fitzgerald . . . and Carter would probably have made Fort McPherson had they not heroically stood by their stricken and weaker companions.

"The pathetic attention evidently paid by Inspector Fitzgerald to his dead companion was in keeping with his brave and manly character."

Commissioner Perry, in forwarding his own report to Ottawa, added his tribute:

"Their loss has been felt most keenly by every member of the Force, but we cannot but feel a thrill of pride at the endeavour they made to carry out their duty. . . . I cannot express it better than in the following extract from a letter addressed to me by His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan: 'While the event brings deepest sadness to us all, we feel that an event such as this gives greater lustre and enduring remembrance to the splendid Force.'"

Characteristically, Dempster, who did not return to Dawson until he had taken the four bodies to Fort McPherson, awarded the credit for that gallant effort at rescue to his comrades, and all the credit for heroism to the men he had set out to save.

"In conclusion," he wrote in his report of the patrol, "I wish to draw your attention to the splendid manner in which Constable Fyfe, ex-Constable Turner and Indian Stewart, performed their work. . . . The regular Herschel Island-Fort McPherson mail for Dawson, carried by the Fitzgerald patrol, was found secure and intact under In-

spector Fitzgerald's body, and same has been duly delivered."

"So," concludes J. McCredie Brown in writing of that final discovery on the gale-swept ridge above Peel River, "was found the camp of those who survived longest—two of four who set out lightheartedly for a winter-time trip of less than a month; who battled high winds, snow, terrible cold, hunger, illness, exhaustion; who carried on until even their strong spirits succumbed to the odds against them.

"And so came four men to their last peace on the North Trail from Dawson to McPherson."

## CHAPTER XXV

### The Great War—and after

CANADA'S entrance into the Great War brought the Force so many duties, such an overwhelming increase of work, that not only was enlistment for military service by its own members discouraged, but it was obliged temporarily to surrender part, at least, of its responsibilities. Thus in 1917 it was agreed to cancel the agreement whereby the R.N.W.M.P. had been made responsible for policing the Prairie Provinces, thus freeing a considerable number of personnel for other, and more urgent, duties.

Reviewing the situation before the House in May, 1918, the Hon. N. W. Rowell, President of the Council, said:

"In the fall of 1916, the Federal Government came to the conclusion that it was in the public interest that the Royal North-West Mounted Police should be relieved of further duties under agreements with the Provincial Governments so that they might be free to devote themselves wholly to their duties under the Dominion authorities. One of the main reasons which led to that conclusion was the situation which existed in the United States at that time, the country to the south not having entered the war and a great deal of unrest existing there. Certain investigations had been conducted by the American police which showed a good deal of pro-German activity in certain sections of the United States. We had a large alien population in western Canada, and it was deemed necessary that the Mounted Police should be free to carefully patrol the international boundary and protect us against such pro-German activities; to supervise all matters connected with the administration of law relating to aliens in western Canada, and generally to exercise



police supervision in those matters over which the Federal Government had jurisdiction throughout the western provinces. When the United States entered the War, the situation in reference to pro-German activities in the United States, and possible troubles in Canada arising therefrom, was completely changed, and the Royal North-West Mounted Police expressed a desire to be allowed to serve overseas—in fact from the very outbreak of the war they had been desirous of going to the front as a unit, but owing to the view which the Government entertained as to the importance of maintaining a strong force in western Canada, it did not feel free to grant their request. That request was renewed in 1917 and again in 1918. In the summer of 1917 an offer was made to the Imperial Government of a cavalry unit from the Mounted Police, but at that time the authorities in England did not need such a unit. The offer was renewed in the following winter or the spring of 1918, with practically the same result. However, in the great German offensive of March and April, 1918, our Canadian cavalry brigade suffered very serious casualties, and in the month of April the Overseas Minister of Militia cabled out to Canada for a substantial number of cavalry reinforcements. Knowing that the Royal North-West Mounted Police had been anxious to serve at the front as a cavalry regiment, the offer was made to them to provide the necessary reinforcements to be sent overseas to strengthen our cavalry brigade. Subsequently the plans were changed so as to provide reinforcements for the cavalry brigade and at the same time furnish a squadron of the Royal North-West Mounted Police to add to the existing Corps Cavalry. I am glad to say that when the announcement was made to the police that they could volunteer for overseas service, notwithstanding the critical condition that then existed on the Western Front and the serious casualties that our cavalry brigade had sustained, every man of military age volunteered for service overseas. Only those that were physically fit could be taken, but although some 500 men were asked

for we secured reinforcements at that time to the number of 12 officers and 736 of other ranks, including ex-members of the Force and other volunteers, and they proceeded overseas on the 14th of June. The force completed their training at Shorncliffe, where I had the opportunity of inspecting them, and I have never seen a finer body of men. At Shorncliffe they divided, one squadron proceeding to France in the month of October, where they were first attached to the Canadian Light Horse. Subsequently they were attached to and formed part of the Cavalry Corps and acted as despatch riders and patrols for the several Divisions. As soon as the Armistice was signed, a squadron was pushed over to Namur, Belgium, and one troop, under Lieutenant Acland, was sent into Germany with the Army of Occupation. The others who formed the balance of the force that went overseas were divided, and seven non-commissioned officers and 236 of other ranks were formed as a part of a tank unit for service in France. The balance of the original force were utilized as reinforcements for our cavalry brigade in France. While on this subject let me add that, when the Government decided to send certain troops to Siberia, the Royal North-West Mounted Police was asked to provide a cavalry squadron. The request came on 17th August, 1918. We immediately complied, and the squadron was completely mobilized on 9th September, consisting of six officers and 181 of other ranks, and proceeded overseas to Siberia.

"I mention these details in connexion with the service overseas because I think it is only fair to the Force that one should point out how anxious they were to serve during the whole period of the war, and how quickly they responded when the opportunity was afforded them. Although those who went to France did not see much of the actual fighting, except as despatch riders, and serving in a similar capacity, it was not because they were not anxious to do so. In speaking of their service overseas, I think I should mention the fact that, while the Government was not able

to let the Force go over as a unit, large numbers of the Force resigned their positions, or purchased their discharge as they were entitled to do in order that they might proceed to Europe and serve at the front.

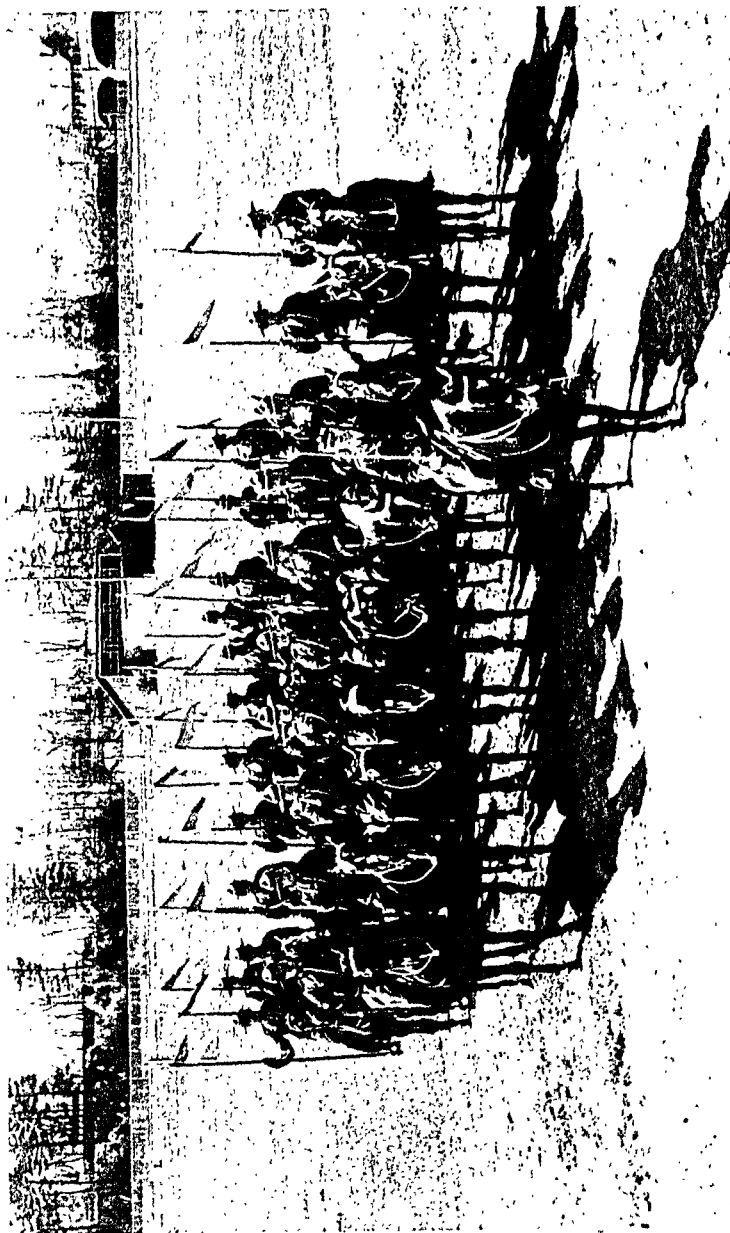
“I am advised by the Commissioner that during the period from the outbreak of the war up to the time we mobilized the seven or eight hundred men for service in France, probably not less than 1000 men had resigned from the North-West Mounted Police in order to serve overseas, and those men have won distinction on all the fields where they fought. I wish I had time to tell the House of some of the deeds of those gallant men. I will only mention two. The famous Michael O’Leary, V.C., was one of the North-West Mounted Police, and he set a standard for courage and bravery during the early days of the war which many other gallant soldiers have since emulated. The other, a constable in the ranks for two years—Constable Parkes, a young man now twenty-seven years of age. In 1915 he purchased his discharge to go to the front; he rose to the command of the 116th battalion, C.E.F., and won the V.C., the D.S.O. and La Croix de Guerre. He proved himself an officer of the highest efficiency, and has been selected by the Canadian Corps to attend the staff college. I might mention other members of the Force and the gallant service they have rendered, but time does not permit. I should also mention that ex-members of the Force—that is men who had served in the Force—provided our Canadian army overseas with two major-generals, four brigade-generals, and colonels, majors and captains by the score. It shows the type of men who are serving in our Royal North-West Mounted Police. All the sons of military age of the present and past officers have served overseas, and no less than ten officers’ sons died on the battlefield. The son of the first man who joined the Force in 1873, is an honourable and gallant member of this House—Brigadier-General Griesbach, who has rendered such distinguished service in this war. He is one of the many gallant officers,

sons of members of the Force, who have served overseas."

Among other of those "gallant officers" to gain distinction were Lieutenant-General Sir A. C. Macdonnel, Commandant of the 1st Canadian Division—the "Old Red Patch"—and who later was appointed Commandant of the Royal Military College; Major-General Sir Sam Steele; Major-General J. McBrien, D.S.O., Inspector General of the Canadian Militia and later Commissioner of the R.C.M.P.; Major-General Hartley; D. B. Ketchen, D.S.O., Commandant of Military District No. 10; Colonel Sanders, D.S.O., who commanded the 2nd Canadian Pioneers, and who later was Police Magistrate at Calgary; Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw, at one time Inspector at Calgary, commanding the 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles, who was killed in action at Maple Copse, Ypres, in June, 1916; Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Andros, D.S.O., who succeeded Shaw in that command—and who led the first daylight raid on enemy trenches at Vimy in December, 1916, penetrated to the third line, captured eighty-five prisoners, and later, in April, 1917, led his men in their assault of the "Pimple", captured and held it; Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Stewart, who, joining the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry as a subaltern in 1914, rose to command the battalion, only to be killed a few days before the Armistice; Corporal B. Laws of the Yukon Division, who, originally Captain and Adjutant, later succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel Andros in command of the battalion; Lieutenant-Colonel R. Stayner, D.S.O., who as Brigade-Major of the 9th Canadian Brigade created a record by remaining in the front line trenches for ninety consecutive days and nights, and later was Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Siberian Expeditionary Force.

One of the most anxious, as unquestionably it was one of the most strenuous periods in the history of the Force, came with the return of the troops from Europe.

The false prosperity of the war years had given place to the inevitable slump. Men who for years had lived in



SQUADRON OF ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE ON PARADE

(This might be compared with the plate facing p. 124)



daily peril of their lives, returning to find their places in industry filled by the stay-at-homes, and that there was no work for them elsewhere, were neither slow nor restrained in voicing their opinion of conditions as they found them.

Nevertheless, it was not this type who was responsible for the unrest that swept the country; recognizing in the situation a unique opportunity for the furtherance of their aims, it was the political malcontents who were the chief cause of the trouble. Though these were not formally united in the Communist Party of Canada Section of the Communist International until 1921, they had long been active in their declared objects of:

"The conquest of power . . . and this does not mean peacefully capturing the ready-made bourgeois State Machinery by means of a parliamentary majority. The conquest of power . . . is the violent overthrow of bourgeois power, the destruction of the Capitalist State apparatus, bourgeois armies, police, the judiciary, parliaments, &c., and substituting new organs."

An elysium that was to be attained by:

"Strikes and demonstrations, a combination of strikes and demonstrations and, finally, the general strike, jointly with armed insurrection against the State Power."

Inspired predominantly by aliens, it was with the effect of this propaganda upon disheartened and, in too many instances, disillusioned men that all branches of the Police were called upon to cope; acceptance of the openly preached theory of violence as a panacea for industrial depression was not rejected either as categorically or as universally as to make for reassurance.

In this crisis the soundest bulwark against translating theory into action was the R.N.W.M.P.; not for nothing had they been brought into such immediate contact with enemy aliens in the earlier years of the war. Knowing their men, and just how to deal with them, experienced officers were sent to the centres where propaganda was most active.

It was a policy that had the effect of encouraging those who subscribed to law and order, and of inducing a more circumspect attitude in the agitators. What sporadic outbursts of violence occurred were dealt with as occasion demanded, effectively, and with customary impartiality.

The most serious situation occurred at Winnipeg in the middle of 1919, when the labour leaders called a general strike that brought the whole business of the city to a standstill; even the Post Office ceased to function. Further, if not active participators in disorder, at least the city police were sympathetic, so that its members were dismissed *en masse*. This left only some five score R.N.W.M.P., under Superintendent Starnes, as a bulwark against chaos, and to ensure that the indispensable services were maintained.

Finally, a mass demonstration of strikers was announced. Fiery-voiced leaders would be there, urging violence to an audience already overripe for trouble. With neighbouring cities either on strike or hesitating on the brink, decisive triumph on the part of the forces of disruption in the Manitoba capital would have disastrous results elsewhere, and with unpredictable effect throughout Canada.

Superintendent Starnes determined that there should be no such triumph.

When the parade assembled, then, the Mounted Police were there ready to cope with it. Fifty-four on horseback, forty-six in trucks following behind, against some 10,000 oratory-inflamed strikers.

It was a tense situation when, ordered to disperse, the strikers refused to obey; when the order was repeated under threat of action, the air was thick with stones.

Unimpressed, and in exact formation, the police advanced. Still, except for a further volley of stones, no one moved.

Probably this was the most vital moment in the whole history of the Force; at all and any cost that highly wrought, hitherto-triumphant crowd must be scattered.

Starnes gave the order to draw revolvers.



It was obvious that this was no idle threat, that business only was meant. Those of the crowd in the immediate line of fire moved furtively to safer quarters; those thus left exposed followed their example, as, in turn, did the newly formed ranks.

Within fifteen minutes the street was clear.

That was the beginning of the end. Convinced hitherto of their invulnerability, now the rank and file of the strikers were not so sure. Leaders stormed and pleaded, but doubt spread. Those red tunics were everywhere; good tempered enough, but moving you on where there were more than half a dozen or so together; what was more, making sure that you obeyed.

The strike was called off a few days later.

It was in the year after the strike—1920—that, as more descriptive of a Force which, instead of only in the North-West Territories, had come to operate throughout the Dominions, the name was changed to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

In the year following, Superintendent Starnes, "a man of unassuming manners noted for great tenacity in dealing with criminal matters", succeeded Major-General Bowen-Perry as Commissioner.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### Arctic Patrols.

THOSE post-War years brought to the Force both increase of responsibilities and a considerable change in methods. More and more detachments were opened as the Force penetrated farther east and north; with modern methods of transport, no longer were the Mounted Police merely the Riders of the Plains; more and more the horse was replaced by the motor-car. The aeroplane was called into service even in those early years, though to nothing like the extent that became commonplace later.

Patrols to the Arctic, involving the extremity of hardship, were made; it was necessary that the Eskimo—that engaging but primitive people—should be brought under the law and protection of Canada.

As far back as 1914, a Dog Rib Indian had reported to Inspector Rheault, of the Mackenzie detachment, that two Roman Catholic priests—Father Leroux and Father Rouvier, who had left Fort Norman the year before to visit the Copper Eskimos at Coronation Gulf, more than a hundred miles west of Bathurst Inlet—had not since been seen or heard of. Hence a schooner, carrying Inspector Beyts, Sergeant-Major Caulkin, Corporals Conway and Pasley, and three constables sailed from Halifax to Chesterfield Inlet on the northern coast of Hudson Bay.

There the party wintered, Beyts, Pasley, the two Eskimo guides, Bye-and-Bye and Sullivan, journeying to Port Nelson to report progress; a patrol in which, after their feed gave out, one dog went mad, four died of starvation, and two of the weaker animals were shot to provide food for the survivors. With the fresh teams and guides procured

during a week's rest at Churchill—seven of the new team died *en route*—it took more than six weeks to reach their destination, and two months and a half for the round trip.

A report came in from D'Arcy Arden, Englishman and explorer, that went to confirm already firmly established suspicions. Rumours of foul play having reached him, Arden had gone to investigate, only to find that the cabins formerly occupied by the priests were deserted and derelict, and that when the Eskimo appeared they were wearing cassocks.

Unafraid, in spite of a warning from his Indian guides as to what was likely to happen to him, Arden made camp until—such was the attitude of the Eskimo—it would have been certain death to remain longer.

As it was necessary to discover the truth at all costs, no less than three separate patrols were sent out to that end: Beyts and his party from Chesterfield Inlet; the second, under that hard old-timer of the Arctic, Inspector La Nauze, with Arden, Constables Withers and Wright, and an Eskimo interpreter, from Fort Norman; the third to trek east from Herschel Island.

Three separate expeditions—one already having travelled something in the neighbourhood of 2500 miles in conditions that, years before, had been too severe even for Franklin—to investigate a single case of murder—if murder actually it was.

But that is the way of the Force; an explanation of the hold it has gained in popular imagination throughout the world, of their prestige, persistency and efficiency.

It was not until April, 1916, that, in an Eskimo settlement near Cape Lambert, the truth was revealed to Inspector La Nauze's party by members of Stefansson's Canadian Arctic Expedition.

With robbery as the motive, the priests had been murdered—Rouvier stabbed and Leroux shot at the appropriately named Bloody Falls on the Coppermine River by two Eskimo named Uluksak and Sinnisiak.

Sinnisiak was arrested by Corporal Bruce—the first white man ever to land there—at South Victoria Land on 15th May; Uluksak by Inspector La Nauze on an island in Coronation Gulf on 23rd May.

Coincidentally, it was in the course of this investigation that another long-outstanding mystery was cleared up—the fate of the two white men, Radford and Street, who had been missing since 1912. In an attempt to frighten an Eskimo named Kaneak into accompanying them on a sleighing expedition, Radford had feigned to drown him; taking the gesture seriously, Kaneak's friends had stabbed the two white men to death.

La Nauze, in his capacity of Justice of the Peace, committed the prisoners for trial; escorted them to the steamer *Alaska* for Herschel Island; there, on 9th May, received instructions to take his prisoners to Edmonton, that was reached on 10th August.

The two trials—one at Edmonton and the other at Calgary—resulted in a verdict of guilty, but in view of the comparative leniency with which murder was regarded by the Eskimo, with a strong recommendation to mercy. In due course this was accepted and the sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

So concluded a case that had taken only just short of two and a half years to investigate, wherein many thousands of miles had been covered by land and sea at the cost of an even greater number of dollars, but that had been the means both of charting and opening out a vast area of new country. More important still, it was the means of bringing the Eskimo within the law.

By 1920 when, instead of only the North-West Territories, the jurisdiction of the Force was extended to Canada as a whole, there were no less than twenty-six Posts in the Arctic, garrisoned by a strength of under seventy officers and men.

The next year, 1921, brought a determined effort to bring the whole Arctic into the Canadian fold. As the result of a commission that had sat the year before to inquire

into the position regarding the musk ox and reindeer, the necessity had been shown for game preservation in the farthest North, and this could be ensured only by the one Force available.

The ex-lightship *Arctic* was refitted for the expedition, 950 tons odd of stores loaded for the various detachments it was designed to open, and on 18th July, under Captain Bernier, set sail with Inspector Wilcox, Corporals Jakeman and McInnes, and Constables Anstead, Fairman, Eielder, Friel, Lee, MacGregor and Must.

The ship arrived at Ponds Inlet on 15th August, but unable to enter the harbour because of ice, went on to Ellesmere, that was reached seven days later. There, at Craig Harbour, less than a thousand miles from the North Pole, they established a Post; turned south for a revisit to Ponds Inlet, and, in conditions only a little less favourable than before, established another detachment there.

Here contact was made with Inspector Joy, who was there with his prisoners from one of the most remarkable murder chases on record. But Joy was a remarkable man, and with a capacity for endurance outstanding even in a Force in whom that quality is predominant.

An Englishman from Bedford, "the world's farthest north policeman", Joy had been on Arctic service since 1913, and in that service had gained intimate knowledge of areas that had known no white man but himself; places where only human bones told of previous expeditions.

Armed with powers as policeman, magistrate, Custom officer and postman, the then staff-sergeant had reached Baffin Island in the summer of 1921 for the purpose of investigating the murder of one Robert S. Janes at Cape Crawford, some two and a half years before.

Joy started by dog-team from Ponds Inlet in December, arriving at Cape Crawford some fourteen days later. There he held an autopsy on the body of the murdered trapper—whom he disinterred for the purpose—to find that death had been caused through shooting. He took the body the

200 miles to Ponds Inlet, and there as coroner held an inquest before a jury of three white traders.

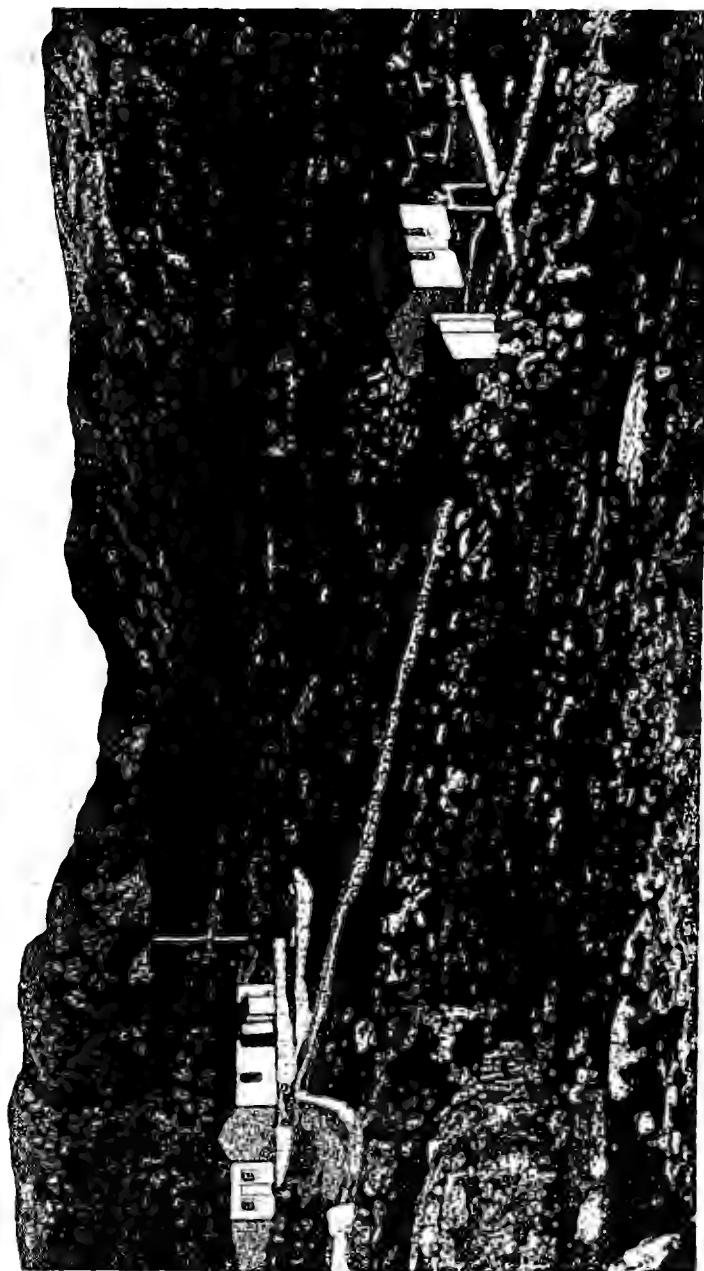
Janès, who was consistently hard up and generally unpopular with the natives, who seem to have been afraid of him, had been especially disliked by one Nookudlah, whose dogs he had threatened to shoot. Whereupon Nookudlah had called a meeting of the tribe, who decided unanimously that the white man must die before he had time to do any more harm. Assisted by Oorooreungnak and Ahteetah, Nookudlah carried out the sentence forthwith.

In his capacity as policeman, Joy set out to execute the warrants he had issued in his capacity of Justice of the Peace; ran his men to earth in a remote settlement 500 miles away, arrested them, and brought them to Ponds Inlet for trial.

To a people who were accustomed to kill off the newly born in times of famine, murder was not an especially serious offence (that the offender must eat his meals in the shade was one of the more severe penalties), and the killing of the white trader was only one of a series. Hence it was necessary that it should be brought home how diametrically white opinion on the subject was opposed to this leniency. The greater the pomp that could be infused into the proceedings, the greater the impression on the Eskimo.

To that remote ice-bound Arctic settlement, then, from far away Montreal came no less a dignitary than His Honour Judge L. Rivet; with him counsel both for the prosecution and defence. Impressive in the traditional black, white-tabbed gown of justice, with counsel similarly bedecked, scarlet-tunicked Police as ushers, and before a jury drawn from Government officials, ships' officers and traders, Nookudlah, the actual murderer, was sentenced to ten years in Stoney Mountain prison, Manitoba; Oorooreungnak to two years' hard labour in the guard-room at Ponds Inlet; Ahteetah was acquitted.

In passing, it is probable that Oorooreungnak at least found no reason to regret the result; for the first time in his



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE R.C.M. POLICE AT LAKE HARBOUR, BAFFIN ISLAND





life he was assured of two years' food in advance, of a scale and quality hitherto undreamed of, and eaten under a roof he had not been required to build for himself. Nevertheless, reinforced as it was with all that pomp and circumstance, the verdict made it clear to the Eskimo that no longer was murder to be tolerated in the Arctic.

This was the second of Joy's murder hunts; the first had been two years before when, under Inspector J. W. Phillips, he had travelled to a starvation-ridden Eskimo settlement on the Belcher Islands of Hudson Bay to investigate the killing of one Ketaushuk—a case in which there was no conviction. Making it clear he would kill anyone who interfered, Ketaushuk had stolen Mukpooloo's wife, Ningee poo, and taken her to live in a place remote from the tribe.

According to Eskimo theory, that in itself was evidence of insanity, and it is their law that the insane must die. With the presumably enthusiastic assistance of the victim's deserted wife, and the—also presumably—less willing co-operation of Ningee poo herself, Tarautauk, and Awlarook enticed the seducer into an ambush and shot him dead.

Eskimo beliefs considered, the jury, empanelled on the spot, dismissed the capital charge on the ground that Ketaushuk had been killed for the common good of the tribe; but with a warning to those responsible not to do it again.

In another instance of murder that came under review at the same time and place, the only action taken was the dispatch of a large consignment of supplies to a community that otherwise would have starved. The murdered man having eloped with his sister-in-law, and this tribe, at least, regarding sexual irregularity as evidence of insanity, the philanderer was put to death by the common decree. As they were the hunters who were responsible for providing what inadequate amount of food was procurable, if the ringleaders had been arrested, some thirty or more of the tribe would have starved to death.

Another of Joy's achievements came during fifty-four

days in March, April and May, 1927, when he accomplished a patrol from Bache Peninsula, through the middle of Ellesmere Island, across the ice-bound sea to Axel Heiberg Island, the Ringnes Islands and King Christian Island—the most northerly group in North America—a journey of no less than 1320 miles, during the course of which he encountered no other human being.

A greater exploit still came two years later when, with two Eskimos, he travelled by dog-team from Dundas Harbour, Devon Island, down Lancaster Channel, the eastern point of the famous North-West Passage, to Melville Island, and from there north to Bache Peninsula on Ellesmere Island, and, in a patrol of 1700 miles in eighty days, discovered caches connected with the Franklin Expedition, as well as a letter left by Captain Penny, R.N., in 1852.

Later, in the steamship *Beothic*, Joy conducted the annual inspection of Eastern Arctic detachments. It was due to the aftermath of an illness contracted on his last tour that, leaving a record of enterprise, endurance and unalterable strength of purpose that was unsurpassed even in the service to whom he gave so many years of unswerving devotion, this finest type of Englishman died, of congestion of the lungs, on 29th April, 1932, only a few days before he was to have been married.

Another tragedy of the Western Arctic concerning which it was decided that no action could be taken occurred near Detention Harbour, Coronation Gulf, in 1931, when a persistently indigent German-American trapper named Dritz Schurer was shot and killed by his Eskimo mistress.

Schurer, the second mate in an American trader, had deserted his ship at Herschel Island and entered into a working arrangement with a trapper named Pete Brandt. Later, despite Brandt's protests, he had taken to live with him Kobrella, an Eskimo woman, whom from time to time they had engaged to repair clothing.

The association lasted only for a week before Schurer was shot dead and Kobrella arrested.

It was as a result of the statement she put in at the preliminary hearing, that was held on the R.C.M.P. supply ship *St. Roch*, that it was decided not to proceed with the capital charge.

Thus Kobrella:

"One day when I was riding on the sled with Fred he got mad all of a sudden about Pete, and many times he got mad about Pete because I sew clothes for him, and when Fred got mad he talked about killing Pete. I know nothing else but me making clothes for Pete that makes Fred mad. The first time Fred got mad with me he threatened me with a knife. After, when we camp at Camp Barrow, I had made mitts for Pete when Fred say, 'You are making too much for Pete,' and he was mad with me then. I was packing things, primus stove and something ready to leave the camp, when Fred brought his rifle in the snow-house and did not say anything. He loaded the rifle. I saw him put shells in but I did not say anything. I thought he may be going off hunting. After he loaded the rifle he put the case on and then he said for the first time, 'I am going to Kill Pete,' and I said, 'No,' as I did not believe him, and then Fred said to me, 'What is the matter with you?' and something else I could not understand. He then stretched and put the rifle on side; he then sat down on the bed and was putting on his travelling boots. Fred said many times when he got mad, 'I am going to kill Pete,' and after he had brought the rifle in and loaded it he said he was going to meet Pete at the house, then he was going to shoot him as I worked too much for Pete. In the morning when Fred was putting on his boots I went to get the rifle to shoot Fred. Fred must have seen me uncasing the gun and made for me, and I took a shot at him right there and knocked him down. Before taking another shot at him I said to him, 'You say something to me I do not understand,' and Fred say 'Ah,' when he heard me. Then I take another shot at him and he still alive and tried to get up, and I took another shot at him and

must have hit him near the heart or backbone. He died.

"At the time he loaded up the rifle I think he going to kill me as well as Pete, as before he had threatened me with a knife and I could not get out of killing him. I think Fred know better than me about things, and should not talk about killing Pete. I did not want to kill anybody and I shot Fred to stop him from killing Pete and myself."

In view of their knowledge of the dead man's truculence and jealousy of disposition, and that in the Eskimo code murder is far less culpable than untruthfulness, probably this was a more or less correct account of what happened. Taking into consideration, then, that there were no witnesses, so that in any case conviction was improbable, the police decided, instead of proceeding with the capital charge, to repatriate the accommodating Kobrella to her own tribe in Alaska.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### The Search for Dr. Krueger

ON a day in March, 1930, the clamour of dogs outside announced to Constable McLean, in charge of the detachment at Bache Peninsula—only eleven degrees from the Pole, this is the world's most northerly Police Post—that strangers were approaching.

Within a few minutes three heavily overladen *komatiks* (Eskimo sledges) pulled up at the door, and two white men and three Greenland Eskimo entered the detachment.

The party was led by Dr. H. K. E. Krueger of Darmstadt, a distinguished explorer and geologist; the other, his assistant, Rose Bjare, a Dane. Quite obviously each was a very sick man, the former from severe cramp, the latter from frost-bite in the foot. Exploring Greenland the summer before, they had been snowbound for several days south of Humboldt Glacier, and, running out of food had been obliged to eat their dogs—as, one by one, the animals froze to death. Undeterred, however, Krueger was determined to extend his exploration to the Arctic Islands.

In the few days the party spent at the detachment, the German outlined his plans in detail. First he would make for Axel Heiberg Island via Flagler Fiord and Eureka Sound, work north, and from the head of Heiberg Island turn down the western coast, and from there either work back via Baumann and Makinson Islets to Bache Peninsula, or turn south to Craig Harbour. In any case he would complete the tour in time to catch the Canadian Government vessel *Boethic* before she left for the Outside in the early autumn.

Impressed unfavourably by the scheme in general,

McLean was especially disapproving of the explorer's plan to return two of the three natives to Greenland before the expedition proper began; experience told him that for a journey of this nature fifteen somewhat ill-conditioned dogs and one overladen *komatik* was simply not good enough.

The German, however, thought otherwise; he was an experienced explorer and had been to Greenland before. So all McLean could do was to give the doctor advice based on his own experience, and hope for the best.

The party left Bache Peninsula on 19th March, and on 11th April, having left one Eskimo, Ankkea, with the scientists at Depot Point, Axel Heiberg Island, Ilkoo and Kahlgnah, the other two natives, were back with a letter from Krueger with mail for Germany to await the arrival of the *Boethic*.

It was apparent to McLean that the two Eskimo were not optimistic concerning prospects for the German's trip. Questioned, they explained that, overloaded as it was with camp equipment, instruments, clothing and a deep-sea sounding line, even with Krueger breaking trail ahead, it had taken the combined strength of Bjare, Ankkea and the fifteen dogs to persuade the *komatik* to move.

McLean, however, was slightly reassured by the report. At the place from where the Eskimo had come, the worst of the route had been covered; granted ordinary luck, the party should have no trouble in reaching either Craig Harbour or Bache Peninsula in good time to leave in the *Boethic*.

When the ship arrived in August, Krueger's letter to the captain explained why the two scientists were not there as McLean had expected. If Krueger had not returned by August, it would be because he had decided to winter on the western coast of the island, and in that case he would not be at Bache Peninsula until the spring of the year following.

Arriving with the *Boethic*, Inspector Joy, who had met Dr. Krueger and been impressed with his unassuming

proficiency, was reassured as well; having discovered unusual geological data, apparently the party were awaiting the summer in order adequately to explore the area. Thus it was not until spring of the next year that doubts as to the fate of the party began to arise.

Nothing having reached Germany from Greenland, the doctor's friends had written to Ottawa for news of him; a letter that disclosed facts which put a different and far more serious complexion on the situation.

In his letters home, Krueger had announced plans very different from those he had disclosed to Constable McLean. Instead of turning south from Axel Heiberg Island, his intention was to press on some 200 miles to a point approximately  $82^{\circ} 20'$  N. latitude, and  $105^{\circ}$  W. longitude, and from there turn south to the top of Isachsen Island, from there along the northern edge of the Ringnes Islands and down the eastern side of Amund Ringnes to Cape Southwest; then via Hyperit Point to Bache Peninsula, through Bauman Fiord south to Makinson Inlet, from where he would be able to meet the *Boethic*, either at Bache Peninsula or Craig Harbour.

To the experienced Joy, the idea—one, moreover, that was supported by the fact that a deep-sea sounding line had been included in the stores—was little short of madness; no expedition could have been less adequately equipped for what was known to be the most dangerous area in all the Arctic Islands. If, as was only too probable, Krueger happened to lose the *komatik*, all his stores would go with it. And there was no game in the area.

Though a patrol had been sent out from Craig Harbour to search for them, nothing had been heard of the party when the *Boethic* put into Bache Peninsula in the summer of 1931, nor had any news come to Dundas Harbour or Cape Sparbo.

Joy, who had arrived with the ship, took charge; with the experienced Corporal Stallworthy, who was in charge of Bache Peninsula detachment, arranged the course to be

followed by the two separate patrols he assembled. From the west coast of Ellesmere Island search was to be made of Eureka Sound and all the coasts of Axel Heiberg, Meighen, and Isachsen Islands.

Unless the ice goes out prematurely, travel is fairly safe for two months after about the middle of February, though even that is dependent on whether there is enough snow on the rocks to take sleigh runners, on the dogs' feet being able to withstand the "needle" ice that is so prevalent on the coast-lines, and that there occurs none of the thousand and one other progress destroyers that invariably are to be met with.

Setting off together, the patrols divided at Bay Fiord; one, consisting of a Mounted Policeman and two Eskimo, to go north on Eureka Sound, south to Cape Southwest, and, if practicable, to call at the most southerly point of Meighen Island.

The second party, consisting of a Mounted Policeman named Dersch and four Eskimo, was to go south to Eureka Sound, and from there along the southern coast of Axel Ringnes Island to Ellef Ringnes Island.

There, if they had food enough left, the search was to proceed along the southern coast, north to Isachsen Island; from there to the eastern coast of Amund Ringnes Island, from where they would return to Cape Southwest to meet up with the others. If neither had found any trace of the Krueger expedition, the combined force was to press along the southern coast of Axel Heiberg Island to Bjorne Peninsula, divide again, respectively to follow the eastern and western side of Bjorne Peninsula. At Great Bear Cape, travelling overland, the western party would join the eastern party either at Hoved Island or Baumann Fiord. Finally, the reunited party would go overland to Makinson Inlet, and then along the easterly coast of Ellesmere to Bache Peninsula.

Elaborate as they were, even these arrangements were not sufficiently all-embracing for Inspector Joy. Both for



safety and efficiency; there must be a following party of two Eskimo with a *komatik* load of supplies to accompany the southern patrol as far as Cape Southwest, and there establish a food cache for the home-coming northern patrol. Stallworthy was put in charge of this race with time, wherein the risks would be as ever-present as the work would be back-breaking.

So the search disappeared into the void, and for long and anxious months between the summers of 1932 and 1933 no news came from or of them. Would it be necessary, authority wondered, to equip a search party to find the search party?

Then, at long last, Stallworthy sent a wireless message from Godhaven, Greenland. Comprised in that brief bulletin is a record of outstanding persistence, endurance and heroism.

In conditions of almost unbelievable hardship, twenty-nine of the dogs had died, but more than 3000 miles had been covered. All to be discovered of the Krueger expedition had been found by the northern party at Peary's Cairn, in the north-west of Axel Heiberg Island. Dated 24th April, 1930, and signed by Krueger, Bjare and Ankkea, the message recorded merely that the party had called at Land's Lokk, north of Axel Heiberg, from where, apparently having abandoned their intention to continue north, they were bound for Meighen Island.

Stallworthy went on to explain in that laconic message that his own patrols had not been able to penetrate as far as Meighen or Isachsen Islands. Too many dogs had been lost for those that were left to stand any chance over the roughest ice in his experience; further, there was no game at all.

Through their Consul-General for Canada, the German Government acknowledged this gallant failure handsomely; were warm in their thanks to the members of the search parties for their unselfishness and bravery in undertaking the search for the lost explorers.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### To the Arctic and Back

TO relieve and reinforce the various Arctic detachments, and to keep them supplied with food and necessities from Vancouver, is not easy in the conditions that prevail in the Circle.

"I'm writing this *en route* to Dutch Harbour," explained one of the reliefs in a letter headed R.C.M. Police, M.S. *St. Roch*, and dated 7th July, 1935, "in the Aleutian Islands, where we refuel; it is about 1500 miles from Vancouver and about half-way to Point Barrow, where we begin to fight the ice. . . .

"Being but a small craft of 80 tons, 100 ft. long and 25 ft. beam, built entirely of B.C. fir, naturally she suffers from the rough seas; though I have never been on a better sea boat. A two-masted schooner, carrying only a jib, foresail and mainsail, she is powered by a 150-h.p. Union Diesel.

"At the moment we have 140 tons of freight . . . for detachments along the Arctic coast-line—Herschel Island, Maitland Point, Coppermine, Cambridge Bay, Pierce Point, *et al.* Our hold is full, and we have 85 drums of fuel and about 30 tons of coal on deck, as well as a small scow and three rowing boats.

"We nearly rammed a whale yesterday; he came to the surface right under our bows, and it was only a magnificent piece of sprinting that saved him from a severe kick in the slats. . . .

"Somewhere in the Ice, 17th July, 1935. We sailed north from Dutch Harbour, passing the Pribilof Islands on the way—that are the breeding-grounds of the fur seal.

It was too rough to land, but we were able to see thousands of them, and hear a din like Wembley during T'coop Final.

"At Point Barrow we found the ice packed tightly, so we anchored for the night. Early the next morning we entered the pack, and made about 15 miles. Towards 8 p.m. with the sun in mid-heaven we came to the end of the lead, and as there was no exit anywhere two of us jumped on the floe with a line and tied up by dropping our ice anchor.

"This morning we found that the floe had closed in on three sides, and that there was a sand bar behind; if the flow closes in we are apt to be crushed, so we have spent the day cruising up and down the small remaining open stretch seeking an open lead, but without any luck. Unfortunately, we can't go astern, as we have practically broken our clutch, so that it heats up rapidly and then seizes.

"Bucking the ice is great fun. Imagine large expanses of water closely clotted with huge pieces of ice, of all shapes and sizes, with narrow lanes full of turns at all angles—talk about the maze at Hampton Court! Then you come to a corner too sharp to make, so you charge right at it and if the first charge doesn't break through, charge again. Sometimes there are bars of ice across your course that have to be broken before you can pass; if the ice is too thick, you chip a hole, drop in a charge of black powder, and blast your way out. But there are times when it is impossible to break through, and then all you can do is to tie up and wait for current or wind, or both, to open a lead for you.

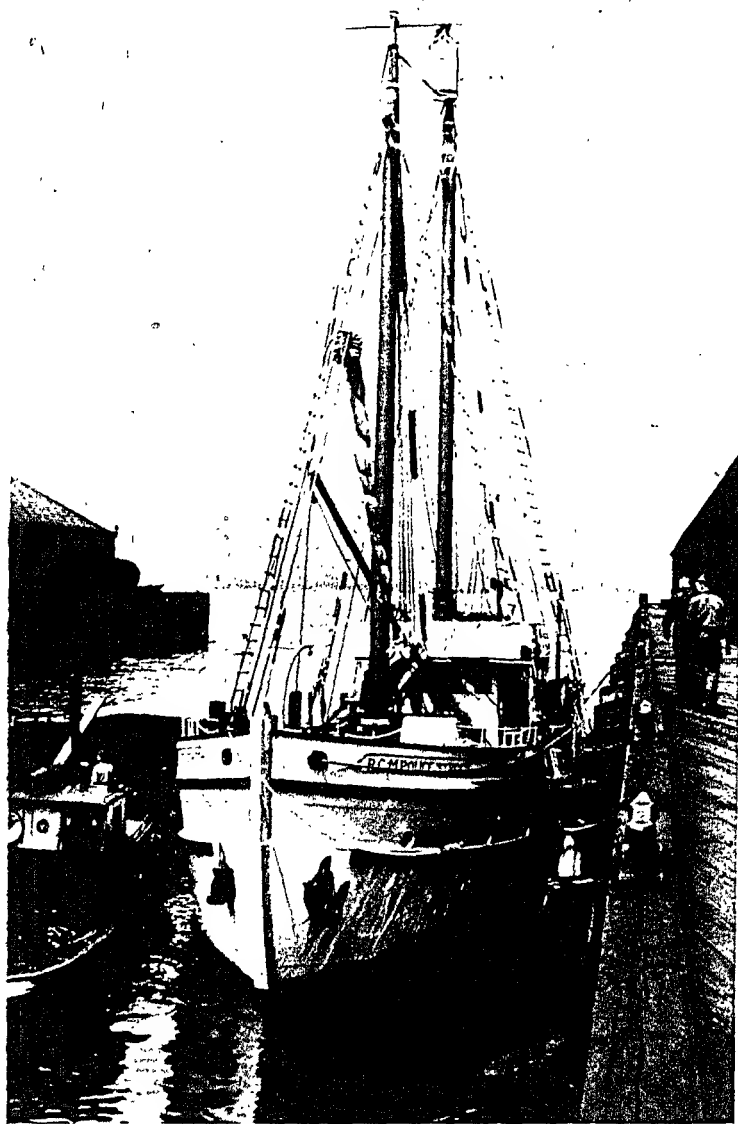
"Two days before we called in at Barrow we called in at Point Hope, and there several Eskimo came aboard. All their clothes are made either from reindeer hides or sealskin or both, and their knee-high boots, called *mukluks*, are rubbed with crude whale blubber to keep them soft and watertight, so as you can imagine the odour wasn't exactly attar of ruddy roses.

"However, after a great deal of fun and arguing I managed to get a pair of hip-high sealskin *mukluks* for a fairly new shirt, a pair of socks and a half-pound tin of tobacco; a pair of fur-lined fancy-worked sealskin slippers for a second tin of tobacco and a pair of old socks; and a pair of fur-lined mitts for a ten-cent bar of castille soap, a handkerchief, an old pair of suspenders and a packet of cigarette papers. They're a cheerful mob, laughing and smiling all the time, and awfully honest.

"July 22nd. I have just given my watchmate his first lesson in bezique. For chips we used brown beans for 'tens', and white cascara pills for hundreds; our table was an empty tobacco case, the cloth a piece of old canvas, and our seats butter kegs. To make things more comfortable we were seated on top of the hatch, it being our watch on deck, clad in fur parkas and mitts; the view to the east, miles of adjectival miles of ruddy ice; the same may be said of the view in every other direction. In the Yukon, at least you had trees and hills and birds and animals and odd trappers; here there is Sweet Fanny Adams. And yet I wouldn't miss this trip north for the world, and I'll return here again and again.

"July 24th. This morning the floe closed around us very nicely, thank you, and heavy pressure immediately became noticeable. Then the ice began milling, large pieces were forced at the top of the floe; followed muffled crunchings and cracking. As a consequence the ship began to list, and we began to wonder just how far she was going and what would happen next. We made a couple of abortive attempts to relieve the pressure by blasting some of the larger pieces, but as we have only black powder left our attempt was futile.

"But after a couple of hours the pressure eased, and the ship returned to even keel, leaving us with a couple of healthy leaks to keep the pumps busy. So now we are sitting back praying that the wind will change to off-shore to blow the floe back to open sea.



R.C.M. POLICE M.S. ST. ROCH

This is a small craft of 80 tons, 100 ft. long and 25 ft. beam, built entirely of B.C. fir. She is rigged as a schooner, and powered by a 150-h.p. Union Diesel.



"Actually, the last two days have been quite unpleasant; stuck as we are, we have been constantly on the alert, ready to move at a moment's notice, both watches. None of us have been allowed to undress, and as I, or rather we, had our last bath at Dutch Harbour, and so are getting a little above ourselves, we'll welcome the sight of Herschel with no little enthusiasm. It is only some 300 miles there, or two days' run, could we but have open water and clear going.

"July 29th. Being written under difficulties, this will be dirty, in pencil, and almost illegible. I'm up in the crow's nest—an ordinary barrel at the mast head—and not being Diogenes, I find it rather uncomfortable, even for two hours, trying to write. As usual, we are stuck in the ice, practically at Demarcation, the Alaska-Yukon border, and about 75 miles west of Herschel Island.

"Since 24th July we have been having rather a bad time of it. On the 25th we battled pressure ice for 18 hours, both watches. Then the watch on deck (mine of course) carried on as usual until relieved. Early the next morning we got caught between two pieces of heavy ice, and couldn't move either ahead or astern—just carried wherever the ice currents willed. And on the 27th the ice in which we were caught began to move steadily toward the pack or solid ice. Once there, and we'd have been crushed like a match-box.

"Unable to move of our own accord, we packed our spare socks, put on our warmest clothes and provisioned a boat, that we fully expected to have to drag over miles of rough ice to open water.

"However, within 50 feet of the floe, the piece of ice that was holding our bow caught on another piece and was dislodged sufficiently to permit the ship to force her nose through, and we were away, not without a secret prayer of thanksgiving. The prospect of living for an indefinite time on an open ice floe and dragging a heavy lifeboat with a few rations did not appeal.

"We reached open and clear sea within three miles, and streamed full blast without a hitch until 2.05 yesterday morning, when I'm damned if we didn't run aground on an uncharted mudbank. Having lowered the small scow or lighter that we carry on our well-deck, we started to unload cargo, and freight it to a larger ice-pan about half a mile away. What a pleasant outlook! A hundred and thirty tons of cargo to be unloaded and reloaded and handled four times.

"However, having been aground for four hours, the ship suddenly began to move. Hurriedly dropping an anchor, we reloaded the small amount of cargo we had unloaded, and got under way, taking constant soundings as usual.

"After sailing for about a mile, we went aground a second time, the depths running from 24 ft. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms in two ships' lengths. Deducing from this that a strong subterranean current had washed the mudbank from under our keel the first time, we set a watch and sat down to wait.

"Sure enough, this morning we drifted clear, and carried on until stopped again by ice. Now we are waiting for the wind to change and loosen up the ice so that we can force our way to Herschel.

"And I am now going on watch to wait for a move on the part of the ice; we take two hours each at the mast-head.

"July 31st. Well, we managed to pull out again yesterday at about 5.30, and made some 30 miles before again being forced to anchor. Now we are off Demarcation, some 60 miles west of Herschel, where we have been all day, held by heavy ice off the Point, but at least it has given us the opportunity to catch up on sleep.

"Quite often I have been called on to take the wheel half an hour after having turned in. The skipper cons the ship from the crow's nest; sometimes he's up there for as long as 27 hours without coming down, and from there he gives orders. He's a Norwegian, a hell of a fine seaman



and a damn nice chap. In the chains, my watch mate, Cheetham, sounds his own way, and never makes a mistake. He spent three years with the Dominion Hydrographic Survey boats doing nothing else but sounding.

"Since leaving Barrow we have taken soundings with the lead every two minutes, and that has meant that our hands are constantly wet with the ice water; this, with the cold wind blowing, makes the job far from pleasant; usually we do half an hour in the chains and then relieve the helmsman, who, in turn, does his half-hour soundings before he returns to the wheel.

"I'm no weakling, but believe me my shoulders are aching after an hour at the wheel, dragging it hard over one way and back again, and so on. It is practically direct steering, and that makes it very heavy. We were going astern one day when a chunk of ice hit the rudder, spun the wheel round and threw me over the main boom to the other side of the flying bridge, nearly breaking my wrist—it's a miracle it didn't. Yes, we're North again, all right, no doubt about that; from the native village a mile or so away I can hear familiar and ever-welcome sounds of dog-teams—barking, yelping, whining; another team must just be pulling in or out.

"August 2nd. Here we are again, and it's raining heavily, foggy, cold and miserable; we are still tied up to the floe off Demarcation, waiting for a change of wind. It's hell being so near Herschel and being unable to get there.

"August 7th, 5.5 a.m. Do you know what I'd like right now? A bath; a bath I could be in and soak and soak and soak in steaming water, followed by a sleep for as long as I could sleep, in a large box-sprung bed, between crisp linen sheets. Instead, I bathed last night in a wash-tub containing half a bucket of warmish water, then turned into a hard-sprung, narrow, flannelette-sheeted bunk at 12.15, and was awakened at 3.45 for my watch on deck.

"Am I moaning?

"No.

"We are still anchored to the floe about 45 miles from Herschel waiting for an open lead in the ice.

"August 8th. We moved away at noon, carrying on until 3.45 this morning, when we stuck in the ice again, this time within about 10 miles of Herschel, that is in plain sight right ahead.

"There are other reasons why we are all eager to get there. We have been without butter for three weeks, and potatoes for two weeks. We take in a large quantity of fresh vegetables there also that have been shipped down the Mackenzie River.

"August 9th. We are at Herschel, but not in port; we are icebound on the wrong side of the island, where we arrived this morning.

"August 30th. We left Coppermine at six this morning, and we anchored for the night at Tree River, some 85 miles to the eastward. A gale has sprung up, and it looks as if we shall be here for a few days. Actually, we are anchoring each night now; the nights are long and dark, the coast is entirely bare of lights, and marked thickly with reefs, small islands and rocks, rendering it practically impossible and foolishly reckless to navigate at night. Also, we duck to a safe anchorage every time a blow comes up—there's so little room to play in. Franklin is supposed to have reached somewhere in the vicinity of Cambridge Bay, and the Kogmoliks (Eskimos of Coronation Gulf and east) say that his boat was wrecked on one of the thousands of small islands to the east, and was sunk, quite inadvertently, by the natives who boarded her. Finding it dark inside, and never having seen a big ship, they cut a hole in the side to let in the light—and let in water instead. Franklin, however, was not on the ship, apparently having abandoned her.

"We shot some snowshoe rabbits ashore this morning—our first fresh meat since Demarcation. Accustomed as I am to the Yukon, where I could go into the hills and get

fresh meat of some kind or another at any time of the year, it seems years.

"September 27th. We collected six sleigh dogs at Herschel Island and seven at Coppermine. The hold being full, they are fastened on deck, and what with the wind and the rain, as sorry a looking bunch as ever you saw. This part of the country, they never have any shelter from one year's end to another; in the Yukon we build 'em strong, warm kennels. Strange that no matter how hardy a dog is, I'm convinced they show the result of care."

That, then, was the voyage "out". As will be seen, the return journey was more difficult still.

"Written on *St. Roch*, 10th August, 1937.

"My writing does seem bum, doesn't it? but my hands are rather cold, so that my fingers are finding it difficult to do what is required of them.

"Having left Coppermine for the west, we got as far as Bernard Harbour, drifted back to Krusenstern in the pack ice; made our way back to Bernard—or rather, off Cape Bexly—back to Krusenstern, and then up to Bernard Harbour again, where we received a wireless from the Hudson's Bay Company packet, *Fort James*—that we could see faintly in the distance 'way out in the pack ice—that her rudder had been cracked by ice on the night before and her propeller bent.

"So, in case she should need help, we were forced to make our way in her direction. When we got up to her we found she could navigate slowly, so we went ahead, with the *Fort James* following closely on our heels.

"Being unable to make headway against a strong current and a freshly arisen gale, we headed closer in to the beach, where we hoped to make fast and so prevent ourselves from being carried west again by the floes. Eventually, when we were about two miles from the beach north-east from Cape Bexly, we could get no farther.

"We had been tied up within 70 ft. of each other for about a couple of hours when the fun started. Large floes

came irresistibly towards us, and pressure began to work; at one time the *St. Roch* was thrust over to as much as 21 degrees.

"It was quite cold most of the time, with heavy rain, and a 30-m.p.h. gale made the ice crumble, crush, turn and up-end all around us. Being round-bellied, the ice that otherwise would have crushed us was forced underneath us, more or less lifting us. Without exaggeration some of the ice was 17 ft. thick.

"Consider for a moment a strait nineteen miles wide in the narrow, 60 miles long, crowded full with heavy floes of pack-ice, and driven by a gale and heavy current. Something has to go when opposition is encountered; millions of tons of pressure cannot be opposed by direct pressure.

"As I have tried to convey already, the *St. Roch* is so constructed that she rides the ice; it can't get a grip on her rounded sides; she is lifted up until there are times when she is practically high and dry.

"But the *Fort James* was a ship of different type—actually sister-ship to the famous *Bluenose*, and of modified yacht design. Several times we saw her heel over until her rail was under water, and as she had only one line out to our ice anchor, her captain was afraid that if this parted she would be swept away among the smaller ice, and in that case, should she be crushed, the crew would find it difficult to get off to a floe.

"He sent his mate on to the ice to make fast a second line; the mate experienced some little trouble, so I jumped down to give a hand. We had just finished when the *Fort James* heeled right over and twisted around by about seven feet.

"Her captain called to us to come over and grab the children—of whom there were six, all natives. I glanced at the *St. Roch*, and she, too, was heeling—was practically on top of the ice, and looked as if she was going to topple right over.

"To be frank, I was scared stiff—I sure wondered

what was going to happen and how soon. However, she settled back to even keel. I went back to the *Fort James*, and the engineer held up about six feet of splintered timber and informed me it was part of the keel that had floated up through the hold, that already was half full of water.

"Having taken off the two women and six children and all the crew and shot a bitch, five three weeks' old puppies and seventeen dogs to save them from drowning—a truly beastly necessity—we went ashore and watched the old *Fort James* sink, crushed all to blazes before she finally disappeared.

"The cause of her sinking was that when she was forced up, the ice underneath forced her long, deep keel around, wrenching it right away from the hull.

"I hardly need say that we all had a small pack filled with absolute necessities and our dearest treasures in case we were forced to abandon ship, in which case we should have had to jump from one piece of ice to another until we reached the shore—if we did.

"I can still close my eyes and imagine myself standing alongside Bill Stark and watching the '*James*' heeling over one way and the *St. Roch* the other, while we wondered which ship to make for—if any—or whether to make a try for the beach. The very piece of ice we were standing on was split and moving in a way that sure put the wind up one, at any rate, and I don't mind admitting it.

"However, once again we are all safe and sound. It was a relief to get our clothes off, as we had been standing to for three days without undressing, and without such an awful amount of sleep."

## CHAPTER XXIX

### Arctic Service

**A**NOTHER letter from the same source, written somewhere between the mouth of Melville Sound and Bathurst Islet, gives a vivid impression of an Arctic patrol.

"I am writing this lying stormbound in an igloo somewhere in the above locality. Yesterday I left Warrender Bay in Melville Sound, *en route* to Burnside Harbour in Bathurst Inlet. It was stormy when I left, but spasmodically, breaking every now and then sufficiently to allow me to get my bearings from landmarks, the sun, &c. But at 3 p.m. I was forced to camp, as it started to snow and I couldn't see a hundred yards. Being in a strange country, without a guide I couldn't afford to take foolhardy chances.

"This morning it was blowing, snowing and misty, and I couldn't even see the dogs fastened some thirty yards from the snowhouse. So here I am, I don't quite know where, forced to remain in camp I don't know for how long—these storms have a habit of lasting from three to ten days; here's hoping that this one is of the former variety, especially as I am not too well supplied with rations, as I have been on the trail longer than I expected owing to soft snow, *et al.* I am not worrying, however; I have a seal in the sled that I shot for dog food. I don't fancy a diet of seal myself, but beggars can't be choosers.

"With another constable I left Cambridge Bay on 12th May for Wilmot Island, that is due north of Bathurst Inlet. From Wilmot we went to Warrender Bay in Melville Sound, where we left yesterday, and here we are *en route* to Wilmot Island. We camped at Finlayson Island the first night; the second at the long point some twenty-five miles west of



R.C.M.P. CONSTABLE, WINTER PATROL, YUKON TERRITORY





Cape Alexander, unnamed on the map, but known locally as Ptarmigan Point. Our third camp was at Turn-again Point, where Franklin turned back on his 1821 expedition. The fourth night we were at Wilmot Island.

"On the return trip from Burnside Harbour we shall travel by way of Melville Sound, making a portage across the narrow neck of land at the head of the sound, entering the Queen Maud Gulf near Minto Island, from where we strike due north round Cape Colburn, and so home to Cambridge Bay, where we should arrive on the 1st June or thereabouts.

"Here it is, 2nd May, without the faintest sign of break-up, whilst at this time in the Yukon the rivers will have gone out, the flowers will be brightening the hillsides, and the roads be impassable on account of the mud. Dease Strait and Coronation Gulf will be running ice about the 25th July, and will be frozen up again about the 20th September. Not a very long season, is it? I have a lot to do.

"The prisoner we were holding here for murder has been released, as the King William Patrol was unable to unearth further evidence of the killing. So as soon as navigation opens I am hopeful to take my small sloop and, sailing east to Sherman Inlet, south to the bottom, and then overland to some lakes in the vicinity of Mount Marsh, where I shall search for the body. I don't like a case being left in the unsettled condition that this one is in any district over which I have authority.

"Also, I have to sail west to Richardson Island and to make several trips to Wellington Bay to transport the fish catch (a native is hired to fish for us during the season, the catch being wind-dried for winter dog food), so all in all I'm going to have a busy season. The worst of it is I have to wait in Cambridge Bay for the arrival of the supply ship, to receive the mail and to check the stores. My opposite number should be on the boat, too, but I shall not be able to let him do any of this work, as I don't suppose he can

handle a boat, and certainly I wouldn't trust him away with a native boatman until I see what he is like.

"Prior to leaving on this Bathurst patrol I have been very busy redecorating the detachment buildings. I began by beaver-boarding all the walls and then painted throughout—the ceiling white to give as much light as possible during the winter months. The sitting-room furniture consists of a rather nice oak desk salvaged by the Hudson's Bay Company from Amundsen's *Gjoa*, and who bought it from him; a table and two easy chairs.

"I arrived back on 25th June, since when I have written umteen reports, compiled umteen Income Tax returns (just another item for which we are responsible, and that no one is capable of doing for themselves), painted the outside of the storehouses, scraped the mast, gaff and boom of my cutter. . . . There remains still a considerable amount of office work to do.

"The day after the one I began this letter was still misty, but with occasional patches of clearness. So, deciding that anything was preferable to being cooped up in a snowhouse, we pulled out for Burnside Harbour, a small trading post a little below Woolaston Point, which we should have made that day, but didn't, and when finally the mist cleared we realized we were in the vicinity of the Cheese Islands, far to the west and north of where we should have been, and about 35 miles off our course. Had we not camped when we did, we should have landed in Arctic Sound.

"However, finally we arrived at Burnside Harbour without undue trouble, and stayed there four days.

"During the patrol I fell in with a native from King William Land, an old lad. He told me how he was wandering along the beach there when he was a young man and found a wooden spar that had been flung up by the sea. To us it is hard to understand, but if you remember that in that country wood is unknown, and the hundred and one things it is used for, you will realize what that find

meant to him. It was interesting to see the gleam in his eyes even after all these years when he was speaking of it.

"I met a very interesting ex-member of the Outfit, now a trapper, who told me the following story of a couple of pals of his. At one time they had a business in the Haymarket—inherited. It went phoney, so they decided to go to Australia via Canada. They got as far as Calgary, went on a bust, and without any recollection of having joined up, awakened in the Mounted Police.

"After a while they decided that it was time they carried on with their trip to Australia, but the O.C. refused their request to purchase their discharge, so they began an endeavour to work their ticket, i.e. get thrown out.

"Their advances in this direction ignored, they went on to the Red Light district—that was on a hillside about half a mile from barracks—in uniform.

"No go, so they borrowed a pair of conspicuous white chargers, and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons rode over to the same district and left the horses by the hour together tethered outside a Negro joint in full view of the O.C.'s quarters—for which they were given twenty-eight days.

"Then they applied for leave, and as regulations demanded, stated where they were going—on a hunting trip to a small trapper's cabin in one of the more remote corners of Banff National Park.

"Overstaying their leave by more than forty-eight hours, they were posted as deserters. The O.C., however, gave them a week in which to change their minds, and then sent a report to the senior game warden that he had received information that two dangerous characters were lurking in such and such a district, and that the greatest precautions should be taken in apprehending them.

"Not having shaved for three weeks, dressed in old trail clothes and with hunting-knives, shot-guns and rifles lying about, the absentees certainly looked the part. Nevertheless, they were astonished as they glanced up from their midday meal to discover themselves covered by rifles from

windows and doorway; more surprised still when the senior warden stepped cautiously inside and arrested them. They had expected only a file of Mounted Police.

"Handcuffed between two armed guards, they were marched into the small town nearby, and from there transferred to McLeod; there again to be marched through the town, but this time to the barracks.

"While thanking the warden for all the trouble he had taken, the O.C. explained gravely that he—the warden—must have made a mistake. These were not the two desperate characters mentioned, only boys from the barracks who were wanted on a minor charge. And in Orderly Room a little later gave them, not their ticket, but three months' hard labour, during which period their pay ceased automatically, and they were escorted everywhere by the rawest recruits who could be found eligible for the job.

"That cured 'em. One retired on pension as a staff-sergeant, and the other was drowned on duty. I had heard this story before, but have not met the sergeant, who now lives in Victoria, B.C.

"The schooner that left with our mail from Coppermine didn't get here, and nothing was heard of her, so when finally the straits were frozen over, I left for Wilmot Island to look for her. It took me ten days to cover the 140 miles to there, the trail being rough with the old ice of last year piled up along the near shallows of the shore. At Wilmot I heard that the *Aklavik*, the boat I was looking for, was 'way down Bathurst Inlet, where eventually I found her near the Burnside River."

## CHAPTER XXX

### The Case of the "Mad Trapper"

ONE of the most prevalent and necessary duties with which the more northerly detachments are concerned lies with the trapper or prospector whose brain has given way under the strain of prolonged isolation from human contact. Curiously, the most usual manifestation of the condition is a violent distaste for his fellows. And while usually the sufferer recovers under treatment, it is not advisable for him to return to his former life of seclusion.

"Of all, it is those who cause us the most trouble," wrote the constable already quoted. "Nearly every month we have to send out a patrol, consisting of two men and a dog-team, to fetch in some poor chap who has gone 'bush crazy'.

"Only last week a patrol came in with a man they had collected from a claim north-east of here, after a round trip of some 530 miles. Both our men had their toes and noses frozen and the prisoner his hands.

"He was taken to the hospital, and that same night the orderly was attracted by sounds of gasping and grunting. Thinking there was something not quite natural about it, he went to investigate, to discover the patient slashing at his throat with a razor; already he had made four deep wounds.

"Of course they sent for one of us, since when, night and day, there has always been a constable with the poor chap."

Yet, writing of a night when, as hospital guard, he was called away to an emergency case, the writer adds, "after

that I went back to my own patient, whom I found well on the way to recovery and, amazingly, quite sane".

One of the worst ordeals in the history of these rescues was that of the corporal who was sent out with a constable to bring in a demented Russian. After a savage, long-drawn-out fight, they were obliged to tie him down, after which he howled ceaselessly throughout the night.

They had not gone many miles the next day before the corporal awakened to the fact that he had not one, but two, lunatics on his hands. Unable to withstand the nervous strain, the constable's brain, also, had given way, a condition that lasted until, without sleep except for half-hour snatches, the corporal staggered into barracks four days later.

Whether, actually, the man who called himself Albert Johnson was bush-crazy is open to question; those most closely in touch with him were convinced that he was not. Mad or sane, however, he was the object of one of the most exhaustive, dangerous and highly organized man-hunts in Canadian Police history.

The tragedy had its beginning on a day in July, 1931, when a stranger was seen to be poling a raft down the Peel River about thirty miles downstream from Fort McPherson; that he was a "desert rat" (i.e. from the prairie country) was confirmed when, questioning a party of Indians as to his whereabouts, it transpired that he was on the wrong river. He had thought he was on the Porcupine!

It was only a little later that complaints began to reach the R.C.M.P. detachment at Fort McPherson regarding this newcomer. Any Indian who happened to pass by his camp on the Peel River was ordered off in no uncertain terms; hesitation or protest was met at the pistol point. Further, their traps were torn up and thrown among the trees.

Thus it was not long before the Mounted Police began to take something of a professional interest in the self-styled Albert Johnson, who, when he came into McPherson

for winter supplies, appeared to carry a roll of money in each of his several pockets. Constable "Newt" Millen, of Arctic Red River, who happened to be in town, stopped for a word with him.

Johnson, however, was both truculent and unveracious. First he said he came from Arctic Red River, but when Millen, who prided himself on his personal knowledge of every man in the detachment, denied that, Johnson amended his jumping-off place to the Mackenzie River country.

That, also, Millen suspected to be untrue—Johnson's course on the Peel River had been from the direction of the Yukon. Questioned as to what he was doing on the Peel River, Johnson told Millen to mind his own business.

The news that Johnson had left his camp on Peel River for a cabin on the Rat River came when an Indian trapper called at the Arctic Red detachment to complain that, evidently with the object of discouraging their activities to the point where they would go elsewhere, a "crazy man" was treating the white men's traps as previously he had done those of the Indians, and pulling a gun on those who protested.

These complaints persisting, Constable A. W. (Buns) King and Constable R. G. McDowell mushed their team the sixty odd miles to investigate.

Built on an eminence that overlooked the Rat River some score or so miles from where it joins the Husky River, the walls of a double thickness of logs, and so loopholed for rifle fire as to command the approach from every direction, Johnson's cabin was as unusual as was their reception.

When King knocked at the closely bolted door—to where their own footmarks were the only trail in the snow—there was no response. Hence there was nothing but to mush back to Arctic Red River for a search warrant.

At the cabin again, this time their demand for admittance came in the form of a rifle bullet that crashed through the door and into King's chest. McDowell fell as well—to avoid the stream of bullets that followed.

When the firing ceased, he edged over to examine his friend; scrambled to his feet, picked King up in his arms and carried him to the dead ground at the river bank; tended him as well as could be done from his first-aid box. Then, packing the wounded constable in the sleigh, McDowell set off through one of the worst blizzards of the season—not on the sixty miles to Arctic Red, but twenty miles farther to Aklavik, where there was a hospital.

Incredibly, in that storm, and with a team that already had travelled so far, the distance was covered in twenty-one hours.

King was operated on by Dr. Urquhart of the Anglican Mission Hospital. The bullet—an expanding one—had broken two ribs at the point of entry, and a further two on the other side. Nevertheless, by good fortune and skilled nursing, the patient recovered.

Inspector Eames, in charge of the detachment at Aklavik, acted promptly; ordered Constable Millen to report from Arctic Red to reinforce McDowell; enlisted trappers Ver-ville, Lang, Gardlund and two Indians to complete the posse; provided dynamite for hand bombs; issued extra ammunition, and rations for men and dogs.

The forty below blizzard was still raging as the party set out with those over-laden sledges; the journey, that had taken McDowell twenty-one hours, occupied four whole days.

Arrived within sight of the cabin, Inspector Eames posted his party within cover of the scrub that surrounded the clearing; from there called on Johnson to give himself up.

The reply came in the form of rapid fire from the cabin loopholes, and to which the party replied—a duel that went on for some time with no result. Eventually, Eames decided to risk the fire, advance on the cabin, and for each of the party to smash hard at the door as he passed.

A breach was made, but the firing was such that the inspector decided to suspend the attack until nightfall, and then to use dynamite.





AN AERIAL VIEW OF FORT SMITH  
R.C.M. Police Post in North-West Territories



Darkness or not, Johnson met the explosion with rapid fire, and to avoid unnecessary casualties the attack retired. After another rush, but with a similar result, Eames lighted flares, and by the light of these it was seen that a breach had been made in the cabin roof.

Encouraged, the attack went forward for the third time; the four-pounds weight of dynamite that was thrown through the door exploded deafeningly. A moment later a bullet from Johnson's rifle shot the torch from Gardlund's hand.

The delay on the journey had badly interfered with arrangements; if the return occupied a similar time, they would run short of food both for themselves and the dogs. The question, then, was whether to press the siege and trust to what supplies they found in the cabin, or to return to Aklavik. And while the constables and specials were all in favour of the former course, Eames decided that the odds against them were too heavy; failure to capture the position in that weather and temperature meant inevitable starvation. Even as it was, they would be running things closer than he cared about.

Back at Aklavik, Eames enlisted the help of Quartermaster-Sergeant Riddel and Staff-Sergeant Hersey of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals to maintain communication by wireless on the trek, and on 14th January Constable Millen and trapper Gardlund returned to Rat River.

It took them three days to reach the cabin. With the door hanging as crazily as it had been left, and the hole in the roof unrepaired, even at first glance it was seen that the bird had flown—from what was less a home than a fortress. Entrenched three feet below the ground, Johnson had been able to fire through the loopholes in safety; further, he had left behind enough provisions to have provided for a six months' siege. There was, however, no indication of his identity, or that he had done any trapping.

Thus, it was necessary to find a man, experienced on the

trail, who had disappeared into those countless miles of wilderness.

Two days later, Inspector Eames's patrol, of which Riddell, Millen, Gardlund and Verville were the vanguard, took the trail from Aklavik, and it was on 30th January, at a cliff-hung creek near where the Rat River joins the Barrier, that Gardlund caught a glimpse of the quarry behind a breastwork that closed the third side of a triangular clump of bushes high up the slope.

As it was apparent that Johnson had not seen them, and darkness was beginning to close down, it was decided to postpone any attempt at arrest until the morning.

It was, then, in the grey of dawn that they began cautiously to climb the rise. Riddell and Millen in advance, they were within a hundred yards of their objective when suddenly Johnson appeared above the barricade.

Impulsively, Gardlund shot; Johnson seemed to fall backward. Circumspectly, the attacking party took cover, and there remained for some time. At last, with no sign from the fugitive, they decided to risk it.

Riddell and Millen in advance, they were more than half-way to the breastwork when suddenly Johnson's head and shoulders reappeared. His first shot missed Riddell by inches. Millen replied; Johnson fired again, and as Millen fell, ducked behind the breastwork.

Gallantly, under covering fire from the two specials, Riddell retrieved the body—shot through the heart; carried it to the creek.

With the murderer on the alert, any further attempt at arrest would have been suicide; from behind that barricade at the crest of the slope he could have held up a platoon. The only course, then, was for Riddell to return with Millen's body to Aklavik, leaving Verville and Gardlund to keep Johnson inside his fort.

Following as it did on the wounding of King, this murder aroused the North as it had not been aroused for years. Not only the Police, but every trapper, prospector

and woodcutter to whom the "moccasin telegraph" brought news of the tragedy downed tools to join the hunt.

This time, Eames was leaving nothing to chance; every resource of science was enlisted to bring the murderer's career to a close. Captain "Wop" May, pilot for Canadian Airways, was enlisted to keep the various parties supplied; if necessary to bomb Johnson from his position.

Detailed to replace Millen, Constable Carter flew with May on a projected flight of 1500 miles from Athabasca to Aklavik, but at Arctic Red River orders were received to report to Inspector Eames's party—that now consisted of Sergeant Riddell, trappers Verville, Gardlund, Lang, Ethier, Carmichael, Stromberg and a few Indians—at the junction of the Peel and Rat Rivers.

Despite the unremitting watch on him, Johnson had slipped away by night; constant snowstorms, that obliterated his tracks, rendered it uncertain which way he was heading.

However, on the next day, word was brought in by an Indian that tracks had been found close to La Pierre. Riddell, who knew that country, went with May to investigate, but in a flight of 150 miles saw nothing either of tracks or fugitive.

After that it was necessary for May to return to Aklavik for supplies, and while he was away Eames's men came across Johnson's trail considerably farther up the Rat River—evidently he was heading for the Yukon. Though he was a good two days ahead, there was evidence that he was weakening under stress of the almost continuous blizzard. But when on his return May took Sergeant Riddell across the Divide, and though they flew as low as conditions permitted, they saw no trace of their quarry.

While they were away, however, P  ter Alexi, an Indian from La Pierre House, rushed into Eames's camp with the information that trappers had come across the tracks of Johnson's home-made snowshoes near the Bell River two days before. If, actually, this was the case, he had accom-

plished the almost unbelievable feat of covering ninety miles in a continuous blizzard and without dogs.

To meet the new situation, Inspector Eames decided to split his force into two. One detachment, consisting of himself, Sergeant Riddell and trapper Gardlund, would return with May to Aklavik for supplies, while Sergeant Hersey, Constable May—who had reported with a trapper named Jackson from Old Crow a few days before—trappers Hogg, Jackson, Ethier, with Alexi and two other Indians, would strike the trail by dog-teams.

It was Saturday, 13th February, when in a semi-blizzard the plane took the air from Aklavik for La Pierre House; after taking a wrong direction, passed out of the worst of the storm on the Yukon side of the Divide.

Simultaneously, the second party had gone to investigate the tracks south of La Pierre House, only to confirm the Indians' opinion that these had been made by Johnson. May followed the tracks by plane for twenty or thirty miles to the curve of the Bell River, and there encountered a check. With characteristic woodmanship, Johnson had discarded his snowshoes to follow the tightly packed trail made by a large head of caribou, and so rendered his further progress untraceable. Nevertheless, the flight was not wholly unproductive. On the way home, May saw how, by taking a short-cut, the ground party might gain anything from two to four days on the quarry.

On the morning of 15th February, when the weather was too rough for the trail, May and his mechanic set off for Aklavik for supplies, but returned that same afternoon.

Though the weather conditions were still unfavourable, it was clear enough for a start to be made by 10.30 the next day.

Leading the dog-team down the Eagle River, suddenly Hersey saw Johnson ahead. Grabbing his rifle, Hersey fired. Johnson threw himself prone, and behind the meagre cover of his pack returned the fire, and Hersey fell with a bullet in the lung. Nevertheless, though badly wounded, he contrived to keep up a steady fire at the murderer.

By this, as well, the remainder of the patrol was in action. Soon Johnson's fire died, and so did Johnson.

Apart from wounds—one bullet had exploded the cartridges in his pocket, blowing away part of his hip—his condition was pitiable; for while a fully equipped dog-team hesitates to make the journey across the Divide in winter, Johnson, without a team, and dragging a toboggan with his bed-roll, two rifles, a sawn-off shot-gun, and more than a hundred rounds of ammunition, had done so at its highest point of 8000 feet.

As well as that sawn-off shot-gun, the remainder of his personal belongings were not without significance; a quantity of gold dust, two gold dental bridges and more than \$2500 in United States currency.

From time to time various stories have been circulated as to who and what Johnson was, but none in any way convincing; many claims to his estate were advanced, but none authentic. The most plausible theory, and that is supported in some degree by his savage insistence on privacy, is that he had escaped from the United States with the proceeds of a robbery—to live in Canada until the hunt died down.

From the time Hersey was lifted into the plane it took May only fifty minutes to deliver him to Aklavik Hospital. It was Dr. Urquhart's opinion that with a further half-hour's delay the internal hæmorrhages would have been fatal. That one bullet had caused five separate wounds—in the left elbow, the left knee, in both lungs and the pit of the right arm.

It is good to know, however, that this gallant man made a complete recovery.

Another brutal and in every respect unnecessary tragedy came in the October of 1935.

On the surface, at least, the beginnings were insignificant—just one of those meagre offences that every police force is accustomed to take in its stride.

It was on Saturday, 5th October, that Constable J. G.

Shaw of Dauphin River, Manitoba, who was on relief at Swan River, arrested Joseph Posnikoff, John Kalmakoff and Pete Woiken, and because of his suspicions that his prisoners were wanted for the attempted hold-up of a store at Benito, enlisted the company of Town Constable William Wainright, "a returned soldier and a splendid type"; to escort his charges to the Pelly detachment for questioning.

However far they had wandered from the fold, all three prisoners were members of that strange sect, the Dukhobors—the "Spirit Fighters" or "Christians of the Universal Brotherhood"; who, though sworn to obey no demands that conflict with their own collective and extremely inelastic conscience, deprecates especially any act that is not founded on love.

Saturday passed and Sunday. The policemen did not report at Pelly with their prisoners, nor was there any news concerning them. But early on Monday morning, 7th October, the dead bodies of the officers were found in a marsh only a short distance from the town for where they had set out. There was, however, no sign either of the car or of the arrested men.

Immediately an intensive search was instituted.

The first news came in late in the evening of that same day. At about nine o'clock the wanted men had held up and robbed a man and his wife on a road outside Canmore, Alberta.

Later, at a moment when his wife happened to be listening-in to a broadcast description of the murderers and the stolen car, that car drew up outside Roy Zeller's filling station, and having been supplied, drove off in the direction of Banff.

Mrs. Zeller told her husband of her suspicions; he telephoned to Constable P. J. Bonner, in charge of the Canmore detachment, and after he had passed the news to the headquarters at Banff, Bonner and a local magistrate named Hawke set out to intercept the car. Meantime, Sergeant T. S. Wallace and Constables G. C. Harrison, G. E. Coombe



and G. Campbell had left Banff for a similar purpose.

It was as the officers were standing by their car on the outskirts of Canmore that, unexpectedly, the bandits' car appeared. As the policemen reached for their guns, the occupants opened fire without slowing down.

Harrison fell with a bullet in the throat, and the bandits' car ran over him as he lay. A moment later Sergeant Wallace, who had replied to the shots, clutched at his chest, staggered, asked Campbell for more ammunition, and fell. Campbell, with the help of his flashlight, hit and killed Posnikoff as he made a rush for the wayside scrub. For the time being the other two escaped.

But not for long. The next day, with the local forces reinforced by details from Calgary, and civilian help, the bandits were located at a point between that city and Banff. In the fight that followed both murderers were shot by Game Warden William Neish. Taken to Banff Hospital, they died shortly after admittance; Sergeant Wallace, of internal bleeding, on the day after.

The loss of Sergeant Wallace and Constables Shaw and Harrison was felt keenly throughout the Force.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### Industrial Unrest

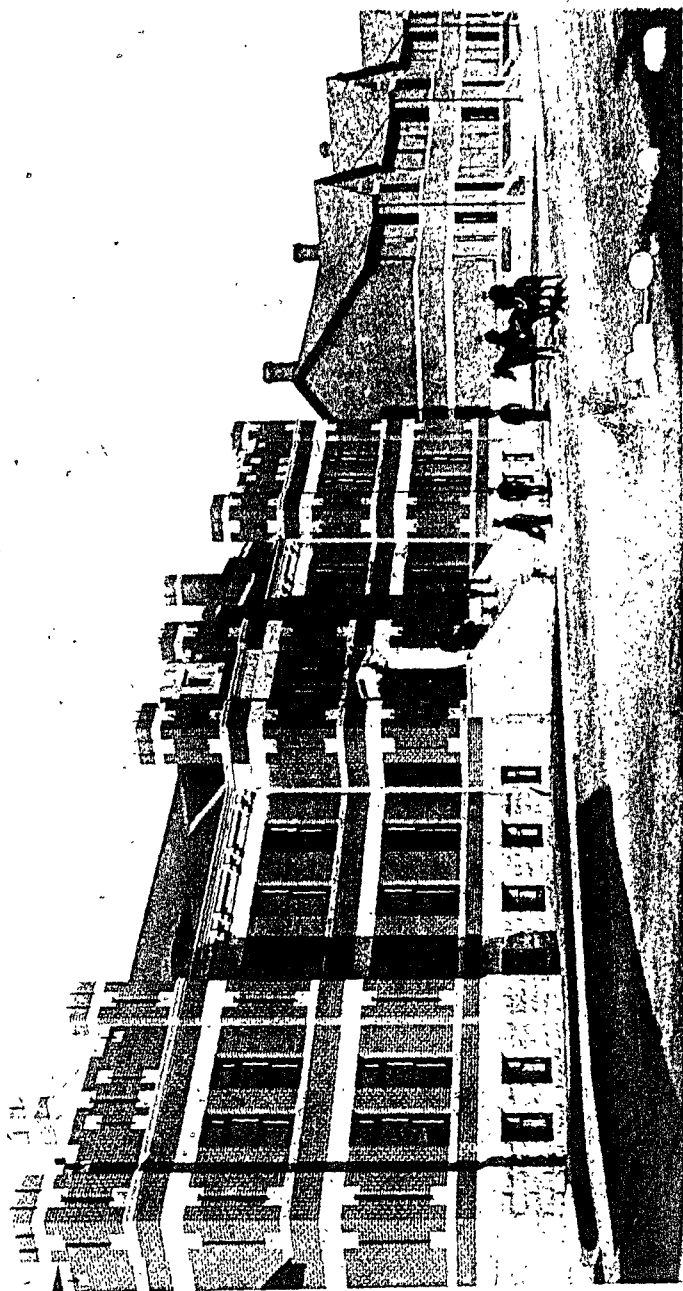
THE depression that had settled on the American continent was especially acute in British Columbia, so that in 1935 it became necessary to establish relief camps for the more indigent of the workless.

The more industry suffers, the greater the opportunity for the agitators, and as had been the case in the post-war slump, the subversive elements were fervid in exploiting what, to them, was corn ripe for the revolutionary sickle. Spellbinders of sedition mixed freely with the men, expounding the doctrine of violence, for to "Build up a real and revolutionary force in Canada" is the declared policy of the order. "Revolutions don't simply happen. There must be purpose, plan, and organization."

In this case, the "purpose and organization" was such that no less than 1500 men swarmed on a Canadian Pacific freight train for the expressed purpose of "dead-beating" to Ottawa, there to protest against conditions at the relief camps of British Columbia.

Not surprisingly, however, Ottawa was unwilling to receive so many hundreds of penniless trouble-makers. On no account, the Government instructed, must these malcontents be permitted to travel west of Regina—at which city they arrived on 14th June.

They were marched through a city, that already had taken the precaution to reinforce its police, to the Exhibition Ground, where the grand stands had been transformed into dormitories, and where they were served with meals without charge.



R.C.M. POLICE MAIN OFFICE BUILDINGS, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN



The strikers accepted the free board and lodging without prejudice or gratitude; as soon as they were rested they declared categorically that they were going on to Ottawa as originally planned. Government forces, on the other hand, declared equally firmly that, on the contrary, as soon as transport could be provided, their visitors were returning to British Columbia.

To discover if a way could be found to avoid what gave evidence of working up for trouble, the Hon. Robert Weir, Minister of Agriculture, and the Hon. R. J. Manion, Minister of Railways, were sent from Ottawa to consult with the strike leaders. After prolonged conference with those who quite obviously were determined that any settlement that was arrived at should not be peaceful, it was suggested that a delegation of seven, of the malcontents' selection, should travel east at Government expense and lay their complaints before, and confer with, the Cabinet.

They went, but the meeting broke up summarily when in response to the accusation that he had embezzled the funds of a Mine Workers' Union in Alberta, Arthur Evans, the firebrand leader of the deputation, called Mr. R. Bennet, the Prime Minister, a liar.

Meantime, a Government camp had been opened for the strikers at Lumsden, immediately outside Regina, and arrangements made to move the strikers there, and from thence return them to British Columbia. To which the strikers' response was to post pickets at each door of the stadium—men who did not hesitate over their choice of words to those of the "comrades" who attempted to move any part of their belongings into the waiting lorries.

Even though all railway facilities were withdrawn, the strikers' purpose held; if they could not reach Ottawa by rail, they would go by road. \* On 27th June five truck loads of malcontents took the high road for the capital.

A mile or two outside Regina, however, progress was checked by the cordon of Royal Canadian Mounted Police who were drawn across the road, and who made it

clear they were there to carry out orders—without trouble, if possible, but in any case to carry them out. In proof of this they arrested Jack Cosgrove, who was in charge of the trek, the Rev. Samuel East, United Church minister from Regina, who was in sympathy with the strikers, and several of the other leaders. The remainder of the voyagers returned to Regina at speed, and on their flat feet, as the R.C.M.P. took charge of the trucks.

Once back in the Exhibition grounds, furious at this summary defeat by the one Force of all others they had the most reason to dislike (for was it not the "Yeller-legged Cossacks" who had so summarily broken the general strike at Winnipeg only a few years before?), the strikers occupied their time in preparing for the next trial of strength. On the road to Ottawa they had been unarmed, and experience showed that the Force would use their revolvers only as a last resort. And in the hands of a "comrade" sufficiently inflamed by oratory and excitement, a length of lead piping, or a barbed-wire encircled club, offered a quite adequate counter to wooden batons.

It was on Dominion Day, 1st July, that notices were posted calling a meeting of strikers at the market square. Whereupon the R.C.M.P. saddled their horses and reached for their steel helmets.

The clans began to gather quite early in the evening; funds with which to carry on were not so much requested as demanded. In the heat of oratory, the plain-clothes men who mingled with the crowd with the intention of arresting the most virulent of the spellbinders and who worked an unostentatious way to the front were not noticed. Nor was the cordon of uniformed men of the same Force that was drawn up on the eastern side of the square.

The signal went; ringleaders were seized; the cordon advanced; innocent bystanders made a rush for the exits. What immediately followed was not so much a riot as a miniature battle.

From the western side of the square a hail of stones;

bricks and logs hurtled about the heads of escorts and prisoners alike, as, in even greater numbers, they did about the advancing cordon, so that at last it was necessary to use tear-gas. A few moments later the square was a confusion of missiles, bombs, clubs and ambulances.

Attempting to deal with the strikers who were tearing up planks from the fuel-box of a parked steam-roller, Charles Miller, a detective attached to the Regina City Police, was clubbed on the head and fell unconscious; the policeman who made a gallant attempt at rescue was stunned by a stone. But while he recovered, Miller died a few minutes after he was admitted to hospital.

Retreating from the police, it was not long before the mob emptied into the streets, and there played havoc: stoned tramcars so that drivers and passengers abandoned them; tore up the pavements for ammunition; crashed through store windows. All the time, under showers of missiles, Mounted Police headed the strikers before them.

Eventually the strikers made a concerted rush for the R.C.M.P. Town Station offices; there was ball ammunition there, and they meant having it. Under a covering fire of rocks, thrown from nearby roofs, and from a barricade of overturned motor-cars, a group of the bolder spirits made for the back door. Help came just in time, and the attack melted away only to reassemble elsewhere.

At last it became necessary for the police to fire over the heads of the crowd, who replied with what firearms they had been able to collect. Among the several wounded was a striker, shot through the leg, and a bystander who was hit by a ricochet bullet.

With the police so outnumbered and so widely distributed, it was past midnight before at last, after no less than eighty arrests, more than forty casualties, and damage estimated at over \$25,000, the strikers were hustled back into the Exhibition grounds and placed under armed guard.

In the light of what actually had occurred, and the evidence that was laid before them, the report of the

Commission formed to investigate the circumstances appears to say the last word both as to the cause and result of what, in spite of police who refused either to be intimidated or brutalized, was by any reckoning a most deplorable business.

"On arrival at Ottawa," the report ran, "unless their demands had been fully met, one can readily surmise the danger involved. It probably would have been necessary to call out the Militia in order to preserve the peace, and a worse riot would likely have occurred than that which took place at Regina. Arthur Evans, unquestioned leader of the movement, was an announced Communist . . . there was a percentage of men in the movement who were dangerous, and had little or no regard for life or property."



## CHAPTER XXXII

### On Detachment

FROM those first recruits, untutored and inexperienced, inadequately equipped materially, yet so rich in integrity and hardihood, who were distributed in small and isolated groups to bring and maintain order in the North-West Territory, the Force has grown into a nation-wide police, solely responsible for the administration of all Federal Statutes, active in all branches of law enforcement on land, sea and air. And if in necessary adaptation to modern conditions some of the old romance has departed, at least the Force has lost nothing of the old tradition of self-immolation to the job on hand.

While at the present there is no part of Canada where the familiar scarlet tunic is not in evidence, in the North-West Territories and in Yukon the Force is still the only police, and quite a number of things as well.

It was in 1928 that, to the relief of a province that had suffered both financially and in efficiency since the rescinding of a former and similar agreement, it took over the administration of Saskatchewan—"outside incorporated cities and towns"—and in 1929 an arrangement to the same effect was entered into with the other Prairie Provinces; three years later it was extended to include Alberta, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island for a period of five years, with Saskatchewan for eight, with New Brunswick for seven, and with Nova Scotia on a yearly basis. The Force operates also in British Columbia for the enforcement of Federal Statutes.

On 31st March, 1937, the full strength of the Force,

distributed over 14 divisions and 424 detachments, was 92 officers, 2130 non-commissioned officers and constables, 131 Special Constables, and 220 members of the Marine Section, a total of 2573; not, it will be agreed, an extravagant number to maintain law and order in a country almost as large as the whole of Europe. The 207,076 square miles of the Yukon Territory, for example, is policed from the Divisional Headquarters at Dawson and its 11 detachments by a superintendent, an inspector, 2 sergeants, 4 corporals, 2 lance-corporals, 24 constables and three specials—a total of 37 of all ranks—an average of one policeman for every 5596 miles!

Even then the Division finds time to render the usual duties and assistances to such diverse activities as the Department of Fisheries; Department of Justice; Department of Mines and Resources (with its many branches that deal with Immigration and Colonization, Lands, Parks and Forests, Mines and Geology, and Indian affairs); the Department of National Revenue; the Department of Pensions and National Health; the Post Office Department; the Railway Commission; the Naturalization branch of the Department of Secretary of State; the Department of Transport and its branches dealing with Air Service, Radio, &c.; and the Department of Trade and Commerce.

Actually, many of the duties in connexion with these offices are carried out by the men in charge of the various detachments—usually one- or two-men Posts—in conjunction with, and as part of, their ordinary work; necessarily so, for in all probability they are the only Government officials in hundreds of square miles. Thus the writer knows of one twenty-three-year-old constable who, as well as his police duties, was officially confirmed in the appointments of Telegraph Operator, Postmaster, Game and Fire Warden, Tax Collector, Inspector of Immigration, Inspector of Customs, Inspector of Fisheries, Government Agent, Crown Timber and Land Agent, Mining Recorder, and Inspector of Explosives.

When not on patrol, here is the daily routine of a constable in charge of a two-men detachment in an isolated area of the North.

"Only recently built, the barracks consist of a barrack-cum-living-room, two bedrooms and a room containing a wash-basin and a portable steel cell.

"10 a.m. Get up, wash, shave and dress.

"10.30 to noon. Walk around the town—that consists of twenty-eight cabins, the R.C.M.P. barracks, a pool-room and saloon, two commercial stores and the Assay Office; grant anyone an interview who asks for one, and listen to the latest scandal.

"Noon to 4 p.m. Office hours. Issue hunting and fishing licences and poison permits. Pay bounties on wolves and coyotes. Collect Poll Taxes and make out returns and reports. In my spare time swot up Law.

"4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Patrol the town.

"6 p.m. Supper.

"7 p.m. to 2, or 3, or 4 a.m. Patrol the town; watch houses suspected of bootlegging, &c."

With spirits sold only by the Government stores, the detection and suppression of illicit distilling and putting a closure both on the sale of spirit so manufactured and of less unorthodox brands, appear to have taken up quite a proportion of his time.

"Incidentally," this same constable wrote home on one occasion, "I'm nursing the father and mother of a black eye. Last night I went into a bar and found them selling whisky, which is very strictly *verboten*. So, as the best possible evidence, I seized the bottle and tried to get out of the place with it still intact. And though several friends and well-wishers of the management had definitely made up their minds that I should not, I contrived to keep it secure. Besides evidence, and if you can use it without breaking, I discovered that, employed as a club, a whisky bottle takes quite a lot of beating. And so to-day the saloon keeper was brought up before the beak, charged, convicted and

forfeited his licence. He's been a thorn in my side for some little time, that lad. However, with enough rope . . ."

Again: "At four o'clock to-morrow morning I start on another excursion, ostensibly for hunting, but actually to make a brave attempt to grab red-handed a bloke who not only has been making and selling his own whisky, but has had the gall to kill and sell game without the usual hunter's licence; that, as Game Warden, he should have obtained from myself.

"So, although I start out, complete with dog-team, roughly due north and for a week's trip, it will not be very long before I swing to the south-east to enable me to approach that naughty, naughty man from an entirely unexpected angle, and at a time when he is complacently under the impression that I'm still heading due north as fast as my dogs will carry me. As a matter of fact, that lad has been asking for it and not getting it for far too long; boasting that he's much too clever for that yeller-legged son of a lady dog—which is me—so this time it's gloves off and no heel-taps."

A very necessary duty of these Northern detachments is to keep a record of all those who live in the wilds; to make sure the prospector "comes in" at the approach of winter, and the trapper with the close of the season. An accident or illness that would be of small account within reach of civilization may be of the utmost seriousness where there is no help at hand. After the lapse of a reasonable interval without news of a man who in normal circumstances would have left his cabin for the nearest settlement, or if word has come in that he is in need of help, it is the Mounted Policeman who brings him in—on occasions in circumstances of considerable difficulty.

"Four days before Christmas," our constable on detachment wrote, "I was forced to go out with the dogs to the cabin of a woodcutter-trapper-prospector who was reported to be very ill. When I left, the temperature was only seven degrees below zero, with the snow soft, making for easy



CONSTABLE, ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE



going. So that my opposite number should not be alone for Christmas, that in this neck of the woods is likely to be a 'busy' season, I decided to travel light in an attempt to be back in time.

"When I reached the cabin the next day I found the chap in a very bad way with, I suspected, appendicitis. As by then the temperature had fallen to thirty-six below, and it was too late to start back anyway, I decided to wait for daylight—by which time the glass had dropped another seventeen degrees.

"We pulled out in good time in the morning, only to find that the snow had become like fine sand, so that it was all the six dogs pulling and myself pushing, could do to make the sleigh move at all. And just as it was getting dark the ground gave way from under me, and I found myself chest deep in water. I had fallen into one of the hot-springs that, thinly covered with ice, are peculiar to the district. In scrambling out I got my mitts wet, and with the thermometer on the handlebars of the sleigh registering sixty-four below, it was a foregone conclusion that my clothes would freeze.

"I took off my mitts, tried to reach my matches, and failed to do so. Lashed as he was inside a moose hide, my patient was unable to help me. Nor, owing to the lashings, could I thrust my hands inside his semi-warm clothing. Fortunately, just enough life remained in my fingers to enable me to grab my rifle between my palms, shoot one of the dogs, open him up with my hunting knife—also held between my palms—and dive my hands into his warm interior.

"The little life that returned to my hands through this means allowed me to reach the emergency fuses in the carry-all on the back of the sleigh. Then—but handicapped by the fact that I could walk only with difficulty, *à la* stilts, and found it impossible to bend at all—I managed to build a fire. Even then, though I thawed out a little, I was unable to change, not having brought my spare clothes.

"That night, then, we siwashed. I cut down six small spruce trees, laid them top to bottom against the wind on three sides of a square, with the dogs, sleigh and ourselves in the centre—the three sides of spruce to keep out the wind, and the fires to retain a certain amount of warmth. Even then, through having continually to feed the fires to keep wolves from the dogs, I had very little sleep.

"When we set out in the morning the temperature was still well below sixty, and as it took us all day to make the twelve miles, it was dark when we reached the cabin I had been making for. By this time my two big toes, three fingers on my right hand, and both thumbs were very nicely frozen—but I had to start in and cut wood. It was not until we had about three hours' supply that I was able to commence rubbing my toes, fingers and thumbs with snow to draw the frost. Then I knew agony.

"By this time the sick bloke was in a very bad way, and I fully expected to have to finish the journey *à la* hearse. Again, what with tending 'Orace, keeping one fire going inside the cabin and another outside for the protection of the dogs, I had to go without sleep.

"By dawn of Christmas Day the temperature had moderated by four degrees. We breakfasted from the remainder of the grub, and set off, arriving in the settlement at 6.15 on the morning of Boxing Day, and on arrival outside the hotel I distinguished myself by going off into a very graceful faint from exhaustion and exposure. By that time the temperature had fallen to 60 degrees below.

"The first thing my opposite number did was to commandeered a car and take the sick man into the hospital forty miles away, where the doctor performed an immediate operation and so saved his life. In the meanwhile I discovered that my nose and ears were frozen.

"However, with the exception of my fingers, I'm pretty well all right now, though for a little time I thought I'd lost 'em."



## CHAPTER XXXIII

### Fighting the Drug and Illicit Liquor Traffic

NOT the least difficult of the problems the Force are called upon to deal with is that presented by the traffic in noxious drugs. The fight is against opponents without heart or conscience, whose methods are organized as elaborately as their activities and agents are secret, and whose capital, apparently, is limitless.

There was an occasion when, in order to gather the necessary evidence, a disguised officer of the R.C.M.P. succeeded in joining the gang whose activities he was out to suppress, those concerned retaliated by spreading spuriously authenticated reports that, actually, the R.C.M.P. were themselves implicated in the traffic.

As instancing the money behind the principals, there is the case of Chow Wai Yam, Jay Song and Gee Duck Lim, who, arrested for smoking, and the possession of, opium in Vancouver on 27th September, 1935, and committed for trial, appeared before His Honour Judge Ellis on 10th December and were discharged, with the result that a new trial was ordered.

At the second hearing, before His Honour Judge A. M. Harper on 18th May, 1936, the accused were found guilty, awarded six months' imprisonment and a fine of \$200 in each case.

This time it was the other side, in the person of Gee Duck Lim and Jay Song, who were dissatisfied, and an application for a writ of Habeas Corpus was made on their behalf. That of the former, heard before the Hon. Mr. Justice H. B. Robertson in Supreme Court Chambers, was dismissed, and the application on behalf of Jay Song withdrawn.

Still dissatisfied, Gee Duck Lim made a second application, before Chief Morrison on 29th August, only to meet with a decision similar to the first; as were applications on behalf of Jay Song and Chow Wai Yam.

Still undefeated, further Habeas Corpus applications were made on behalf of all three of the convicted men, before Mr. Justice Manson on 13th February, 1937, and this time successfully—the convictions were quashed on the grounds that in ordering a new trial the Court of Appeal did not specify whether the case should be heard before a jury or a single judge, and that the accused were not given the option of deciding.

It would be interesting to learn by exactly how much the cost of the various appeals exceeded the amount that, originally, these men were fined.

Some idea of the scope of the traffic and, in consequence, of the work involved in the fight against it, may be gathered from a comparison of the seizure of drugs in the year 1936-7 with those of the year before:

	1935-6	1936-7
Opium.	25 lb. 6 oz. 249 grains.	292 lb. 11 oz. 2 pills. 113 decks.
Opium dross.	6 oz. 85 grains. 3 pills.	3 oz. 345 gns. 1 deck.
Heroin.	2 oz. 173 gns. 9 capsules.	2 oz. 232½ gns. 2 decks. 3 tablets.
Cocaine.	Nil.	303½ gns. 1 deck. 2½ tablets.
Morphine.	1 lb. 10 oz. 29½ grains.	2 oz. 52½ gns. 7 pills. 518 tablets.
Canabis sativa.	275 grains.	Nil.
Liquid opium.	47½ oz.	37½ oz. 44 grains.
Poppy heads.	75 lb.	220 lb.
Laudanum.	Nil.	½ oz.
Paregoric.	Nil.	2 oz.
Codeine.	1 oz. 5 gns. 223 tablets.	24 capsules. 2 decks.
Strychnine.	19 tablets.	Nil.
Marihuana.	Nil.	31 lb. 8 cigarettes.

In the former year 80 of those convicted were sent to prison, and 99 offenders fined a total of no less than \$655,957. Of those arrested, 74 were white, 47 Chinese and 3 Japanese. In 1936-7, of the 131 of those convicted, 125 were sent to prison, and 126 fined. Of those arrested, 115 were white, 50 Chinese, 3 Japanese and 4 coloured.

While quite often it is comparatively easy to bring the distributors to book, to trace the source of supply is extremely difficult. It is known, for instance, that quantities of forbidden drugs are smuggled into Vancouver in Japanese steamers, and that supplies reach Montreal from Belgium. Formerly Spain was one of the chief exporters.

Shortly after the War, there was an occasion when, following Inspector Phillips's seizure of 10,000 oz. of cocaine of the retail value \$200,000, Sergeant C. C. Brown went to Barcelona in the name of Robino for the purpose of getting into personal touch with the exporters. He found that, though recent activities on the part of the Spanish police had put the closure on drug shipments, he was able to gain a definite promise of a supply of cocaine from one Martorella as soon as the dust had settled. It was from this source that, during his purchase of fifty cases of brandy, Sergeant Brown gained invaluable information as to methods and personnel in Montreal.

Returned to that city, he lost no time in regaining contact with an opulently flamboyant baron of the import trade named De Torrents, and the no less important Don Miguel Maluquer y Salvador, who was no less a person than the Spanish Consul. The brandy, he learnt, was to be shipped and invoiced as olive oil, a commodity upon which the duty was comfortably small.

So many excuses came from the plausible Signor Martorella in explanation of the delay in shipping the goods that the sergeant began to wonder if he had gone to Barcelona only to be made the victim of a common and not particularly ingenious swindle.

At last, however, after some six months, he received

word that the shipment had arrived. A little later, when forty-six cases were delivered to one Delane, on behalf of De Torrents, that nominee was more than a little disturbed that alcohol was leaking from four of them, while it was apparent that eleven of the other cases had been examined with more than customary thoroughness by the Customs. Further, why was the delivery four cases short of the consignment? Some degree of reassurance returned when it was explained that these had been delivered by mistake to the Customs Examination Warehouse.

A little later, the opulent Mr. De Torrents was requested to call on the Chief Customs Officer, who questioned him as to what he knew of Mr. Robino. De Torrents explained that Robino was a more or less casual acquaintance who had paid him a small commission to clear the consignment of oil; naturally, he was unable to advance any reason as to why, when one of the Customs' men inadvertently drove a nail through one of the cases, it was found to be leaking alcohol. Nevertheless, it was in some perturbation that De Torrents returned to Mr. Robino, whose suggestion that he (Robino) should quietly disappear from Montreal was agreed to out of hand.

The next and more decisive step in the campaign was when, a few mornings later, Staff-Sergeant Salt arrested the Spanish Consul on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Customs of \$5770, and despite that deflated Latin's plea of diplomatic immunity, and an abortive attempt to stun his captor *en route*, took him to the police station. He was more deflated still to discover De Torrents there as well; in a state of collapse when at the hearing two or three days later the principal witness for the prosecution proved to be Mr. Robino—otherwise Sergeant Brown of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Both men were convicted, and heavily sentenced.

The career of one of the most active distributors in British Columbia was brought to a close in 1935 by the arrest of an aged and hitherto illusive Chinese named Chin

Shuck, owner of the Quen Wo Chan Company of Vancouver. Not satisfied with an extensive business in opium in British Columbia, it was known that, as an enterprising business man, he had a staff of travellers working the prairie provinces as well.

British Columbia Division called on "K" Division (Alberta) to help, who enlisted and sent to Vancouver a Chinese agent and his (white) woman assistant. Here, after the usual preliminary denials of any connexion with the drug traffic on the part of Chin Shuck, and the customary delay in establishing confidence, each succeeded in buying six tins of opium. Chin Shuck was arrested, and on 16th September was fined \$200 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Actually, this was the second arrest within a couple of months, for a capture of equal importance was made in the July. For some little time it had been known that the principal caterer to the vice among the white population was Austin E. Henderson; his runners were everywhere about the city. His sentence, on 6th August, was similar to that of the Chinese.

It was only a little later that Robert Arthur Slim and William Markham were arrested for possession, the former of 82 grains of morphine, Markham of 15 decks. Proved to be among the largest distributors in the business, Markham was given a year's imprisonment and fined \$200; Slim, a similar fine and eighteen months.

It took four months' intensive investigation to effect the arrest of those old offenders, George Paradis and his mistress, Irene Morrison, but the result was well worth the effort. Though only a small amount of morphine was found on them when they were arrested, a raid on the cabin they had occupied at a holiday camp just outside the city unearthed no less than 450 decks in one hiding-place alone. Each was sentenced to five years and a fine of \$500.

Nor did the case end here, for it was in the course of its investigation that Shinichiro Kikidu and Tadayoshi Furu-

moto, Japanese, were arrested, and from documents on their persons it was proved that it was they who imported the drug from Japan, and passed it on, through agents, to the various distributors.

In this, the most important capture of recent times, the sentences were exemplary: Kikidu to seven years' imprisonment, five lashes, and a fine of \$500; Furuimoto to three years and a fine of \$300—a sentence whose comparative leniency was due to help he rendered the prosecution; Kazuo Yoshida, another Japanese, was awarded a similar penalty.

The distributing members of the conspiracy were dealt with equally severely. Joe Ferrar was given seven years' imprisonment, five lashes, and a fine of \$500; Patrick Canning to a similar penalty but without the lashes.

Altogether, a case in which the Force had reason to congratulate themselves on the excellent and painstaking work of Detective-Corporal Wilson and Detective-Constable Haywood of "E" Division, Drug Squad.

"I would like to compliment your officers," wrote the Chief of the Narcotics Division Department of Pensions and National Health, "upon the clever way in which this important case has been developed. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that, as a Member of the Sub-Committee on Seizures at the League of Nations, I have had during the past three years occasion to examine thousands of cases involving illicit narcotics in all parts of the world, but I have never encountered one which equals this particular case from the standpoint of the high standard of work performed by police officers."

Since 1st April, 1932, the Force has been responsible for the whole Preventive work of the Dominion, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Act being amended to confer the powers of Customs-Excise Preventive Officers on all its members. Further, Writs of Assistance under both the Customs and the Excise Act were issued to enable searches to be conducted, where it was considered necessary, without warrants.

Embracing among other offences the illicit distillation of alcohol, the possession of illicit beer, spirits and mash; possession, sale or manufacture of, tobacco upon which duty has been evaded; this added enormously to the work and responsibility of the Force. Alcoholic liquor, upon which duties and taxes run to as much as \$10, can be manufactured for \$1 a gallon, and sold direct to the consumer at anything from \$3 to \$10. It is with those who are prepared to accept the risks of this opportunity for profit that quite a number of R.C.M.P. personnel are principally concerned.

As with the drug traffic, so it is with the "blind-pigs"; while the location of an illicit still and the arrest of those who use it is of frequent occurrence, the apprehension of those who provide the capital for its installation and organize the distribution of its product is far more difficult.

One of the largest seizures in this connexion was made in Winnipeg in 1935—a still with a capacity of 1700 gallons, together with no less than 30,000 gallons of wash, and 700 gallons of spirit. Other seizures in the city were stills of 1200, 1000 and 750 gallons capacity. Not surprisingly, following such captures, the officer commanding the division was able to report that, as a result, the "illicit liquor available in the City of Winnipeg is much less than formerly".

Other important arrests in this connexion occurred in October, 1934. Acting upon "information received", after covering all visible exits, details of R.C.M.P. made a raid on what, hitherto, had passed as a warehouse. On opening the main door, the raiding party were met with a wave of fermentation odour. Following their noses to the second floor, they found that the premises were bisected by a strong wooden partition, and that from behind this came the tell-tale smell—also the sound of men talking.

The partition door was forced to disclose an exceptionally large and efficient blind-pig, but though it was in full operation, there was no one there to indicate by whom it was owned or worked. Questioned, the police guarding the exits denied that anyone had left.

About twenty-five yards from the warehouse was a garage, and it occurred to the officer in charge of the raiding party that an examination of this might be helpful. He found that, though this also was divided into two, the means of communication from the one half to the other was a door so strongly constructed as to need a battering-ram to force.

Entrance to the other half disclosed that bulwark of the old-time thriller, a secret passage, that ran directly to the cellar of the warehouse, and that it was through there the men who had been disturbed at their work at the still had escaped to the garage, from thence through a hole in the wall on the second floor, and then by a rope to the lane at the back.

Both the owner and an assistant were arrested, and in due course stood trial, the former to receive a sentence of three months' imprisonment, with a further twelve months if he failed to pay a fine of \$2000—the heaviest sentence ever awarded in Canada for offences under the Excise Act. The assistant was fined \$300 and costs or three months. It is not without significance that both fines were paid.

The methods employed by the more ingenious distributors are many and varied. As an example of this perversion of the creative ability, one apparently quite worthy couple utilized a space in the mattress of their baby's crib as a cellarette. Also, it is probable that the benevolent old lady railway traveller would have escaped examination had she not been carrying a hot-water bottle on a scorching summer afternoon.

"White or dark bottle, madam?" was the somewhat unusual inquiry of a milk roundsman to his more regular—and trustworthy—customers. If the reply was "dark", the delivery was not milk, but rum.

Another method of concealment that occupied the Force a long time in discovering was a secret space behind the drawers of a chest of drawers; the insertion of a steel



knitting-needle or similar instrument into holes in the front released catches and allowed the top to slide forward to reveal the spirits that were stored between the real and false backs of the dresser.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### Sea and Air

**F**ROM a small and necessarily experimental beginning, the Marine Section has become the chief weapon in the never-ending war against the smuggler and bootlegger. As instancing the extent of the traffic, and incidentally the success of the Force in coping with it, the number of convictions under the combined Customs and Excise Acts for the year ending 30th March, 1937, were 2395, entailing fines to the amount of \$273,893, and the number of seizures 3047. As an indication of the work entailed, the *Laurier*, of about 120 ft. over-all and capable of remaining at sea for at least a fortnight without refuelling, and that was commissioned only on 20th August, 1936, had patrolled no less than 15,692 miles before the end of March of the next year.

On 31st March, 1937, the number of vessels employed in this service was eleven cruisers and twelve patrol boats, with several others in course of construction, with personnel consisting of a technical adviser; chief skippers, skippers, skipper-lieutenants; cadets; chief and warrant engineers; chief petty and petty officers; leading, able and ordinary seamen; leading telegraphists and telegraphists; chief and engine-room artificers, classes 1, 2 and 3; enginemen; leading stokers; cook stewards; ships cooks; and mess boys.

Initially the work was far less difficult than it became later. Mostly the rum-runners were schooners with very low-power auxiliary engines and, unequipped with wireless, they received their instructions by letter from the coast. Once they were sighted, their sails rendered them easy to follow; quite frequently as they beat about in an attempt

to evade pursuit they would be passed from one patrol vessel to another over a period of weeks.

The time came when that was not good enough for the rum-runners. Sailing ships were replaced by fast motor vessels that, equipped with powerful receiving and transmitting sets, received their orders from (unlicensed) wireless stations inshore—and from portable sets in motor-cars.

As counter to this, new boats were provided by the Marine Section, R.C.M.P., and divided into three classes, each with its own duties. The larger type—the cruisers—go farthest afield, and gain touch with the opposition vessels. The second type—semi-cruisers—of about 60 ft. over-all, have a roving commission—appearing anywhere and everywhere at the least expected moments to the surprise and annoyance of the smugglers. Thirdly, the patrol boats—known more generally as the “mosquito fleet”—hover ubiquitously inshore to cover the suspected landing-places in case the runner succeeds in evading the cruisers.

Until recently, the greatest handicap under which the Marine Branch laboured was the restriction that forbade them to search any ship of British registry outside the three-mile limit, a prohibition of which the rum-runners, expediently having acquired that registration, took the fullest advantage. After prolonged negotiations, however, an Agreement was reached with Great Britain in August of 1938 that extended the limit of search to twelve miles—the greatest blow the bootlegging fraternity have received since the war began.

One of the most persistent and, for a time, the most successful of the rum-running fleet was the auxiliary schooner *Francis T.* Built in 1926 especially for the trade, registered at Newfoundland so as to be immune from search outside the three-mile limit, of 2246 gross tonnage and some 45 ft. over-all, for a craft of this size her cargo space, that was employed always to its full capacity, was remarkable.

Not once, but several times, in the hope of a safe discharge in the fog, she was seen in the act of taking liquor

aboard as far as 40 miles from the coast-line. More times than the opposition cared to contemplate, moreover, she was able to fulfil that intention.

In the December of 1932, however, the Mounted Marines had occasion to expect an attempt to land a cargo in the neighbourhood either of Oats Head or Clam Harbour on the coast of Nova Scotia.

Two separate parties were detailed to meet the situation. If the schooner was boarded at sea, the rudder was to be put temporarily out of commission; two of the party were to occupy the main deck, with one man in the bows to prevent the crew from escaping by boat. If, however, the schooner succeeded in evading the sea patrol, the second party was to remain under cover in the woods that grew almost to the water's edge at the point of the expected landing.

In due time the *Francis T.* appeared through the darkness, and before making fast to the wharf, turned so as to be ready for the open sea again at a moment's notice. Then a car and a lorry pulled up at the jetty, and the unloading began.

Three barrels were in the lorry when the watchers made their rush, the unloading crew ordered to put their hands up, and promptly handcuffed. The skipper, attempting to cast off, was handcuffed as well.

In charge of the coxswain of one of the R.C.M.P. patrol vessels, the *Francis T.* and her crew was taken to Halifax, where the usual charges were entered, and her cargo of ninety-nine barrels of rum turned over to the Customs. In due time the captain was given three months and fined \$1000—reduced on appeal to a month and \$500—and the vessel and cargo forfeited.

On the ground that they were acting under orders, the charges against the crew were dismissed, and though when the ship was sold for \$605, elaborate precautions were taken to ensure that it did not return to its former ownership, it was not long before the *Francis T.* was under the

same master, and engaged in the same traffic. And now, because of the greater vigilance exercised, she was more elusive even than before.

Meantime, however, the hands of the Force had been strengthened by the commission of the newly built patrol-cruiser *Ulna*, and in due course the *Francis T.* was sighted near Shut-in Island in St. Margaret's Bay, off the Nova Scotia coast.

As St. Margaret's Bay is territorial waters for all ships of whatever nationality or registry, the *Francis T.* was boarded, the captain and engineer put under arrest, and ship and cargo of 150 barrels of rum taken to Halifax.

This time the skipper was fined \$600, but the charge against the engineer was dismissed on the ground that the Master of a vessel is wholly responsible for both freight and policy.

Again ship and cargo were forfeited, and unfortunately for her skipper's chance of ever again taking her to sea, the method of dealing with these seizures had changed since his former conviction. This time the *Francis T.* was not sold, but taken out to sea and sunk.

At midnight on 2nd May, 1935, Skipper Kelly of the Marine Section put quietly to sea in the *Arcadian* to deal with an attempt it was known would be made to land cargoes in Cross Island, Nova Scotia.

Very soon, lashed together and engaged busily in the transfer of cargo, no less than three vessels appeared—the *Muir*, the *Lucky Peggy*, and one whose name was undecipherable. Whereupon, confident that he had not been seen, by reducing speed and the noise of his engine, Skipper Kelly was able to approach within about fifteen yards of his objective.

He was spotted at length, however, and immediately the smugglers cast off and were away at full speed. As the most important of the three, the *Arcadian* concentrated on the *Lucky Peggy*, who disregarded the order to stop.

Kelly fired, not at the boat or crew, but at the barrels

that were piled high above the *Peggy's* rail. Three minutes of this was enough and, probably owing to an unfortunate accident, the bootlegger shut off power. When the Police boarded her, it was to find that one of the men had been killed by a bullet that ricocheted from a rum barrel.

The boat and its cargo of 775 gallons of rum was towed to Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, and though the *Lucky Peggy* and her cargo were forfeited—the former to fulfil a more useful purpose for the Department of National Defence—accepting his plea that the order was not heard on board, the survivor was found not guilty of the charge, under the Customs Fisheries Act, of failing to stop when challenged by the R.C.M.P.

Not satisfied with that dismissal, however, he, in turn, brought a charge of manslaughter against Skipper Kelly in connexion with the death of that other bootlegger, William Tanner, only to have a "No Bill" verdict returned by the Grand Jury.

Day and night, in every month of the year, and particularly along the coast of the Maritime Provinces, with its innumerable small bays and islands, this ceaseless vigil is maintained, vessels seized, cargoes destroyed and their masters prosecuted.

Nor is the work of the section confined to this perennial warfare against the rum-runner; it provides, as well, an efficient and courageous life-saving service.

In the year 1935-6, for example, help was given to no less than forty-one vessels in distress; in 1936-7 to thirty-seven.

One of the most hazardous rescues was in the June of 1933, when the constable in charge of the Shippegan detachment received word of a dismasted schooner immediately off that coast. He communicated with the captain of the patrol boat *Neguac*, who, though the sea was such that in ordinary circumstances he would not have faced, responded with a promise to take him to Shippegan Gull Lighthouse to ascertain the position.

From there, they were able to see that the dismasted vessel was labouring heavily in the storm of an easterly gale; obviously she could not last much longer. It was only a few minutes later that the patrol boat was breasting twelve-foot waves in an attempt at rescue.

As it was impossible in that sea to board the schooner, a tow-line was thrown, and after several unsuccessful attempts, made fast; by some miracle of Providence and human endurance the *Malop*, the captain-owner, her crew of three and her catch of cod were towed into harbour.

It was in the month following, July, and in somewhat similar circumstances that the R.C.M.P. cruiser *Baroff* rescued the *William H.*, drifting with a disabled engine off East Point, Nova Scotia. In that same month, as well, receiving orders from Halifax to go to the help of the *Ruth and Margaret* at Gloucester, Mass., the *Baroff* arrived with the cruiser *Preventor* at the point indicated, but in the thick fog that prevailed was unable to locate her.

There was a south-westerly wind at the time, and making his calculations, the captain set his course north-west, though for four hours unsuccessfully. A little later, however, his deductions were confirmed in a wireless message from Chebucto Head that, having lost her propeller, the *Ruth and Margaret* was drifting north-west.

The fog continued all that night, and had not lifted in the morning. After he had checked his position, however, the master of the *Preventor*, having cruised for a few miles west, changed course to north and north-west-north. Then the fog lifted and he sighted the *Ruth and Margaret* only six miles away. A tow-rope was made fast, and in a very little time the disabled ship and her crew of twenty-three were on their way to Halifax.

Another ship, the *Glacier*, that was taken in tow and saved by the cruiser *Chaleur*, was disabled through being struck by lightning.

Nor is it only ships and human beings who owe their continued existence to the Marine Section, R.C.M.P. One

October a year or two ago, for instance, the *Scatarie* was cruising just within the three-mile limit when the look-out man saw something moving towards them, but the sea was so choppy he was unable to distinguish exactly what. The cruiser manœuvred towards it to discover a large buck deer—on the point of perishing from cold and exhaustion. Indeed, when after considerable difficulty the animal was hoisted on board, they thought he was dead from drowning.

However, not to be beaten, they applied artificial respiration, and it was not long before the patient began to show signs of life; so much so, indeed, that it was necessary to tie him up with rope.

He was kept warm with mats and canvases until the ship reached the entrance to Big Brass G'Or Lake. There they hammered out a tab, stamped with the *Scatarie's* name and the date of the occurrence, fixed it to the buck's horns, carried him ashore, unloosened his bonds, and the next moment he was scampering away into the woods.

Men of the Mounted Marines are required to undergo a course of training as exact and comprehensive as that which obtains in other branches of the service. From those ports that are closed to navigation in the winter all members of the Section attend instructional classes, of which the following are representative subjects:

Rules and Regulations of the Force and the R.C.M.P. Act.

Physical Training and Foot and Arm Drill.

Swimming and Life Saving.

Navigation and Pilotage.

Rifle and Revolver Practice.

Police and Preventative Service Duties.

Constables Manual and Selected Revised Statutes.

Selected Provincial and Territorial Statutes and Ordinances.

First Aid to Injured.

Signals.

Gunnery.

Seamanship.



With due regard to the difficulty experienced by many otherwise desirable candidates in putting their knowledge and experience either into the written or spoken word, it is upon the result of the subsequent examinations that a member's qualifications for promotion are based.

Thus, in a surprisingly short time after the then existing personnel was absorbed, the men of the Marine Section, R.C.M.P., came to possess all the pride in tradition of the parent Force.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### Dogs and Dog Teams

IT is to the regret of many that, with the advance of science and its necessary adaptation to crime prevention and detection, to a large extent the old Rider of the Plains has given place to the Rider of the Planes. Except for ceremonial and riot work, and especially since the Force took over the policing of the Prairie and Maritime Provinces in 1928, the "long-nosed friend" of the old days has disappeared from the scheme of things to the extent that equitation is not taught at the Training School at Regina except to recruits for the Mounted Section. Now there remain only 196 saddle horses distributed over the several divisions, an average of one to each thirteen of personnel. According to the last published returns (31st March, 1937), on the other hand, the Force owned 422 passenger cars, 19 trucks, and 28 motor-cycles—that in the twelve months under review covered no less than 7,000,000 miles.

More and more the aeroplane is being brought into use, and while, originally, the machines were lent by the Royal Canadian Air Force, and transport arranged by charter, now the Force own and fly their own machines, some of which are used for transport, others, attached to the Marine Section, for observing and keeping watch on suspected rum-runners.

The first employment of a plane that was owned and piloted by the Force was in June, 1935, when Sergeant Barnes flew Major-General MacBrien on a tour of inspection from Ottawa to Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver, a trip that occupied less than three weeks.

The next flight of this kind, in July of the next year, was to the far Northern Posts, and this time the Commissioner was his own pilot. He flew from Ottawa 200 miles north to Fort McMurray, from there to Goldfields, Saskatchewan; Great Bear Lake; Coppermine; Cambridge Bay, Victoria Island (his most northerly point); Aklavik; Fort Yukon; and from thence across the North-West Territory to Manitoba. Thousands of miles in a few days that formerly would have occupied months or years.

Unfortunately this was the last inspection of the kind General MacBrien was to make; he died in the year that followed, to be succeeded by Assistant-Commissioner S. T. Wood, commandant of "F" Division at Regina.

In the northern fastnesses, at least, the dog remains, and is likely to remain, the chief method of transport.

Of these animals, the husky, with its admixture of wolf, is the breed most usually employed, with the malmute a good second in popularity—his toes, closer together than those of the husky, are less likely to become clogged with snow on a melting trail. The small but tough and swift-running Siberian, too, is useful, especially in areas where more than nine dogs are used to a team.

Kindly but firmly treated, and adequately fed, the husky will pull his own weight, of about 75 lb. per animal, at three or four miles an hour, and when "travelling light" at five or six, for twelve or fourteen hours a day. Hardy, enduring and willing, in ordinary conditions a patrol of seven or eight hundred miles is no unusual distance to be covered by a trail-hardened team. The average working life of a husky is about eight years.

Given care and understanding, they are not difficult to train.

"Some of my time this winter has been taken up with breaking in and training a bunch of pups," wrote a constable on detachment in the Western Arctic; "and now they are going almost as well as veterans, although rather inclined to play and gambol instead of sticking to their

knitting! I have just returned with them from a small exercise run of four days.

"The first day I did fifteen miles, and the pups were fine. The next day I did thirty-five, and this made the poor little blighters so tired I had to whip them to their feet several times within the last ten miles. This sounds 'ard-'earted, I know, but if pups are not taken for a good long run while they are young, made good and tired, and still forced to carry on, they will never be any good. And don't forget how often a man's life may depend on the endurance of his team.

"The third day I returned over the same thirty-five miles, and they were very much better. The fourth day they covered the last fifteen miles in two hours flat, hauling some 400 lb. of sled equipment. Now, having been thoroughly tired and rested up, I can take them anywhere, and next year they will be a spanking fine team.

"They were very amusing the first two nights, as they had never slept away from barracks before, and were very restless on their travelling dog-line. Every time I disappeared into my igloo they protested in no uncertain terms, only to go nearly crazy with excitement when I showed up again.

"An amusing thing happened when I arrived back. On a windswept hillside that had blown bare, I found a rather nice skull, with an arrow-head still fast in the forehead. I stepped into my native's igloo to give him some orders, and without thinking, stuck the skull on the handle of his snow-knife that was thrust into the snow immediately above the door.

"While I was talking to him, his wife went outside, saw Orace, and promptly went into hysterics. And nothing would stop the howling until her husband, Ma-hik, had been through the entire settlement until he found, fortunately, the head of an eider duck.

"From this, Imna-eena, his wife, cut the small pieces of white skin that is immediately behind the eyes, and that piece, in turn, into smaller pieces, one of which she sewed

into our hats—her own, Ma-hik's, and that of her small daughter Ti-pan-a, this apparently being the only thing capable of fixing the evil spirit.

"And maybe she didn't give me hell!"

But it is not only the sledge dogs who are useful to the Force; other breeds have other duties. Take, for example, "Dale", a sheep-dog, formerly the personal property of Sergeant Cawsey, in charge of the detachment at Bassano, but later taken on the strength as a recognition of services rendered.

On 13th November, 1933, Sergeant Cawsey was telephoned by the town constable that a Ford car had been stolen from Roy Smith's garage, and from what could be gathered was being driven in the direction of Calgary.

After telephoning instructions to Constable Batts, in charge of the detachment at Gleichen, to be on the look-out at Cluny, through where the fugitive would pass, the two officers and Dale left by car on the trail. At Hussar, coming across indications that the stolen car was heading for Drumhellar, the sergeant telephoned to the detachment there to be on the look-out.

His own arrival at Gleichen was delayed through engine trouble. Arrived there at last, however, it was to learn that Constable Batts had found the stolen car abandoned, and loaded with no less than fourteen tyres; further, there were two sets of tracks from it in the direction of the railway station, one that of a long narrow foot, the other short and square-toed.

At once Cawsey set Dale on the scent. After moving in circles for a little time, choosing the short broad foot in preference to the long narrow one, the dog made directly for the railroad. The track reached, he followed the metals for nearly five miles due south, to pause eventually at the cottage of an Indian.

Here Dale made directly for the stable; drawing blank there, whining excitedly, moved to a position immediately under the cottage window.

The sergeant tried the door, only to find it locked, so Dale streaked for the back of the house, where there was another and unlocked door. When at length his master let the clamorous Dale inside, he made unhesitatingly for a corner of the room where a window-blind was stretched on the floor.

Under this a man was sleeping; by his side a pair of small square-toed shoes.

Angus Taylor, lately released from Lethbridge jail, was arrested, tried, retried, and though the shoes found beside him corresponded with plaster casts made from the foot-prints from the stolen car, the case was dismissed on appeal on the ground that as the trail from car to cottage had not been continuous, there was no direct evidence against the accused.

A further case wherein Dale proved his usefulness came on a raw day in August, 1930, when two-and-a-half-year-old Eileen Simpson was missing from her home at Carstairs, some forty miles from Calgary. She had left the house just after noon, and exhaustive search for her proving abortive, Calgary detachment of the R.C.M.P. was notified.

Though it was about midnight when Sergeant Cawsey set out, accompanied by two constables and Dale, they were not to reach their destination without incident. Parked by the roadside some eighteen miles from Calgary they came across a car piled high with goods that to the experienced eyes of the officers appeared to suggest stolen property.

Questioned, the occupant, a man named Johnson, declared that he was alone—just resting because he was sleepy.

Cawsey, however, was not satisfied; unless he was mistaken Johnson was waiting for someone, and that someone not far away. The sergeant following closely behind, Dale was sent to investigate.

The dog set off purposefully; made a straight line to a man hiding in a nearby wheatfield. Questioned, he denied



DOG TEAM OUT FOR AN EXERCISE RUN





any connexion with the man in the car. Nor, when Cawsey searched him, was anything incriminating found.

Still dissatisfied, the sergeant sent Dale out again; watched the dog make for the same part of the field as before.

A few minutes and, looking very pleased with himself, Dale was back—with a fountain-pen in his mouth. Sent out still again, he returned with another pen, together with a pencil. In passing, it may be mentioned that it had rained heavily all day, and that the wheat was a good four feet in height.

Having returned to Calgary with their prisoners, the patrol set off again in search of little Eileen Simpson. Arrived at her parents' cottage, Dale was given an article of her clothing as scent, and dispatched to find her.

It was seven o'clock a.m. before, in the middle of another wheatfield, Dale gave tongue. And there, crouched down, was the missing girl. First aid applied by Constable Ras-mussen, it was not long before she was chatting merrily.

Still another case wherein Dale proved his worth was when he accompanied his master to investigate the theft of goods from the premises of a resident of Forrest Lawn—and found the thief eight blocks from where the property had been stolen.

Dale it was, also, who was instrumental in indicating the hiding-place of the Dukhobor murderers of Sergeant Wallace, Constables Shaw and Harrison, and town constable Wainwright, near Canmore.

Another dog to distinguish himself as a sleuth is Black Lux, of the detachment at Dorchester, New Brunswick.

It was towards the end of February, 1936, that two prisoners escaped from the town jail. Black Lux was put on the trail, and though it was snowing heavily—the fugitives had four hours' start, and several independent witnesses testified to having seen them in another direction—found no difficulty in picking up the scent. This appearing to indicate that the fugitives were making for a point where they would be

able to "jump" a freight train, the police followed by car, stopping only to check the trail from time to time with Lux's help. Eventually they overtook and arrested the prisoners, who stated that, learning that Lux was on their trail, they had been quite prepared to throw in their hands.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### Enlistment and Training

IT is said of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police that of all existing uniformed forces it is the most difficult to join and the easiest to leave; the first because every ten days the applications for enlistment are more than will supply the "wastage"—sixteen or seventeen per month—for any one year; the second because a constable or other rank who is not an enthusiast at his job is of no use to a Force that demands, and obtains, everything that is best in each of its members.

The standard for acceptance is high. Only about five per cent of applications are accepted. To be admitted to the confraternity of the scarlet tunic, a man must be of unimpeachable character, of perfect physique, and of considerably more than average intelligence. "I ain't so hot at schooling," explained one aspirant, "but if you want a tough guy in a rough-house, just call on me."

Even having satisfied these requirements, it may be a year or more before the applicant is attested as Third-Class Constable at the rate of \$1.50 a day—it depends on his exact qualifications, the requirements of the Force, and whether he has been graded at his interview as "Outstanding", "Very Good", "Good", "Fair", or "Poor". None of those in this last category, incidentally, are even considered, and very few of those marked "Fair".

Formerly, recruits were admitted from day to day, but it has recently been found that to facilitate the work of the Training Depot it is more convenient to enlist men in batches, and according to requirements.

Even when, eventually, the constable-in-embryo is attested, it is only on probation—if he does not make good in the first six months, out he goes. So rigid is the method of selection, however, that this does not often apply.

Once enlisted, the recruit is sent to Regina for training, where he will find anything from a hundred to a hundred and fifty men in various stages of educational development. Having been issued with uniform and equipment, "which must at all times be kept spotlessly clean and ready for inspection", he will be placed in a class of approximately twenty-five of his contemporaries.

Then begins a half-year of tuition that will occupy every moment of his working time, and every ounce of concentration.

The first period, of four months, when, except on Saturday when the afternoon is devoted to games, his hours of duty are from 6.30 a.m. to 5 p.m., is occupied under instructors, each a specialist at his job, in Physical Training, Foot and Rifle Drill, Musketry and Revolver Practice, together with lectures on such subjects as the History of the Force—designed to inculcate the *esprit de corps* that from the first has been the keystone of the Service—the Minor Essentials of Police Work; Politeness and Tact in dealing with the Public; and First Aid to the Injured.

Nor is he passed on to the second stage of training until he has gained sixty per cent in his examination upon what has been taught in the first period.

To an extent, the second stage, of two months, is more academic, and even more exacting, than the first. Advanced Physical Training and Ju-Jitsu; the Theory and Practice of Motor-cars; the "Touch System" on the Typewriter; and more lectures on police work and the Statutes of Canada, are some of the subjects covered.

On the completion of the full six months' training, and having passed the necessary examinations, the recruit is promoted to Second-Class Constable at \$1.75 per day, and sent to one or other of the Divisions for duty. Here he must



INSPECTOR, ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE



serve for at least twelve months before his appointment as Constable First Class, with pay at the rate of \$2 a day.

After that, promotion comes entirely by merit and suitability; from Lance-Corporal to Corporal, Corporal to Sergeant, Sergeant to Sergeant-Major in the non-commissioned class.

That, however, is not the final goal; every commissioned officer must have served in the ranks of a Force whose pride and object, at all and every cost of personal immolation, is to fulfil the motto of the Service: Maintain The Right.